H[illegible]RIES, NOVELS,
AND
[illegible]anſlations,
Written by the moſt
Ingenious M[illegible]HN.

The greateſt part never before Printed:

VIZ.

1. A Theory or Syſtem of ſeveral new-inhabited Worlds lately diſcover'd and pleaſantly deſcrib'd, in five Nights converſation with Madam the Marchioneſs of ***** Written in French by the famous Monſ. *Fontanelle.*
2. An Eſſay on Tranſlation and Tranſlated Proſe.
3. The Hiſtory of Oracles, and Cheats of the Pagan Prieſts fully diſcover'd. Written in Latin by Dr. *Vandale.* Tranſlated into French and improv'd by the famous Monſ. *Fontanelle.*
4. The Blind Lady a Beauty: A Novel.
5. The Dumb Virgin: or, The Force of Imagination: A Novel.
6. The Unhappy Fortunate Lady: A true Hiſtory.
7. The Wandring Beauty: or, The Lucky Fair One.
8. The Unhappy Miſtake: or, The Impious Vow punish'd.

LONDON:
Printed by *W. O.* for *S. B.* and ſold by *M. Brown*, at the Croſs-keys on *Ludgate-hill*, M. DCC.

To the Right Honourable,

EVELYN,

EARL of *Kingston upon Hull*,

VICOUNT *Newark*,

BARON *Manvers* and *Heries*.

My LORD,

THese following *Dialogues or Discourses are the Product of the ingenious and learned Monsieur* Fontanelle, *and translated into English by the* Sapho *of our Nation, the incomparable Mrs.* Behn. *This I mention, my Lord, to lessen the Presumption I may else seem guilty of in prefixing your Lordship's Name before them.*

Noblemen, of your Lordship's Vertues and Parts, are so uncommon, that 'tis impossible but the happy Singularity must subject you to

the Perſecutions of the Pen. I, my Lord, that have been only a neceſſary Appendix to the Traders in Parnaſſus, *have at leaſt learn'd ſo much from thence, as to know I ought to make eminent Merit my Choice, when I put Authors of Merit under a Publick Protection.*

The living Fontanelle, *and the dead Mrs.* Behn, *did they know my Care of their Reputation, in not proſtituting their Works to every vulgar* Mecænas, *wou'd return me thanks when they found your Lordſhip's Name as their Protection and Security againſt the Cenſures of ignorant or half-witted Readers, who think they only ſhew themſelves Men of Sence by finding fault with what they read.*

My Lord, I dare not venture on a Theme ſo ſublime and ſo copious as that of your Praiſe; I ſhou'd but give a very artleſs and groſs diſproportion'd Sketch of what I admire; for, as in Painting, a Man may very well know the Beauties of the Piece, without being able to make any tolerable Copy of it, ſo in the Excellencies of the Mind, I hope I may ſay, I can admire and venerate them in your Lordſhip, without being capable to give a beautiful Draught of them to the World: not but I might perhaps, like the firſt Deſigns of a Painter, draw ſome rough Out-lines of them;

them; but that wou'd be ridiculous when the Art is in perfection, and an Injury to your Lordſhip: I ſhall therefore, my Lord, be content to be one of the numberleſs Admirers of your Accompliſhments, and wiſh ſome artful Hand ſpeedily to convey that to all the World, which your Lordſhip's Acquaintance know already.

My Lord, I muſt not preſume to detain you longer in ſo ill-form'd a Porch, when you are entring ſo beautiful a Structure, only I muſt beg your Lordſhip's Pardon for the Preſumption of Subſcribing my ſelf, my Lord,

Your LORDSHIP'S

moſt obedient Servant,

SAM. BRISCOE.

THE AUTHOR's PREFACE.

I Find my ſelf reduced almoſt to the ſame Condition in which *Cicero* was, when he undertook to put Matters of Philoſophy into Latin; which, till that time, had never been treated of, but in Greek. He tells us, it would be ſaid, his Works would be unprofitable, ſince thoſe who loved Philoſophy, having already taken the pains to find it in the Greek, would neglect, after that, to read it again in Latin (that not being the Original;) and that thoſe who did not care for Philoſophy, would not ſeek it, either in the Latin, or the Greek. But to this, *Cicero* himſelf anſwers, and ſays, That thoſe who were not Philoſophers would be tempted to the Reading of it, by the Facility they would find in its being in the

Latin Tongue; and that thoſe, who were Philoſophers, would be curious enough to ſee how well it had been turned from the Greek to the Latin.

Cicero had reaſon to anſwer in this manner; the Excellency of his Genius, and the great Reputation he had already acquired ſufficiently defend this new Undertaking of his, which he had dedicated to the Benefit of the Publick. For my part, I am far from offering at any Defence for this of mine, tho' the Enterprize be the ſame; for I would treat of Philoſophy in a manner altogether Unphiloſophical, and have endeavoured to bring it to a Point not too rough and harſh for the Capacity of the *Numbers*, nor too light and trival for the the *Learned*. But if they ſhould ſay to me as they did to *Cicero*, that this Work is not at all proper for the Learned, nor would it inſtruct the reſt of the World, who are careleſs of Knowledge; far be it from me to anſwer as *Cicero* did, who, perhaps, in ſearching for a middle Way to Philoſophy, ſuch as would improve every Underſtanding, I have taken that which poſſibly will be advantageous to none: It is very hard to keep to a *Medium*, and I believe I ſhall ſcarce take the pains to ſearch a ſecond Method to pleaſe. And if it happen that this

Book

Book ſhould be read, I advertiſe thoſe that have ſome Knowledge in Philoſophy, that I have not pretended to Inſtruct, but to Divert them, in preſenting them in a more agreeable manner, that which they already known ſolidly: And I alſo advertiſe thoſe to whom this Subject is new, that I believe it will at once Inſtruct and Pleaſe them: The *Knowing* will act, contrary to my Intentions, if they ſeek only Profit; and the *reſt*, if they ſeek only Pleaſure.

I will not amuſe my ſelf in telling you, that I have taken out of Philoſophy the Matter the moſt capable of inſpiring a Curioſity; for in my Opinion, we ought to ſeek no greater Intereſt, than to know how this World which we inhabit, is made, and that there are other Worlds that reſemble it, and that are inhabited as well as this: After all, let thoſe that pleaſe, give themſelves the trouble of finding out this Truth, but I am ſure they will not do it in Complaiſance to my Book: Thoſe that have any Thoughts to loſe, may caſt them away here; but all People are not in a Condition, you will ſay, to make ſuch an unprofitable Expence of Time.

In this Diſcourſe I have introduced a fair Lady to be inſtructed in Philoſophy, which,

till now, never heard any ſpeak of it; imagining, by this Fiction, I ſhall render my Work more agreeable, and to encourage the fair Sex (who loſe ſo much time at their Toylets in a leſs charming Study) by the Example of a Lady who had no ſupernatural Character, and who never goes beyond the Bounds of a Perſon who has no Tincture of Learning, and yet underſtands all that is told her, and retains all the Notions of *Tourbillions* and Worlds, without Confuſion: And why ſhould this imaginary Lady have the Precedency of all the reſt of her delicate Sex? Or do they believe they are not as capable of conceiving that which ſhe learned with ſo much Facility?

The Truth is, Madam the *Marquieſe* applies herſelf to this Knowledge; But what is this Application? It is not to penetrate by force of Meditation, into a thing that is obſcure in itſelf, or any thing that is obſcurately explained; 'tis only to read, and to repreſent to yourſelves at the ſame time what you read, and to form ſome Image of it that may be clear and free from perplexing Difficulties. I ask of the Ladies (for this Syſtem) but the ſame Attention that they muſt give the Princeſs of *Cleve*, if they would follow the Intrigue, and find

find out the Beauties of it; though the truth is, that the *Idea's* of this Book are not ſo familiar to the moſt part of Ladies, as thoſe of the Princeſs of *Cleve*; but they are not more obſcure, than thoſe of that Novel, and yet they need not think above twice at moſt, and they will be capable of taking a true Meaſure, and having a juſt Sence of the whole.

I do not pretend to take a Syſtem in the Air, without a Foundation, but I have made uſe of true Philoſophical Reaſons; and of thoſe, employed as many as are neceſſary; and, as it happily falls out, the Notions of Philoſophy upon this Subject are pleaſant; and at the ſame that they ſatisfie the Reaſon, they content the Imagination with a Proſpect as agreeable, as if they had been made on purpoſe to entertain it.

Where I found ſome Pieces not altogether ſo diverting as I wiſh'd, I gave them Foreign Ornaments: *Virgil* made uſe of the ſame Method in his *Georgicks*, where he adorned his Subject (of itſelf altogether dull) with ſeveral Digreſſions, and very often agreeably. *Ovid* too has done as much in his *Art of Loving*, though the Foundation of his Theme was infinitely more agreeable than any thing that could be mix-

ed

ed with it; therefore it is to be ſuppoſed, he imagined it would be tireſome, always to treat of one and the ſame thing, though it was of Gallantry: But for my part, I, who have much more need of the Aſſiſtance of Digreſſion, have, notwithſtanding, made uſe of them very frugally; I have authorized them by Liberty of Natural Converſation, and have put them but in thoſe places where I thought Every-body would be glad to find them; I have put the greateſt part of them in the beginning of my Work, becauſe the Mind will not be then ſo well accuſtomed to the principal *Idea's* that I preſent. In fine, I have taken them from the Subject itſelf, or, at leaſt, approaching to it.

I would not have any Imagination of the Inhabitants of the Worlds that are entirely fabulous, but have endeavoured to relate only that which might be thought moſt reaſonable; and the Viſions themſelves that I have added, ſomething of a real Foundation in them; the True and the Falſe are here mixed, but they always are very eaſie to be diſtinguiſhed; yet I do not undertake to juſtifie a Compoſure ſo fantaſtical: This is the moſt important Point of this Work, and 'tis this only that I cannot give a Reaſon for; but

but the Publick Cenſure will inform me, what I ought to think of this Deſign.

There remains no more for me to ſay in this Preface, but to ſpeak to one ſort of People, who, perhaps, will be the moſt difficult to content (and yet I have very good Reaſons to give them, but, poſſibly, ſuch as they will not take for current Pay, unleſs they appear to them to be good;) and theſe are the ſcrupulous Perſons, who may imagine, that in regard of Religion, there may be danger in placing Inhabitants any where, but on this Earth; but I have had a Reſpect even to the moſt delicate Niceties of Religion, and would not be guilty of any thing that ſhould ſhock it in a publick Work, though that Care were contrary to my Opinion. But that which will ſurprize you is, that Religion is not at all concerned in this Syſtem, where I fill an infinite number of Worlds with Inhabitants; and you need only reform and clear one Error of the Imagination: But when I ſhall tell you the Moon is inhabited, you preſently repreſent to your Fancy Men made as we are; and if you are a little of the Theologician, you will then be preſently full of Difficulties: *The Poſterity of* Adam *could not poſſibly*

bly extend to the Moon, nor ſend Colonies into that Country; then they are not the Sons of Adam: And that would be a great perplexing Point in Theology, to imagine there ſhould be Men, and thoſe not to deſcend from *Adam*; there is no need of ſaying any more, all the Difficulties are reduced to that, and the Arguments we ought to employ in a tedious Explanation, are too worthy of Gravity to be put into this Book, though perhaps I could anſwer ſolidly enough to their Objections, if I undertook it; but 'tis certain, I have no need of anſwering them; let the Men in the Moon do it, who are only concern'd; for 'tis they that put the Men there, I only put Inhabitants, which, perhaps, are not Men. What are they then? 'Tis not that I have ſeen them, that I ſpeak of them; yet do not imagine that I deſign, (by ſaying there are no Men in the Moon) to evade your Objections, but you ſhall ſee, that 'tis impoſſible (according to the Idea's that I have of the infinite Diverſity that Nature ought to uſe in her Works) that there can be none. This Idea governs all the Book, and it cannot be confuted by any Philoſopher; therefore I believe I ſhall meet with no Objection from any but

thoſe

thoſe who ſpeak of theſe Entertainments, without having read them. But is this Reaſon enough for me to depend on? No; 'tis rather a ſufficient Reaſon for me to fear, that this Objection will be often urged in ſeveral places.

TO

TO

Monſieur de *L*——.

SIR,

YOU expect I ſhou'd give you an exact Account in what manner I paſs'd my Time in the Country, at the Caſtle of Madam the Marquieſe *of*——, *but I am afraid this Account will enlarge itſelf to a Volume, and that which is worſe, to a Volume of Philoſophy, while you, perhaps, expect to hear of Feaſting, Parties at Play, and Hunting-matches. No, Sir; you will hear of nothing but Planets, Worlds and* Tourbillions, *nor has there been any other things diſcours'd on. Perhaps you are a Philoſopher, and will not believe my Diſcourſe, ſo ridiculous as it may appear to the leſs Learned; and poſſibly, you will be glad to hear that I have drawn Madam the* Marquieſe *into our Party: We cou'd not have made an Advantage more conſiderable, ſince I always eſteem'd Youth and Beauty as things of great Value. If Wiſdom herſelf wou'd appear to Man-*

Mankind, with a Deſign to be well received, ſhe wou'd not do ill to aſſume the Form and Reſemblance of Madam the Marquieſe; *and cou'd ſhe be ſo agreeable in her Converſation, I aſſure you, all the World wou'd run after her Precepts. You muſt not expect to hear Wonders, when I ſhall make you a Relation of the Diſcourſe I had with this beautiful Lady; and I ought to have as much Wit as herſelf, to repeat all ſhe ſaid in the ſame graceful manner ſhe expreſs'd it; however, I hope to make you ſenſible of the Readineſs of her Genius, in comprehending all things; for my part, I eſteem her perfectly witty, ſince ſhe is ſo with the moſt Facility in the World. Perhaps you will be apt to ſay, That her Sex muſt needs be wanting in thoſe Perfections which adorn ours, becauſe they do not read ſo much. But what ſignifies the Reading of ſo many vaſt Volumes over, ſince there are a great many Men who have made that the Buſineſs of their whole Lives, to whom, if I durſt, I wou'd ſcarce allow the Knowledge of any thing? As for the reſt, you will be oblig'd to me. I know, before I begin to open the Converſation I had with Madam the* Marquieſe, *I ought, of Courſe, to deſcribe to you the Caſtle, whither ſhe was retir'd to paſs the* Autumn. *People are apt, on ſuch Occaſions to make very large Deſcriptions, but I'll be*

more

more favourable to you: Let it ſuffice, That when I arriv'd there, I found no Company, which I was very glad of: The two firſt Days there paſs'd nothing remarkable, but our Time was ſpent in diſcourſing of the News of Paris, *from whence I came: After this, paſs'd thoſe Entertainments which, in the Sequel, I will impart to you. I will divide our Diſcourſe therefore into* Nights, *becauſe, indeed, we had none, but in the* Nights.

The

THE THEORY or SYSTEM

Of ſeveral New

Inhabited Worlds,

Lately Diſcover'd and Pleaſantly Deſcrib'd,

IN

Five Nights Converſation

WITH

Madam the Marchioneſs of ****

Written in French by the famous Monſ. Fontanelle.

Made Engliſh by Mrs. Behn.

LONDON:

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M. DCC.

UMI

A

THEORY of the SYSTEM

Of ſeveral new

Inhabited WORLDS.

Written Originally in French.

The Firſt NIGHT.

WE went one Evening after Supper to walk in the Park, the Air was cool and refreſhing, which made us ſufficient amends for the exceſſive Heat of the Day, and of which I find I ſhall be obliged to make you a Deſcription, which I cannot well avoid, the Fineneſs of it leading me ſo neceſſarily to it:

The Moon was about an hour high, which ſhining thro' the Boughs of the Trees, made a moſt agreeable Mixture, and checker'd the Paths beneath with a moſt reſplendent White upon the Green, which appeared to be Black by that Light; there was no Cloud to be ſeen that could hide from us, or obſcure the ſmal-

leſt of the Stars, which lookt all like pure poliſht Gold, whoſe Luſtre was extreamly heightned by the deep Azure Field on which they were placed: Theſe pleaſant Objects ſet me a Thinking, and had it not been for Madam *la Marquieſe*, I might have continued longer in that ſilent Contemplation; but the Preſence of a Perſon of her Wit and Beauty hinder'd me from giving up my Thoughts intirely to the Moon and Stars. Do not you believe, Madam, ſaid I, that the Clearneſs of this Night exceeds the Glory of the brighteſt Day?

I confeſs, ſaid ſhe, the Day muſt yield to ſuch a Night; the Day which reſembles a fair Beauty, which though more ſparkling, is not ſo charming as one of a brown Complexion, who is a true Emblem of the Night.

You are very generous, Madam, ſaid I, to give the advantage to the Brown, you who are ſo admirable Fair your ſelf: Yet without diſpute, Day is the moſt beautiful Thing in Nature; and moſt of the Heroines in Romances, which are modell'd after the moſt perfect Idea Fancy can repreſent by the moſt Ingenious of Mankind, are generally deſcrib'd to be Fair.

But, ſaid ſhe, Beauty is inſipid, if it want the pleaſure and power of Charming; and you muſt acknowledge, that the brighteſt Day that ever you ſaw could never have engag'd you in ſo agreeable an Ecſtaſie, as you were juſt now like to have fal'n into by the powerful attractions of this Night.

I agree to what you ſay, Madam, ſaid I; but I muſt own at the ſame time, that a Beauty of your Complexion would give me another ſort

of

of Tranſport than the fineſt Night with all the advantages Obſcurity can give it.

Though that were true, ſaid ſhe, I ſhould not be ſatisfied; ſince thoſe fair Beauties that ſo reſemble the Day, produce not thoſe ſoft Effects of the other. How comes it, that Lovers, who are the beſt Judges of what is pleaſing and touching, do always addreſs themſelves to the Night, in all their Songs and Elegies?

I told her, That they moſt certainly paid their Acknowledgments to the Night; for ſhe was ever moſt favourable to all their Deſigns.

But, Sir, replied Madam *la Marquieſe*, ſhe receives alſo all their Complaints, as a true Confident of all their Entrigues; from whence proceeds that?

The ſilence and gloom of the Night, ſaid I, inſpires the reſtleſs Sigher with Thoughts very paſſionate and languiſhing, which the buſier Day diverts a thouſand little ways (tho' one would think the Night ſhould charm all things to Repoſe) and tho' the Day affords Solitudes, dark Receſſes, Groves and Grottoes, equally obſcure and ſilent as the Night itſelf; yet we fanſie that the Stars move with a more ſilent motion than the Sun, and that all the Objects which the Heavens repreſent to our View, are ſofter, and ſtay our Sight more eaſily; and flattering ourſelves that we are the only Perſons at that time awake, we are vain enough to give a looſe to a thouſand Thoughts extravagant and eaſing. Beſides, the Scene of the Univerſe by Day-light appears too Uniform, we beholding but one great Luminary in an arch'd Vault of Azure, of a vaſt Extent, while all the Stars ap-

pear confuſedly diſperſed, and diſpoſed as it were by Chance in a thouſand different Figures, which aſſiſts our roving Fancies to fall agreeably into ſilent Thoughts.

Sir, replied Madam *la Marquiese*, I have always felt thoſe Effects of Night you tell me off; I love the Stars, and could be heartily angry with the Sun for taking them from my ſight.

Ah, cry'd I, I cannot forgive his taking from me the ſight of all thoſe Worlds that are there.

Worlds! ſaid ſhe; what Worlds? And looking earneſtly upon me, asked me again, what I meant?

I ask your Pardon, Madam, ſaid I, I was inſenſibly led to this fond Diſcovery of my Weakneſs.

What Weakneſs? ſaid ſhe, more earneſtly than before.

Alas, ſaid I, I am ſorry that I muſt confeſs I have imagined to my ſelf, that every Star may perchance be another World, yet I would not ſwear that it is ſo; but I will believe it to be true, becauſe that Opinion is ſo pleaſant to me, and gives me very diverting Ideas, which have fixed themſelves delightfully in my Imaginations; and 'tis neceſſary that every ſolid Truth ſhould have its Agreeableneſs.

Well, ſaid ſhe, ſince your Folly is ſo pleaſing to you, give me a ſhare of it; I will believe whatever you pleaſe concerning the Stars, if I find it pleaſant.

Ah, Madam, ſaid I, haſtily, 'tis not ſuch a Pleaſure as you find in one of *Mullier*'s Plays; 'tis a Pleaſure that is —— I know not where, in our Reaſon, and which only tranſports the Mind.

What,

What, replied ſhe, do you think me then incapable of all thoſe Pleaſures which entertain our Reaſon, and only treat the Mind? I will inſtantly ſhew you the contrary, at leaſt as ſoon as you have told me what you know of your Stars.

Ah, Madam, cry'd I, I ſhall never endure to be reproach'd with that Neglect of my one Happineſs, that in a Grove, at ten a Clock of the Night, I talk'd of nothing but Philoſophy, to the greateſt Beauty in the World; No, Madam, ſearch for Philoſophy ſomewhere elſe.

But 'twas in vain to put her off by Excuſes, from a Novelty ſhe was already but to much prepoſſeſt with: There was a neceſſity of yielding, and all I could do was to prevail with her to be ſecret for the ſaving of my Honour; but when I found myſelf engag'd paſt Retreat, and had a deſign to ſpeak, I knew not where to begin my Diſcourſe, for to prove to her (who underſtood nothing of Natural Philoſophy) that the Earth was a Planet, and all the other Planets ſo many Earths, and all the Stars Worlds, it was neceſſary for the explaining myſelf, to bring my Arguments a great way off; and therefore I ſtill endeavour'd to perſwade her that 'twas much better to paſs the time in another manner of Converſation, which the moſt reaſonable People in our Circumſtances would do; but I pleaded to no purpoſe: and at laſt to ſatisfie her, and to give her a general Idea of Philoſophy, I made uſe of this way of arguing:

All Philoſophy is grounded on two Principles, that of a paſſionate Thirſt of Know-

ledge of the Mind, and the Weakneſs of the Organs of the Body; for if the Eye-ſight were in perfection, you could as eaſily diſcern there were Worlds in the Stars, as that there are Stars: On the other hand, if you were leſs curious and deſirous of Knowledge, you would be indifferent, whether it were ſo or not; which indeed comes all to the ſame purpoſe: but we would gladly know more than we ſee, and there's the Difficulty; for if we could ſee well and truly what we ſee, we ſhould know enough; but we ſee moſt Objects quite otherwiſe than they are: ſo that the true Philoſophers ſpend their time in not believing what they ſee, and in endeavouring to gueſs at the Knowledge of what they ſee not; and in my Opinion this kind of Life is not much to be envied; but I fanſie ſtill to my ſelf that Nature is a great Scene, or Repreſentation, much like one of our Opera's; for, from the place where you ſit to behold the Opera, you do not ſee the Stage, as really it is, ſince every thing is diſpoſed there for the repreſenting agreeable Objects to your Sight, from a large diſtance, while the Wheels and Weights, which move and counterpoiſe the Machines are all concealed from our View; nor do we trouble our ſelves ſo much to find out how all thoſe Motions that we ſee there, are performed; and it may be among ſo vaſt a number of Spectators, there is not above one Enginier in the whole Pit, that troubles himſelf with the Conſideration how thoſe Flights are manag'd that ſeem ſo new and ſo extraordinary to him, and who reſolves at any rate to find out the Contrivance

of

of them: You cannot but gueſs, Madam, that this Enginier is not unlike a Philoſopher; but that which makes the Difficulty incomparably greater to Philoſophers, is, that the Ropes, Pullies, Wheels and Weights, which give Motion to the different Scenes repreſented to us by Nature, are ſo well hid both from our Sight and Underſtanding, that it was a long time before Mankind could ſo much as gueſs at the Cauſes that mov'd the vaſt Frame of the Univerſe.

Pray, Madam, imagine to yourſelf, the ancient Philoſophers beholding one of our Opera's, ſuch an one as *Pythagoras*, *Plato*, *Ariſtotle*, and many more, whoſe Names and Reputations make ſo great a Noiſe in the World; and ſuppoſe they were to behold the Flying of *Phaeton*, who is carried aloft by the Winds, and that they could not diſcern the Ropes and Pullies, but were altogether ignorant of the Contrivance of the Machine behind the Scenes, one of them would be apt to ſay, "It is a cer- "tain ſecret Virtue that carries up *Phaeton*. Another, "That *Phaeton* is compoſed of certain "Numbers, which make him mount upwards. The third, "That *Phaeton* has a certain Kindneſs for the higheſt part of the Theatre, and is uneaſie when he is not there. And a Fourth "That *Phaeton* was not made for Flying, but "that he had rather flie, than leave the up- "per part of the Stage void. Beſides a hundred other Notions, which I wonder have not entirely ruined the Reputation of the Ancients. In our Age *Des Cartes*, and ſome other Moderns would ſay, "That *Phaeton*'s Flight upwards is

" becauſe he is hoiſted by Ropes, and that " while he aſcends, a greater Weight than he " deſcends. And now Men do not believe that any Corporeal Being moves itſelf, unleſs it be ſet on Motion, or puſht by another Body, or drawn by Ropes, nor that any heavy thing Aſcends or Deſcends, without a Counterpoiſe equal with it in Weight to balance it; or that 'tis guided by Springs. And could we ſee Nature as it is, we ſhould ſee nothing but the hinder part of the Theatre at the Opera.

By what you ſay, ſaid Madam *la Marquiſe*, Phyloſophy is become very Mechanical.

So very Mechanichal, ſaid I, that I am afraid Men will quickly be aſhamed of it; for ſome would have the Univerſe no other thing in Great, than a Watch is in Little; and that all things in it are ordered by Regular Motion, which depends upon the juſt and equal Diſpoſal of its Parts. Confeſs the Truth, Madam, have not you had heretofore a more ſublime Idea of the Univerſe, and have not you honour'd it with a better Opinion than it deſerv'd? I have known ſeveral eſteem it leſs ſince they believed they knew it better.

And for my part, ſaid ſhe, I eſteem it more ſince I knew it is ſo like a Watch: And 'tis moſt ſurpriſing to me, that the Courſe and Order of Nature, how ever admirable it appears to be, moves upon Principles and Things that are ſo very eaſie and ſimple.

I know not, replied I, who has given you ſo juſt Ideas of it; but 'tis not ordinary to have ſuch: Moſt People retain in their Minds ſome falſe Principle or other of Admiration, wrap-

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ed up in Obſcurity, which they adore; they admire Nature, only becauſe they look on it as a kind of Miracle, which they do not underſtand; and 'tis certain that thoſe ſort of People never deſpiſe any thing, but from the moment they begin to underſtand it. But, Madam, I find you ſo well diſpoſed to comprehend all I have to ſay to you, that without further Preface, I need only draw the Curtain, and ſhew you the World.

From the Earth where we are, that which we ſee at the greateſt diſtance from us, is that Azure Heaven, or that vaſt Vault where the Stars are plac'd as ſo many Golden Nails, which are call'd Fixt, becauſe they ſeem to have no other Motion, but that of their proper Sphere, which carries them along with it, from Eaſt to Weſt; between the Earth and the laſt, or loweſt Heaven are hung, at different Heights, the Sun, the Moon, and five other Stars, which are called Planets, *Mercury Venus*, *Mars*, *Jupiter*, and *Saturn*: Theſe Planets not being fixt to any one Sphere, and having unequal Motions, they are indifferent Aſpects, one to another, and according as they are in Conjunction, or at diſtance, they make different Figures; whereas the fixt Stars are always in the ſame Poſition, one towards another: As for Example, *Charles's Wain*, or the Conſtellation of the Great Bear, which you ſee, and which conſiſts of ſeven Stars, has always been, and will ſtill continue the ſame; but the Moon is ſometimes near the Sun, and ſometimes at a great diſtance from it, and ſo thro' all the reſt of the Planets: It was in this manner that the Celeſtial Bodies appeared

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to the ancient *Chaldean* Shepherds, whoſe great leiſure produced theſe firſt Obſervations, which have ſince been ſo well improved; and upon which all Aſtronomy is founded: For Aſtronomy had its beginning in *Chaldea*, as Geometry was invented in *Egypt*, where the Inundations of the River *Nile*, having confounded and removed the Limits and the Land-marks of the ſeveral Poſſeſſions of the Inhabitants, did prompt them to find out ſure and exact Meaſures, by which every one might know his one Field from that of his Neighbour's: So that Aſtronomy is the Daughter of Idleneſs, Geometry is the Child of Intereſt; and ſhould we inquire into the Original of Poetry, we ſhould in all appearance find, that it owes its beginning to Love.

I am extremely glad, ſaid Madam *la Merquiſe*, that I have learn'd the Genealogy of the Sciences, and I find that I muſt content myſelf with Aſtronomy: Geometry, according to what you have ſaid, requiring a Soul more intereſted in worldly Concerns, than I am; and for Poetry, 'tis moſt proper for thoſe of a more Amorous Inclination; but I have all the leiſure and time to ſpare, that Aſtronomy requires: Beſides that, I live now happily retired in the Fields and Groves, and lead a ſort of Paſtoral Life, ſo very agreeable to Aſtronomy.

Do not deceive yourſelf, Madam, ſaid I; 'tis not a true Paſtoral Life, to talk of Planets and fixed Stars: Be pleaſed to conſider, that the Shepherds in the Story of *Aſtræa* did not paſs their time in that kind of Divertiſement; they had Buſineſs, of a ſofter and more agreeable Nature.

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Oh, ſaid ſhe, the Life of the Paſtorals of *Aſtræa* is too dangerous: I like that of the *Chaldean* Shepherds better, of whom you ſpoke but now: Go on with them, for I will hear nothing from you but *Chaldean:* So ſoon as that Order, and theſe Motions of the Heavens were diſcovered, what was the next thing to be conſidered?

The next thing, ſaid I, was, to gueſs how the ſeveral Parts of the Univerſe were to be diſpoſed and ranged in order; and that is what the Learned call, The Making a Syſtem: But before, Madam, I explain to you the firſt Syſtem, be pleaſed to obſerve, That we are all naturally made like a certain *Athenian* Fool, of whom you have heard, who fanſied that all the Ships that came into the Port of *Piraa*, belonged to him; for we are ſo vain as to believe, that all this vaſt Frame of Nature was deſtin'd to our uſe: For if a Philoſopher be asked, For what all this prodigious number of fixed Stars ſerve? (ſince a very few would ſupply the buſineſs of the whole;) he will tell you gravely, That they were made to pleaſe our Sight. Upon this Principle, at firſt, Man believed, that the Earth was immoveably fixed in the Centre of the Univerſe, whilſt all the Celeſtial Bodies (made only for her) were at the pains of turning continually round, to give Light to the Earth: And that it was therefore above the Earth, they placed the Moon; above the Moon, *Mercury*; then *Venus*, the Sun, *Mars*, *Jupiter*, *Saturn*; and above all the Sphere of the fixed Stars: The Earth, according to this Opinion, was juſt in the middle of the ſeveral Circles,

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deſcribed by the Planets; and the greater theſe Circles were, the further they were diſtant from the Earth; and by Conſequence, they took a longer time in compleating their Round; which is certainly true.

I know not, ſaid Madam *la Marquieſe*, why you ſhould not approve of this Order of the Univerſe, which ſeems to be ſo clear and intelligible; for my part, I am extreamly pleaſed and ſatisfied with it.

Madam, ſaid I, without Vanity, I have very much ſoftned and explained this Syſtem: Should I expoſe it to you, ſuch as it was firſt invented by its Author *Ptolemy*, or by thoſe that have followed his Principles, it would frighten you: The Motion of the Planets being irregular, they move ſometimes faſt, ſometimes ſlow; ſometimes towards one ſide, ſometimes to another; at one time near the Earth, at another far from it. The Ancients did imagine I know not how many Circles, differently interwoven one with another; by which they fanſy'd to themſelves, they underſtood all the irregular Phœnomena's or Appearnces in Nature. And the Confuſion of theſe Circles was ſo great, that at that time, when Men knew no better, a King of *Arragon*, a Great Mathematician (not over devout) ſaid, *That if GOD had call'd him to his Council, when he form'd the Univerſe, he could have given him good Advice.* The Thought was impious; yet 'tis odd to reflect, that the Confuſion of *Ptolomy*'s Syſtem gave occaſion for the Sin of that King: The good Advice he would have given, was, no doubt, for ſurpaſſing theſe different Circles, which had ſo em-

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barraſs'd the Celeſtial Motions; and it may be alſo, with regard to the two or three ſuperfluous Spheres, which they had plac'd above the fixed Stars. The Philoſophers, to explain one kind of Motion of the Heavenly Bodies, did fanſie a Sphere of Chriſtal above that Heaven which we ſee, which ſet the inferior Heaven on Motion; and if any one made a new Diſcovery of any other Motion, they immediatly made a new Sphere of Chriſtal: in ſhort, theſe Chriſtaline Heavens coſt them nothing.

But why Spheres of Chriſtal? ſaid Madam *la Marquieſe*. Would no other Subſtance ſerve?

No, ſaid I, Madam; for there was a neceſſity of their being tranſparent, that the Light might penetrate; as it was requiſite for them to be ſolid Beams. *Ariſtotle* had found out, that Solidity was inherent in the Excellency of their Nature; and becauſe he ſaid it, no body would adventure to queſtion the truth of it. But there have appear'd Comets, which we know to have been vaſtly higher from the Earth, than was believed by the Ancients: Theſe in their courſe, wou'd have broke all thoſe Chriſtal Spheres; and indeed, muſt have ruined the Univerſe: ſo that there was an abſolute Neceſſity to believe the Heavens to be made of a fluid Subſtance; at leaſt 'tis not to be doubted, from the Obſervation of this, and the laſt Age, that *Venus* and *Mercury* move round the Sun, and not round the Earth. So that the ancient Syſtem is not to be defended, as to this particular. But I will propoſe one to you, which ſolves all Objections, and which will put the King of *Arragon* out of a condition of Adviſing;

viſing; and which is ſo ſurpriſingly ſimple and eaſie, that that good Quality alone ought to make it preferrable to all others.

Methinks, ſaid Madam *la Marquiſe*, that your Philoſophy is a kind of Sale, or Farm, where thoſe that offer to do the Affair at the ſmalleſt Expence, are preferr'd.

'Tis very true, ſaid I; and 'tis only by that, that we are able to gueſs at the Scheme, upon which Nature hath fram'd her Work: She is very ſaving, and will take the ſhorteſt and cheapeſt way: Yet notwithſtanding, this Frugality is accompany'd with a moſt ſurpriſing Magnificence, which ſhines in all ſhe has done; but the Magnificence is in the Deſign, and the Oeconomy in the Execution: And indeed there is nothing finer than a great Deſign, carried on with a little Expence. But we are very apt to overturn all theſe Operations of Nature, by contrary Ideas: We put Oeconomy in the Deſign, and Magnificence in the Execution: We give her a little Deſign, which we make her perform with ten times a greater Charge than is needful.

I ſhall be very glad, ſaid ſhe, that this Syſtem, you are to ſpeak of, will imitate Nature ſo exactly; for this good Husbandry will turn to the advantage of my Underſtanding, ſince by it I ſhall have leſs trouble to comprehend what you have to ſay.

There is in this Syſtem no more unneceſſary Difficulties: Know then, that a certain *German* named *Copernicus*, does at one Blow cut off all theſe different Circles, and Chriſtalline Spheres, invented by the Ancients; deſtroying the one,

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and breaking the other in pieces; and being inſpir'd with a noble Aſtronomical Fury, takes the Earth, and hangs it at a vaſt diſtance from the Centre of the World, and ſets the Sun in its place, to whom that Honour does more properly belong; the Planets do no longer turn round the Earth, nor do they any longer contain it in the Circle they deſcribe; and if they enlighten us, it is by chance, and becauſe they find us in their way: All things now turn round the Sun; among which, the Globe itſelf, to puniſh it for the long Reſt, ſo falſly attributed to it before; and *Copernicus* has loaded the Earth with all thoſe Motions, formerly attributed to the other Planets; having left this little Globe none of all the Celeſtial Train, ſave only the Moon, whoſe natural Courſe it is, to turn round the Earth.

Soft and fair, ſaid Madam *la Marquiſe*; you are in ſo great a Rapture, and expreſs yourſelf with ſo much Pomp and Eloquence, I hardly underſtand what you mean: You place the Sun unmoveable in the Centre of the Univerſe: Pray, what follows next?

Mercury, ſaid I, who turns round the Sun; ſo that the Sun is in the Centre of the Circle he deſcribes: And above *Mercury*, *Venus*; who turns alſo round the Sun: Next comes the Earth; which being more elivated than *Mercury*, or *Venus*, deſcribes a Circle of a greater Circumference than thoſe two Planets: Laſt comes *Mars*, *Jupiter*, and *Saturn*, in their order, as I have nam'd 'em: So that you ſee eaſily, that *Saturn* ought to make the greateſt Circle round the Sun; it is therefore that *Saturn* takes

takes more time to make his Revolution, than any other Planet.

Ah, but, ſaid Madam *la Marquiſe*, interrupting me, you forget the Moon.

Do not fear, ſaid I, Madam; I ſhall ſoon find her again. The Moon turns round the Earth, and never leaves it; and as the Earth moves in the Circle it deſcribes round the Sun, the Moon follows the Earth in turning round it; and if the Moon do move round the Sun, it is only becauſe ſhe will not abandon the Earth.

I underſtand you, ſaid ſhe: I love the Moon for ſtaying with us, when all the other Planets have left us; and you muſt confeſs, that your *German*, *Copernicus*, would have taken her from us two, had it been in his Power; for I perceive by his Procedure, he had no great Kindneſs for the Earth.

I am extreamly pleas'd with him, ſaid I, for having humbled the Vanity of Mankind, who had uſurp'd the firſt and beſt Situation in the Univerſe; and I am glad to ſee the Earth under the ſame Circumſtances with the other Planets.

That's very fine, ſaid Madam *la Marquiſe*: Do you believe that the Vanity of Man places itſelf in Aſtronomy; or that I am any way humbled, becauſe you tell me the Earth turns round the Sun? I'll ſwear, I do not eſteem myſelf one whit the leſs.

Good Lord! Madam, ſaid I, Do you think I can imagine you can be as zealous for a Precedency in the Univerſe, as you would be for that in a Chamber? No, Madam; the Rank of Place between two Planets will never make

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ſuch a Buſtle in the World, as that of two Ambaſſadors: Nevertheleſs, the ſame Inclination that makes us endeavour to have the firſt Place in a Ceremony, prevails with a Philoſopher in compoſing his Syſtem, to place himſelf in the Centre of the World, if he can: He is proud to fanſie all things made for himſelf; and without Reflection, flatters his Senſes with this Opinion, which conſiſts purely in Speculation.

Oh, ſaid Madam *la Marquieſe*, this is a Calumny of your own Invention againſt Mankind, which ought never to have received *Copernicus*'s Opinion, ſince ſo eaſie, and ſo humble.

Copernicus, ſaid I, Madam, himſelf was the moſt diffident of his own Syſtem; ſo that it was a long time before he would venture to publiſh it, and at laſt reſolv'd to do it at the earneſt Intreaty of People of the firſt Quality. But do you know what he did, the Day they brought him the firſt printed Copy of his Book? That he might not be troubled to anſwer all the Objections and Contradictions he was ſure to meet with, he wiſely left the World, and died.

Hold, ſaid Madam *la Marquieſe*, we ought to do Juſtice to all the World; and 'tis moſt certain, 'tis very hard to believe we turn round, ſince we do not change Places, and that we find ourſelves in the Morning, where we lay down the Night before. I ſee very well by your Looks, what 'tis you are going to ſay; That ſince the Earth moves all together ——

Moſt certainly, ſaid I: 'Tis the ſame thing as if you were aſleep in a Boat, ſailing on a Ri-

ver, you would find yourſelf in the ſame place in the Morning, and in the ſame Situation as to the ſeveral parts of the Boat.

True, ſaid ſhe, but with this Difference; I ſhou'd at my waking, find another Shoar; and that would convince me, my Boat had chang'd its Situation: But 'tis not the ſame with the Earth; for there I find every thing as I left it the Night before.

Not at all, Madam, ſaid I; the Earth changes the Shoar, as well as your Boat. You know, Madam, that above and beyond all the Circles, deſcrib'd by the Planets, is the Sphere of the fixed Stars; that's our Shoar: I am on the Earth, which makes a great Circle round the Sun; I look towards the Centre of this Circle, there I ſee the Sun; if the Brightneſs of his Rays did not remove the Stars from my Sight, by looking in a ſtreight Line, I ſhould eaſily perceive the Sun correſponding, to ſome fixed Star beyond him; but in the Night-time, I ſee clearly the Stars, to which the Sun did anſwer, or was oppoſite to, the Day before; which is, indeed, the ſame thing. If the Earth were immoveable, and did not alter its Situation in its own Circle, I ſhould always ſee the Sun oppoſite to the ſame fixed Stars; but I ſee the Sun in different Oppoſition to the Stars, every Day of the Year: It moſt neceſſarily follows then, the Circle changes its Situation, that is, the Shoar, round which we go daily: And as the Earth performs its Revolution in a Year, I ſee the Sun, in that ſpace of Time, anſwer in direct Oppoſition to a whole Circle of fixed Stars; this Circle is called the Zodiack: Will you

pleaſe,

pleaſe, Madam, that I trace the Figure of it on the Sand?

By no means, ſaid ſhe; I can ſatisfie myſelf without that Demonſtration: Beſides that, it would give a certain Mathematical Air to my Park, which I do not like. Have not I heard of a certain Philoſopher, who being Ship-wreck'd, and caſt upon an unknown Iſland, who ſeeing ſome Mathematical Propoſitions drawn on the Sea-ſands, called to one of thoſe with him, and cry'd, *Courage, my Friend, here are the Footſteps of Men; this Country is inhabited.* You know, it is not decent in me to make ſuch Foot-ſteps, nor muſt they be ſeen in this place.

'Tis fit, continued I, Madam, that nothing be ſeen here, but Steps of Lovers; that is to ſay, your Name and Cipher engraven on the Bark of Trees by the Hand of your Adorers.

Pray, Sir, ſaid ſhe, let Adorers alone, and let us ſpeak of the Sun: I underſtand very well, how we imagine he deſcribes that Circle, which indeed, we ourſelves deſcribe; but this requires a whole Year's time, when one wou'd think the Sun paſſes over our Heads every Day: How comes that to paſs?

Have you not obſerv'd, ſaid I, that a Bowl thrown on the Earth, has two different Motions; it runs toward the Jack, to which it is thrown; and at the ſame time it turns over and over ſeveral times, before it comes that Length, ſo that you will ſee the Mark that is on the Bowl, ſometimes above, and ſometimes below: 'Tis juſt ſo with the Earth; in the time it advances on the Circle it makes round the Sun, in

its Yearly Courſe, it turns over once every four and twenty Hours, upon its own Axis; ſo that in that ſpace of Time, which is one Natural Day, every Point of the Earth (which is not near the South or North Poles) loſes and recovers the ſight of the Sun: And as we turn towards the Sun, we imagine the Sun is riſing upon us; ſo when we turn from it, we believe ſhe is ſetting.

This is very pleaſant, ſaid Madam *la Marquieſe*: You make the Circle to do all, and the Sun to ſtand idle; and when we ſee the Moon, Planets and fixed Stars turn round us in four and twenty Hours, all is but bear Imagination.

Nothing elſe, ſaid I, but pure Fancy, which proceeds from the ſame Cauſe; only the Planets make their Circle round the Sun, not in the ſame ſpace of Time, but according to their unequal Diſtance from it; and that Planet which we ſee to Day, look to a certain Point of the Zodiack, or Sphere of fixed Stars, we ſhall ſee it anſwer to every other Point to Morrow; as well becauſe that Planet moves on its Courſe, as that we proceed in ours: We move, and ſo do the other Planets: By this means we vary both Situation and Oppoſition, as to them, and we think we diſcover Irregularities in their Revolutions, which I will not now trouble you with; 'tis ſufficient for you to know, that any thing that may appear to us to be irregular, in the Courſe of the Planets, is occaſion'd by our own Motion meeting theirs in ſuch different manners; but upon the whole, the Courſe of the Planets is moſt regular.

I agree with all my heart, ſaid Madam *la Marquieſe*; yet I wiſh with all my heart, that that Regularity were not ſo laborious to the Earth: I fanſie *Copernicus* has not been very careful of its Concerns, in making ſo weighty and ſolid a Maſs run about ſo nimbly.

But, Madam, ſaid I, would you rather, that the Sun and the Stars (which are generally far greater Bodies) ſhould make a vaſt Circumference round the Earth in a Day, and run an infinite number of Leagues in twenty four Hours time? Which they muſt of neceſſity do, if the Earth have not that Diurnal Motion on its own Axis.

Oh! anſwered ſhe, the Sun and Stars are all Fire, ſwiftneſs of Motion is eaſie to them; but for the Earth, that does not ſeem to be very portable.

And would you believe it, ſaid I, Madam, if you had never ſeen the Experiment, that a Firſt Rate Ship, of a hundred and twenty Guns, with fifteen hundred Men, and proportionable Proviſion, with all her Ammuniton and Tackle a-board, were a very portable thing? Notwithſtanding a gentle Breeze will move this Ship on the Sea, becauſe the Water is liquid, and yielding eaſily, makes no reſiſtance to the Motion of the Veſſel: So the Earth, notwithſtanding of a vaſt bulk and weight, is eaſily moved in the Celeſtial Matter, which is a thouſand times more fluid than the Water of the Sea; and which fills all that vaſt Extent, where the Planets ſwim, as it were: And to what would you fix or grapple the Earth, to hinder it from being carried along with the

Current of this Celeſtial Matter, or Subſtance? It would be juſt as if a little wooden Ball ſhould not follow the Current of a rapid River.

But, ſaid ſhe, how does the Earth ſupport its vaſt Weight, on your Heavenly Subſtance, which ought to be very light, ſince it is ſo fluid?

That does not follow, anſwered I, Madam, that a thing muſt be light, becauſe 'tis fluid: What ſay you to the Firſt Rate Ship, I ſpoke of, with all its Lading? Yet 'tis lighter than the Water, becauſe it ſwims upon it.

As long as you command your Firſt Rate Frigat, ſaid ſhe, angerly, I will not argue with you; but can you aſſure me, That I am in no danger, by inhabiting ſuch a little humming Top, as you have made the World to be?

Well, Madam, ſaid I, the Earth ſhall be ſupported by four Elephants, as the *Indians* fancy it is.

Here's a new Syſtem indeed, cry'd Madam *la Marquiſe*; yet I love thoſe Men, for providing for their own Security, by reſting upon a ſolid Foundation; whereas we that follow *Copernicus*, are ſo inconſiderate, as to ſwim at a venture upon your Celeſtial Matter: And I dare ſay, if theſe *Indians* thought the Earth in any danger of falling, they wou'd quickly double the number of their Elephants.

They would have all the reaſon in the World to do ſo, ſaid I, Madam; (laughing at her Fancy;) and wou'd you not ſpare Elephants to ſleep in quiet, without fear of falling: And Madam, we will add as many as you pleaſe to our Syſtem for this Night, and take them away

way by degrees, as you get more Aſſurance.

Really, ſaid ſhe, I do not think they are needful at preſent; for I feel I have Courage ſufficient to turn round.

You muſt go a ſtep further, ſaid I, and you ſhall turn round with Delight; upon this Syſtem you will form to yourſelf very pleaſant and agreeable Ideas: As for Example, Sometimes I fancy I am hanging in the Air, and that I ſtay there without moving, while the Earth turns round under me in four and twenty Hours time, and that I ſee beneath me all thoſe different Faces; ſome white, ſome black, ſome tawny, others of an Olive-colour; firſt I ſee Hats, then Turbants, their Hands cover'd with Wool, there ſhav'd Heads; ſometimes Towns with Steeples, ſome with their long ſmall pointed Pyramids, and Half-moons on their tops; ſometimes Towns with Porcelane-towers; after them, ſpacious Fields, without Towns, only Tents and Huts; here vaſt Seas, frightful Deſarts: In ſhort, all the Variety that is to be ſeen upon the Face of the Earth.

Indeed, ſaid ſhe, ſuch a Sight wou'd be very well worth twenty four Hours of one's time: So that by this Syſtem, through the ſame place where we now are (I do not mean this Park, but that ſpace of Air which our Bodies fill) ſeveral other Nations muſt ſucceſſively paſs, and we return hither, in twenty four Hours, to our own place again.

Copernicus himſelf, ſaid I, Madam, did not underſtand it better. At firſt will be here the *Engliſh*, diſcourſing, it may be upon ſome Politick Deſign, with more Gravity, but leſs Plea-

ſure, than we talk of our Philoſophy: Next will come a vaſt Ocean, in which there will be ſailing ſome Ships, perhaps not ſo much at their Eaſe as we are: Then will appear the *Canibals*, eating ſome Priſoners of War alive, they ſeeming very uncoucern'd at what they ſuffer: After them, the Women of the Country of *Feſſo*, who ſpend all their time in preparing their Husbands Meals, and in painting their Lips and Eye-brows with Blew, to pleaſe the ugliеſt Fellows in the World: Next will ſucceed the *Tartars*, who go, with great Devotion, on Pilgrimage to that great Prieſt, who never comes out of an obſcure Place, where he has no other Light but Lamps, by which they adore him: After them, the beautiful *Circaſſian* Women, who make no difficulty of granting any Favour to the firſt Comer, except what they eſſential know does belong to their Husbands: Then the *Crim*, or little *Tartars*, who live by ſtealing of Wives for the *Turks* and *Perſians*: And at laſt, ourſelves again, perhaps talking as we do now.

I am mightily taken, ſaid Madam *la Marquiеſe*, with the Fancy of what you ſay; but if I could ſee all theſe things from above, I would wiſh to have the Power to haſten and ſtop the Motion of the Earth, according as I lik'd or diſlik'd the ſeveral Objects that paſs under me; I wou'd make the Polititians, and thoſe that eat their Enemies, to move very faſt: But there are others that I ſhou'd be very curious to obſerve; and particularly, the fine *Circaſſian* Women, who have one ſo peculiar a Cuſtom.

That is, ſaid I, their Husbands who finding

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ſo many Charms in their Embraces, as more than ſatisfie them, do freely abandon their fair Wives to Strangers.

The Women of our Country, ſaid Madam *la Marquieſe*, muſt be very ugly, if compar'd to the *Circaſſians*; for our Husbands ſtill part with nothing.

That is the reaſon, ſaid I, that the more is taken from 'em; whereas ——

No more of theſe Fooleries, ſaid Madam *la Marquieſe*, interrupting me; there's a ſerious Difficulty come into my Head: If the Earth turn round, then we change Air every Moment, and muſt breath ſtill that of another Country.

By no means, Madam, ſaid I; the Air which encompaſſes the Earth extends itſelf to a certain height, it may be about twenty Leagues, and turns round with us. You have, no doubt, ſeen a thouſand times the buſineſs of the Silk-worm, where the Balls which theſe little Creatures do work with ſo much Art, for their own Impriſonment, are compact, and wrought together with Silk, which is very cloſely joyn'd; but they are cover'd with a kind of Down, that is very light and ſoft: Thus it is that the Earth, that is very ſolid, is wrapp'd in a Covering of ſoft Down of twenty Leagues thickneſs, which is the Air that is carried round at the ſame time with it: Above the Air is that Celeſtial Matter I ſpoke of, incomparably more pure, more ſubtile, and more agitated than the Air.

You repreſent the Earth to me, ſaid Madam *la Marquieſe*, as a very contemptible thing, but

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the deſpicable Ideas you give me of it: 'Tis, nevertheleſs, upon this Silk-worm-ball, there are perform'd ſuch mighty Works; and where there are ſuch terrible Wars, and ſuch ſtrange Commotions as reign every-where.

'Tis certainly true, ſaid I, Madam; while at the ſame time, Nature, who is not at the pains to conſider theſe Troubles and Commotions, carries us all along together, by a general Motion, and does, as it were, play with this little Globe.

It ſeems to me, ſaid ſhe, that 'tis very ridiculous to inhabit any thing that turns ſo often, and is ſo much agitated; and the worſt of all is, that we are not aſſur'd whether we turn round, or not; for, to be plain with you, and that I may keep none of my Doubts from you, I do extremely ſuſpect, that all the Precautions you can take, will not convince me of the Motion of the Earth: For is it poſſible, but Nature wou'd have taken care to have given us ſome ſenſible Sign, by which we might diſcover the the turning round of ſo vaſt a Body?

The Motions, anſwered I, which are moſt natural to remove, are the leaſt perceptible; and which holds true, even in Morality; for the Motion of Self-love is ſo natural to us, that for the moſt part we do not feel it, while we believe we act by other Principles.

Ah, ſaid ſhe, do you begin to ſpeak of Moral Philoſophy, when the Queſtion is of that which is altogether Natural? But I perceive you are ſleepy, and begin to Yawn; let us therefore retire, for there's enough ſaid for the Firſt Night; to Morrow we ſhall return hi-

hither again; you with your Syſtems, and I with my Ignorance.

In returning to the Caſtle, to make an end of what might be ſaid to Syſtems, I told her, There was a third Opinion invented by *Tichobrahe*, who wou'd have the Earth abſolutely immoveable, and plac'd in the Centre of the Univerſe, and made the Sun to turn round it, as he did the other Planets to turn round the Sun; becauſe ſince the new Diſcoveries, it cou'd not be imagin'd that the other Planets turn'd round the Earth. But my Lady *la Marquiſe*, whoſe Judgment and Underſtanding is ſolid and penetrating, found there was too much Affectation in endeavouring to free the Earth from turning round the Sun, ſince ſeveral other great Bodies cou'd not exempt from that Labour; and that the Sun was not ſo proper and fit to turn round the Earth, ſince the other Planets turn round the Sun; and that this new Syſtem was only good to maintain the ſtanding ſtill of the Earth, if one had a mind to undertake that Argument; but 'tis not proper to perſwade another to believe it. At laſt, we reſolv'd to hold ourſelves to the Opinion of *Copernicus*, which is more unifrom, and more agreeable, without the leaſt mixture of Prejudice; and indeed, its Simplicity and Eaſineſs perſwades as much as its Boldneſs pleaſes.

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The Second Night.

As ſoon as one could get into my Lady *Marquieſe*'s Apartment, I ſent to know how ſhe did, and how ſhe had ſlept that Night in turning round. She ſent me word, That now ſhe was pretty well accuſtom'd to the Motion of the Earth, and that *Copernicus* himſelf cou'd not have reſted better that Night than ſhe did. A little after this, there came Company to viſit my Lady, which, according to the nauſeous Country-faſhion, ſtaid till the Evening, and yet we thought ourſelves happy that we were ſo eaſily rid of 'em then, ſince according to the Cuſtom of the Country, they might have prolong'd their Viſit till the next Day; but they were ſo Civil, as not to do it; ſo that Madam *la Marquieſe* and I found ourſelves at liberty. In the Evening we went again to the Park, and the Converſation began as it ended before, of our Syſtem: My Lady *la Marquieſe* had comprehended 'em ſo well, that ſhe would not be at the pains to re-aſſume any thing of what had paſs'd, but preſs'd me to lead her to ſomething that was new:

Well, ſaid I, ſince the Sun, which is now immoveable, and no longer a Planet; and that the Earth, that moves round the Sun, is now one, be not ſurpriz'd if I tell you, the Moon is another Earth, and is, by all appearance, inhabited.

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Said ſhe, I never heard of the Moon's being inhabited, but as a Fable.

So it may be ſtill, ſaid I; I concern myſelf no further in theſe Matters, than Men uſe to do in Civil Wars; where the Uncertainty of of what may be, makes People ſtill entertain a Correſpondence with the adverſe Party: As for me, tho' I ſee the Moon inhabited, I live very civilly with thoſe that do not believe it; and I carry myſelf ſo trimmingly, that I may, upon occaſion, with Honour go over to their ſide who have the better; but ſtill they gain ſome conſiderable Advantage over us. I will tell you my Reaſons that make me take part with the Inhabitants of the Moon: Suppoſe then, there had never been any Commerce between *Paris* and St. *Denis*, and that a Citizen of *Paris*, who had never been out of that City, ſhould go up to the top of the Steeple of our Lady, and ſhould view St. *Denis* at a diſtance, and one ſhould ask him, If he believ'd St. *Denis* to be inhabited? he would anſwer boldly, 'Not at all; for (he wou'd ſay) I ſee the Inhabi-'tants of *Paris*, but I do not ſee thoſe of St. *Denis*, 'nor ever heard of 'em. It may be ſome body ſtanding by, wou'd repreſent to him, 'That it 'was true, one cou'd not ſee the Inhabitants of 'St. *Denis* from our Lady's Church, but that the 'diſtance was the cauſe of it; yet that all we 'cou'd ſee of St. *Denis*, was very like to *Paris*; 'for St. *Denis* had Steeples, Houſes and Walls; 'and that it might reſemble *Paris* in every thing 'elſe, and be inhabited as well as it. All theſe Arguments wou'd not prevail upon my Citizen; who wou'd continue ſtill obſtinate in maintaining,

ing, that St. *Denis* was not inhabited, becauſe he ſaw none of the People. The Moon is our St. *Denis*, and we the Citizens of *Paris*, that never went out of our Town.

Ah, interrupted Madam *la Marquiſe*, you do us wrong; we are not ſo fooliſh as your Citizens of *Paris*: Since he ſees that St. *Denis* is ſo like to *Paris* in every thing, he muſt have loſt his Reaſon, if he did not think it was inhabited: but for the Moon, that's nothing like the Earth.

Have a care, Madam, ſaid I, what you ſay; for if I make it appear, that the Moon is in every thing like the Earth, you are oblig'd to believe that the Moon is inhabited.

I acknowledge, ſaid ſhe, if you do that, I muſt yield; and your Looks are ſo aſſur'd, that you frighten me already: The two different Motions of the Earth, which wou'd never have enter'd into my Thoughts, make me very apprehenſive of all you ſay. But is it poſſible that the Earth can be an enlighten'd Body, as the Moon is? For, to reſemble it, it muſt be ſo.

Alas, Madam, ſaid I, to be enlighten'd, is not ſo great a matter as you imagine, and the Sun only is remarkable for that Quality: 'tis he alone that is enlighten'd of himſelf, by virtue of his particular Eſſence; but the other Planets ſhine only, as being enlighten'd by the Sun: The Sun communicates his Light to the Moon, which reflects it upon the Earth; as the Earth, without doubt, reflects it back again to the Moon, ſince the diſtance from the Moon to the Earth is the ſame as from the Earth to the Moon. But,

But, ſaid Madam *la Marquieſe*, is the Earth as proper for reflecting the Light of the Sun, as the Moon?

You are always for the Moon, ſaid I, and you cannot rid your ſelf of thoſe Remains of Kindneſs you have for her. Light is compos'd of little Balls, which rebound upon any ſolid Body, which is *opaque*, or obſcure, and are ſent back another way; whereas they paſs through any thing that offers them an Opening, or Paſſage, in a ſtreight Line; which is *diaplanus*, or clear; ſuch as Air and Glaſs: So that the Moon enlightens us, becauſe ſhe is an *opaque*, ſolid Body, which retorts theſe little Balls upon us; and I believe you will not diſpute the ſame Solidity to the Earth. Admire then, Madam, how advantageous it is, to be well poſted; ſo that the Moon being at a great diſtance from us, we ſee it as an enlighten'd Body only, but are ignorant that 'tis a groſs ſolid Maſs, very much like the Earth: On the other hand, the Earth having the ill luck to be ſeen by us too near, we conſider it only as a great maſſy Body, fit only for the producing of Food for living Creatures.

'Tis juſt, ſaid Madam *la Marquieſe*, as when we are ſtruck and ſurpriz'd with the ſplendour of Quality above our own; we do not perceive that in the Main, there's no difference between them and us.

'Tis juſt ſo, ſaid I; and we will needs be judging of every thing; but we have the Misfortune, ſtill to be plac'd in a falſe Light: Would we judge of our ſelves, we are too near; if of others, we are to far off: Cou'd one

one be plac'd between the Moon and the Earth, that wou'd be a true Station to conſider both well: To this End, we ought only to be Spectators of the World, and not Inhabitants.

I ſhall never be ſatisfi'd, ſaid Madam *la Marquieſe*, with the Injury we do the Earth, in being too favourably enagag'd for the Inhabitants of the Moon, unleſs you can aſſure me, that they are as ignorant of their Advantages, as we are of ours; and that they take our Earth for a Star, without knowing that the Globe they inhabit is one alſo.

Be aſſur'd of that, Madam, ſaid I, that the Earth appears to them to perform all the Functions of a Star: 'Tis true, they do not ſee the Earth deſcribe a Circle round 'em, but that's all one; I'll explain to you what it is: That ſide of the Moon which was turn'd towards the Earth at the beginning of the World, has continu'd towards the Earth ever ſince; which ſtill repreſents to us theſe ſame Eyes, Noſe and Mouth, which our Imginations fancy we ſee compos'd of theſe Spots, Lights and Shadows, which are the Surface of the Moon: Cou'd we ſee the other half of the Moon, 'tis poſſible our Fancy wou'd repreſent to us ſome other Figure. This does not argue, but the Moon turns however upon her own Axis, and takes as much time to perform that Revolution, as ſhe does to go round the Earth in a Month. But then, when the Moon performs a part of her Revolutions on her own Axis, and that ſhe ought to hide from us (for Example) one Cheek of this imaginary Face, and appear to us in another Poſition, ſhe does at the ſame time perform as much

much of the Circle ſhe deſcribes in turning round the Earth; and tho' ſhe is in a new Point of Sight or Oppoſition as to us, yet ſhe repreſents to us ſtill the ſame Cheek: ſo that the Moon, in regard to the Sun, and the other Planets, turns upon her own Axis; but does not ſo as to the Earth. The Inhabitants of the Moon ſee all the other Planets riſe an ſet in the Space of fifteen Days, but they ſee our Earth always hanging in the ſame Point of the Heavens. This ſeeming Immovability, does not very well agree with a Body that ought to paſs for a Planet; but the truth is, the Earth is not in ſuch perfection: Beſides, the Moon has a certain trembling Quality, which does ſometimes hide a little of her imaginary Face, and at other times ſhews a little of her oppoſite Side; and no doubt but the Inhabitants of the Moon attribute this Shaking to the Earth, and believe we make a certain Swinging in the Heavens, like the Pendulum of a Clock.

All theſe Planets, ſaid Madam *la Marquiſe*, are like us Mortals, who always caſt our own Faults upon others: Says the Earth, *It is not I that turn round, 'tis the Sun.* Says the Moon, *It is not I that tremble, 'tis the Earth.* There are Errors and Miſtakes every-where.

I wou'd not adviſe you, ſaid I, to undertake to reform any of 'em; 'tis better that I make an end in convincing you, that the Moon is in all things like the Earth: Repreſent to your ſelf theſe two great Globes, hanging in the Heavens; you know that the Sun does always enlighten one half of any Globe, and the other half is in the Shadow; there is therefore al-

ways one half of both Moon and Earth that is enlighten'd, or half Day, and the other half is ſtill in the Darkneſs of Night. Be pleas'd, beſides, to conſider that a Ball has leſs force and ſwiftneſs after it rebounds from a Wall, againſt which it was thrown, than it had before it touch'd the Wall, which ſends it another way; ſo Light is not ſo ſtrong, after 'tis reflected by any ſolid Body: This pale Light which comes to us from the Moon, is the Light of the Sun itſelf, but we have it only by Reflection from the Moon, and has loſt a great deal of that Strength and Vivacity which it had when 'twas receiv'd by the Moon, directly from the Sun; and that bright and dazling Light which we receive from the Sun, muſt in the ſame manner appear to the Inhabitants of the Moon, after 'tis reflected by the Earth, on the Moon: So that the Surface of the Moon, which we ſee enlighten'd, and which ſhines upon us in the Night, is that half of the Moon that Enjoys the Day, as that half of the Globe of the Earth which is enlighten'd by the Sun, when 'tis turn'd towards the darkn'd half of the Globe of the Moon, does give Light to the Inhabitants there, during their Nights. All depends upon the different Oppoſition and Aſpects between the Moon and the Earth: The firſt and ſecond Day of the Moon, we do not ſee her, becauſe ſhe is betwixt the Sun and us, and moves with the Sun by our Day; it neceſſarily follows, that the half of the Moon which is enlighten'd, is turn'd towards the Sun, and the obſcure part towards the Earth; 'tis no wonder then, that we cannot ſee that half

which

which is Dark; but that ſame half of the Moon which is in Darkneſs, being turn'd towards the enlightn'd half of the Earth, the Inhabitants ſee us without being ſeen, and the Earth appears to them, as their Full-moon does to us; and ſo, if one may uſe the Expreſſiſion, 'tis with them Full-earth. After this, the Moon going on in her Monthly Circle, diſengages her ſelf from the Sun, and begins to turn toward us, a part of her enlightned half, which is the Creſcent; at the very ſame time, the darkned half of the Moon loſes ſome ſhare of the enlightn'd part of the Earth, and then the Earth is in the Wain, as to its Inhabitants.

Say no more, ſaid Madam *la Marquieſe*, briskly, I ſhall know all the reſt when I pleaſe; I need only think a little, and follow the Moon in her Monthly Circle: I ſee in general, that the Inhabitants of the Moon have their Month, the exact Reverſe of ours; and I am perſwaded, when 'tis Full-moon, the enlighten'd half of it is turn'd towards the obſcure part of the Earth, and then they do not ſee us, but a certain new Earth. I wou'd not have any Body reproach me with the want of ſo much Sence, as that you need explain ſo eaſie a thing to me. But as to the Eclipſes, What is the Cauſe of them?

If you do not underſtand that, ſaid I, 'tis your own Fault. When 'tis New-moon, and that ſhe is between the Sun and the Earth, and that all her obſcure half is turn'd towards us, who then enjoy the Day, you may ſee eaſily, that the Sadow of this darkned half is caſt upon the Earth; if the Moon be directly under the Sun, this Shadow hides the Sun from us, and

at the ſame time darkens a part of the enlightned half of the Earth, which was ſeen by the Inhabitants of the obſcure half of the Moon: And this is an Eclipſe of the Sun to us, in our Day; and an Eclipſe of the Earth to thoſe in the Moon, in their Night. When the Moon is at the Full, the Earth is betwixt her and the Sun, and all the obſcure part of the Earth is turn'd towards the enlightn'd half of the Moon, the Shadow of the Earth is then caſt upon the Moon; and if it falls directly on her Surface, it obſcures the enlighten'd half which we ſee, and hides the Sun from that enlighten'd part of the Moon that enjoy'd the Day: This is an Eclipſe of the Moon to us, during our Night; and an Eclipſe of the Sun to them, during their Day. By this Reaſon, it falls out, that there are not always Eclipſes when the Moon interpoſes between the Sun and the Earth, or the Earth is interjected between the Sun and the Moon; becauſe theſe three Bodies are not oppoſite one to another, in a ſtreight Line; and by Conſequence, that of the three, which ought to make the Eclipſe, caſts its Shadow a little to one ſide of that which ſhou'd be eclips'd.

I am extreamly ſurpriz'd, ſaid Madam *la Marquiſe*, that (ſince there is ſo little of Myſtery or Difficulty in Eclipſes) every Body does not find out the Cauſe of 'em.

Do not wonder at that, ſaid I, Madam; there are many Nations in the World, that as they go to work, will not find it out for Ages to come; for all over the *Eaſt-Indies* the Inhabitants believe, that when the Sun or Moon is eclips'd,

eclips'd, certain Demons, or Spirits, who have very black Claws, do ſtretch them forth upon theſe two Luminaries, which he endeavours to ſieze: and during the time of the Eclipſe, you may ſee all the Rivers cover'd with Heads of *Indians*; for they go into the Water, up to the Neck, thinking that moſt devout Poſture for obtaining from the Sun and Moon, a Defence againſt that Demon. In *America*, the People were perſwaded, that the Sun and Moon were angry with 'em when they were eclips'd; and God knows what pains they are at, to make their Peace with 'em. But the *Grecians*, who were ſo polite a People, did not they believe for a long time, that the Moon was bewitch'd, and that the Magicians made her come down, to throw a certain poiſonous Scum or Dew upon the Herbs and Graſs? And even we our ſelves, were we not frightned out of our Wits at an Eclipſe of the Sun, that happen'd about thirty Years ſince? Did not a great many People ſhut themſelves up in Vaults and Cellars? And did not the learned Men write in vain, to aſſure us, there was no Danger?

Certainly, ſaid Madam *la Marquieſe*, that's very diſgraceful to Mankind; and I think there ought to be a Law made by Univerſal Conſent, never to ſpeak of Eclipſes hereafter, leſt the Memory of ſuch Folly ſhou'd be preſerv'd to Poſterity.

Pray, Madam, ſaid I, let there be another Law made, for aboliſhing the Memory of all things paſt; for I know of nothing, that is not a Monument of the Folly of Mankind.

Pray, tell me, ſaid Madam *la Marquieſe*; Are the Inhabitants of the Moon as much afraid of Eclipſes as we are? It ſeems to me very ridiculous, that ſome of 'em ſhou'd run into the Water up to the Neck; that others ſhou'd think our Earth angry with 'em; ſome, that our Earth ſhou'd be bewitch'd, and that we are coming to ſpoil their Graſs.

Without all doubt, ſaid I, Madam: Why ſhou'd the Inhabitants of the Moon have more Sence than we? And what Right have they to Frighten us, more than we have to Frighten them? Nay, more; I am apt to believe, that as there has been, and ſtill are, many Inhabitants in our Globe, who are ſuch Fools to adore the Moon; there are alſo Inhabitants in the Moon, fooliſh enough to adore our Earth.

At that rate, ſaid Madam *la Marquieſe*, we may very well pretend to ſend Influences to the Moon, and to give a Judgment on their Diſtempers. But ſince there is only requiſite, a little more Wit and Ingenuity in the Inhabitants of that Country, to blaſt the Honour we flatter our ſelves with, I confeſs I am ſtill apprehenſive, they may have ſome Advantage over us.

Do not fear, ſaid I; there is no likelihood that we are the only Fools of the Univerſe. Ignorance is naturally a very general Talent; and though I do but gueſs at that of the Inhabitants of the Moon, yet I no more doubt of it, than I do of the moſt certain News we have from thence.

And what, pray, are theſe certain News you have from thence? interrupted ſhe.

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They are, ſaid I, Madam, ſuch as are brought us every Day by the Learned, who travel daily thither by the help of long Teleſcopes: They tell us, they have diſcover'd vaſt Countries, Seas, Lakes, high Mountains, and deep Vallies.

You ſurprize me, ſaid Madam *la Marquieſe*: I know very well, that Mountains and Vallies may be diſcover'd in the Moon, by the remarkable Inequality we ſee in its Surface; But how do they diſtinguiſh Countries and Seas?

Very eaſily, ſaid I; becauſe the Water permits a part of the Light to paſs through it, and reflects leſs, and appears, at a great diſtance, to be obſcure Spots; and that the Earth, which is ſolid, reflects the whole Light, and therefore muſt appear the brighteſt part of the Globe of the Moon. Theſe different Parts are all ſo well known, that they have given them all Names of learned Men: One place is call'd, *Copernicus*; another, *Archimedes*; and a third, *Galileus*: There are too a *Caſpian*-ſea, *Porphory*-Hills, and the *Black*-lake: In ſhort, they have fram'd ſo exact a Deſcription of the Moon, that a learned Man, if he were there, wou'd be in no more danger of loſing his Way, than I wou'd be, if I were at *Paris*.

But, reply'd Madam *la Marquieſe*, I ſhou'd be very well pleas'd to have a farther Account of this Country.

'Tis impoſſible, reply'd I, that the niceſt Obſervators ſhou'd inform you ſo well as *Aſtolpho* of whom you ought to enquire; and who was conducted to the Moon by St. *John*. What I ſhall tell you now, is one of the moſt pleaſant

Fooleries in all *Arioſto*; and I am ſatisfied, it will not diſpleaſe you to know it. I own, I ought not to meddle with St. *John*, whoſe Name is ſo worthy of Reſpect: But ſince there is a Poetical Licenſe, and Liberty of Conſcience, it ought to paſs as a Gayety. The whole Poem is dedicated to a great Church-man, and another great Church-man has honour'd it with a Signal Approbation; which one may perceive by the ſeveral Editions. See what he treats of, *Orlando* Nephew to *Charlemain*, became Mad, becauſe the Fair *Angelica* had preffered *Medora* to him; one Day *Aſtolpho* the brave *Paladine*, found himſelf in a terreſtial Paradiſe, which was on the Brink of a very high Mountain, whither his flying Horſe had carried him; there he met St.—— who told him that to cure the Madneſs of *Orlando*, 'twas neceſſary they ſhou'd take a Voyage to the Moon; *Aſtolpho*, who deſir'd nothing more than to ſee that Country, wanted no Intreaties; and behold on a ſudden a Chariot of Fire carried the Saint, and the *Paladine* through the Air. As *Aſtolpho* was no great Philoſopher, he was much ſurpriz'd to ſee the Moon ſo vaſtly bigger than it had appeared to him upon the Earth, and was much more amaz'd to ſee Rivers, Lakes, Mountains, Plains, Groves, Towns, and Forreſts, (and that which wou'd have ſurpriz'd me alſo) beautiful Nymphs that hunted in thoſe Foreſts. But that which he beheld yet more rare, was a Valley where he found all things that were loſt on Earth, of what kind ſoever, Crowns, Riches, Renown and Grandure, Infinity of Hopes, Time loſt in Waiting and Depending on Promiſing-

ſing-States-men, or thrown away at Play; the Alms that one cauſes to be given after one's Death; the Verſes and Dedications one preſents to Princes, and the Sighs of Lovers.

As for the Sighs of Lovers, reply'd Madam *la Marquieſe*, interrupting me, I know not whether in the time of *Arioſto* they were loſt or not; but in ours, I know of none that go into the Moon.

Were there none but you, Madam, reply'd I, ſmiling, you have caus'd ſo many to Sigh in vain, that you have made a conſiderable Treaſure in the Moon: In ſhort, the Moon is exact in collecting all that is loſt here Below, and which are all to be found there, even to the Donation of *Conſtantine*. (But *Aſtolpho* told me this only in my Ear.) Beſides all the Folly that was ever committed upon the Earth, is well preſerv'd there; theſe are ſo many Vials full of a ſubtile and penetrating Liquor, which eaſily evaporates as ſoon as open'd, and upon every one of theſe Vials is writ the name of thoſe to whom it belongs. I believe that *Arioſto* put 'em all in one Cup, but I had rather fancy to myſelf that they were orderly plac'd in one Gallery. *Aſtolpho* was very much aſtoniſht to ſee the Vials of ſo many Perſons whom he believed to be very wiſe, and yet notwithſtanding their Vials were ſo very full; and for my part, I am perſwaded that mine is as full as any, ſince I entertain you with Viſions, both Philoſophick and Poetical. That which comforts me is, that 'tis poſſible by what I am perſwading you to believe, I ſhall very ſuddenly make you have a Vial in the Moon as well as myſelf. The

good

good *Paladine* did not fail to find his own among the Number, and by the Permiſſion of the Saint, he took it, and ſnuffed up the Spirit as if it had been the Queen of *Hungary*'s Water: But *Arioſto* ſaid, he would not carry it far, and that it wou'd return to the Moon again by a Folly that he committed ſeven Years after: But he did not forget the Vial of *Orlando* which was the occaſion of his Voyage; he had a great deal of difficulty to carry it, for the Spirit of this Hero was in its own Nature very heavy, and did not want a drop of being full. But here *Arioſto* according to the laudable Cuſtom of ſpeaking what he pleas'd, addreſſing himſelf to his Miſtreſs, ſpeaks to her thus in good Verſe: "That I ought to cauſe one to mount the Hea-
"vens, my fair One, to make me recover the
"Senſes your Charms have made me loſe, yet
"I will not complain of this Loſs, provided it
"does not go too far, but if there be a Neceſſi-
"ty that your Cruelties muſt continue, as they
"have begun, I have no more to do but to
"expect juſt ſuch a Fate as *Orlando*'s; however
"I do not believe, that to recover my Senſes
"'tis requiſite I go thro' the Air to the Moon;
"my Soul does not lodge ſo high; it wanders
"about your fair Eyes and Mouth; and if you
"will be pleas'd to give me leave to take it,
"permit me to recover it with my Lips. Is not this witty for me to reaſon like *Arioſto*? I am of Opinion that a Man never loſes his Wits but for Love; and you ſee they do not travel far, while their Lips only know ſo well how to recover 'em. But when one loſes 'em by other means (as we loſe 'em by Philoſophizing) they

they go directly to the Moon, and one cannot retrieve 'em when one pleaſes.

In Recompence of this, ſaid Madam *la Marquieſe*, our Vials ſhall be honourable among the Ranks of the Philoſophers: For our Spirits will go on in Wandring and Erring on ſomething that is worthy of 'em; but to accompliſh this, and rid me of mine: Pray tell me ſeriouſly, ſaid Madam, do you believe that there are Men in the Moon? For hitherto, you have ſaid nothing to me poſitively as to that.

I do not believe there are Men there, Madam, but ſome other odd ſort of Creatures: Pray, Madam, conſider but how much the Face of Nature is chang'd betwixt this an *China*; other Faces, other Shapes, other Manners, and almoſt quite different Principles of Reaſoning, from this to the Moon the difference ought to be more conſiderable. When one travels towards the new diſcovered World of *America*, &c. and finds the Inhabitants there to be hardly Men, but rather a kind of Brutes in Human Shape, and that not perfect neither, ſo that could we travel to the Orb of the Moon, I do not think we ſhou'd find Men and Women there.

What kind of Creatures ſhou'd we find then, ſaid Madam *la Marquieſe*, with a very impatient Look?

I ſwear I cannot tell, ſaid I, Madam; were it poſſible for us to be rational Creatures and yet not Men, and that we inhabited the Moon, cou'd it ever enter into our Imagination, that there dwelt here below ſo extravagant an Animal

mal as that of Mankind? Cou'd we fancy to our ſelves any living Creatures with ſuch fooliſh Paſſions, and ſo wiſe Reflections; of ſo ſmall Duration, and yet can ſee ſo vaſt a Proſpect beyond it; of ſo much Knowledge in Trifles, and ſo much Ignorance of important Things; ſo earneſt for Liberty, yet ſo inclin'd to Servitude and Slavery; ſo very deſirous of Happineſs, and yet ſo uncapable of attaining it; it wou'd require a great deal of Wit and Judgment in the Inhabitants of the Moon, to find the Reaſon and Myſtery of ſuch an odd Compoſition; for we that ſee one another daily, have not as yet found out how we are made. It was ſaid of old amongſt the Heathens, That the Gods, when they made Man, were drunk with Nectar, whom when they had conſider'd when ſober, they cou'd not forbear laughing at the Ridiculouſneſs of their handy Work.

We are then ſecure enough, ſaid Madam *la Marquiſe*, that the Inhabitants of the Moon will never gueſs what we are; but I wiſh we cou'd attain to the Knowledge of them; for I muſt confeſs it makes me uneaſie to think there are Inhabitants in the Moon, and yet I cannot ſo much as fancy what kind of Creatures they are.

And why are you not as uneaſie, ſaid I, upon the account of the Inhabitants under, and near the South-Pole, which is altogether unknown to us? They and we are carried as it were in the ſame Ship, they in the Stern, and we in the Head; and yet you ſee there is no Communication between the Stern and the Head,

Head, and that thoſe at the one end of the Ship do not know what kind of People they are on the other, nor what they are doing, and yet you wou'd know what paſſes in the Moon, in that other great Ship ſailing in the Heavens at a vaſt diſtance from us.

Ah, ſaid Madam, *la Marquiſe*, I look upon the Inhabitants under the South-Pole, as a People known to us, becauſe they are moſt certainly very like us; and that we may ſee them if we pleaſe to give our ſelves the Trouble; they will continue ſtill where they are, and cannot run away from our Knowledge: but we ſhall never know what theſe Inhabitants of the Moon are; 'tis that that vexes me.

If I ſhou'd anſwer you ſeriouſly, ſaid I, that we may one day know 'em, wou'd not you laugh at me? Nay, and I ſhou'd deſerve it: Yet I cou'd defend my ſelf very well if I ſhou'd ſay ſo; there is a certain ridiculous Thought in my Head, which has ſome ſhadow of Likelihood, which ſatisfies me, tho' I do not know on what it is founded, it being ſo impertinent as it is; yet I will lay you what you will, that I will oblige you to believe, againſt all Reaſon, that there may one Day be a Correſpondence between the Earth and the Moon. Reflect a little, Madam, upon the State and Condition of *America*, before it was diſcover'd by *Chriſtopher Columbus*; its Inhabitants liv'd in a moſt profound Ignorance, ſo far from the Knowledge of Sciences, that they were ignorant of the moſt ſimple and uſeful Arts: They went ſtark naked, and cou'd not imagine that Men cou'd be cover'd by Skins of Beaſts; had no other

Arms

Arms but Bows, and who look'd upon the Sea as a vaſt ſpace forbidden to Mankind, joyning, as they thought, to the Skie; beyond which they ſaw nothing. 'Tis true, after having ſpent ſeveral Years with hollowing the root of a great Tree with ſharp Flints, they after ventur'd to go in this kind of Boat, which was driven along the Shore by the Winds and the Waves; but as this kind of Veſſel was ſubject to be over-ſet very often, they were neceſſitated to ſwim to catch their Boat again; and indeed, they did ſwim for the moſt part, except when they were weary. If any Body had told them there was a Navigation much more perfect than that they knew; and that by it, it was eaſie to croſs that vaſt extent of Water to any ſide, and in what manner we pleas'd, and that it was poſſible to ſtopt and lie ſtill in the midſt of the Waves, while the Veſſel is in Motion; that Men cou'd move faſt or ſlow as they pleaſed; and that the Sea, notwithſtanding the vaſtneſs of its Extent, was no hindrance to the Commerce of diſtant Nations, provided that there were People on the other Shoar; ſurely the *Indians* wou'd never have believ'd that Man that ſhou'd have told 'em this, to them Impoſſibility: Nevertheleſs, the Day came, that the ſtrangeſt and leaſt expected Sight that ever they ſaw, preſented itſelf to their View, huge great Bodies, which ſeem'd to have white Wings with which they flew upon the Sea, belching Fire from all parts, and at laſt landed upon their Shoar a Race of unknown Men, all cruſted over with polliſh'd Steel, ordering and diſpoſing at their Pleaſure the Monſters that brought

brought 'em thither, carrying Thunder in their Hands, which deſtroyed all that made any Reſiſtance, while the wondring *Indians* cried, from whence came they? who brought them over the Seas? who has given 'em the Power of Fire and Thunder? are they Gods, or the Children of the Sun? for certainly, they are not Men. I know not, Madam, whether you conceive as I do, the extraordinary Surprize of theſe *Americans*, but certainly there was never any equal to it; and after that, I will not ſwear, but there may be one Day, a Commerce betwixt the Earth and the Moon: Had the *Americans*, any Reaſon to hope for a Correſpondence betwixt *America* and *Europe*, (which they did not know?) It is true, there will be a Neceſſity to croſs the vaſt Extent of Air and Heaven that is betwixt the Earth and the Moon. But did theſe *Americans* think the Ocean more proper to be croſs'd, and paſs'd through?

Sure, ſaid Madam *la Marquieſe*, you are mad; and looking earneſtly on me;

I do not deny it, anſwer'd I.

Nay, ſaid ſhe, it is not ſufficient to confeſs it, I will prove you to be Mad: The *Americans* were ſo ignorant, that the Poſſibility of making a Way or Paſſage through the vaſt Ocean, cou'd never enter into their Thoughts; but we that know ſo much, we eaſily find out that it wou'd be no hard matter to paſs through the Air if we cou'd ſupport ourſelves.

There are thoſe Men, ſaid I, who have found out more than a Poſſibility of it; for they actally begin to flie a little, and ſeveral have made

made and fitted Wings to themſelves, and invented a way to give themſelves Motion, for ſupporting the Body in the Air, for croſſing of Rivers, and flying from one Steeple to another. 'Tis true, theſe were no flights of an Eagle; and it has coſt ſome of theſe new Birds a Leg or an Arm: But this Eſſay is like the firſt Planks that are carry'd on the Water, which yet gave beginnings to Shipping; and there was a very great difference between theſe Planks and Ships of mighty Burden; yet you ſee that Time by degrees has produc'd great Ships. The Art of Flying is but in its Infancy, Time muſt bring it to Maturity, and one Day Men will be able to flie to the Moon.

Do you pretend to have diſcover'd all things, ſaid ſhe, or to have brought them to that Perfection that nothing can be added?

Pray, Madam, ſaid I, by Conſent, let us ſave ſomething for the Age to come.

I will never yield, ſaid ſhe, that Men will ever be able to flie without breaking their Necks.

Well, ſaid I, Madam, ſince you will needs have Men always to flie ſo ill, it may be the Inhabitants of the Moon will flie better, and will be fitter for that Trade; for 'tis all one, if we go to them or they to us. And we ſhall be like the *Americans*, who did not believe Navigation poſſible, when at the ſame time Sailing was ſo well underſtood on the other half of the Globe.

Sure, ſaid ſhe, in anger, the Inhabitants of the Moon wou'd have been with us before now, if that were likely.

Par-

Pardon me, ſaid I, Madam, the *Europeans* did not ſail to *America*, till after ſix thouſand Years, all that time was requiſite for performing Navigation. The Inhabitants of the Moon, it may be, at that time, knew how to make little Journies in the Air, and are now practiſing; and it may be when they have more Skill, we ſhall ſee 'em. And God knows what a ſtrange Surprize 'twill be to us.

'Tis inſupportable, ſaid Madam *la Marquiſe*, to Banter me on thus with ſuch frivolous Arguments

If you anger me, ſaid I, I know what I have to ſay to enforce 'em, and make all good: Obſerve, Madam, how the World is daily more and more unfolded: The Ancients believed the Torrid and the Frozen Zones uninhabitable for Extremity of Cold or Heat: And the *Romans* confin'd the general Map of the World to their own Empire, which carried as much of Grandure as Ignorance. But we know that there are Inhabitants both in theſe extreme hot, and extreme cold Countries; by this the World is much augmented. Then it was believed, that the Ocean cover'd all the Earth, except what was inhabited: And that there was no Antipodes; for the Ancients never heard of them: Beſides they cou'd not believe Men cou'd have their Feet oppoſite to ours, with their Heads hanging down; and yet after all this the Antipodes are diſcover'd, the Map of the World is corrected, and a new half added to the World. You underſtand my meaning, ſaid I, Madam; theſe Antipodes which have been diſcover'd contrary to all Expectation, ought to make us more circumſpect

in judging by Appearances: The World, and Secrets of Nature will be daily more and more diſcover'd; and at laſt, we may come to know ſomewhat more of the Moon.

Certainly, ſaid Madam *la Marquieſe*, looking earneſtly on me, I ſee you ſo charm'd with this Opinion, that I doubt not but you believe all you ſay.

I ſhou'd be very ſorry to find myſelf ſo, ſaid I; my Endeavour is only to ſhew, that Chimerical Opinion may be ſo far defended by ſtrength of Argument, as to amuſe a Perſon of your Underſtanding and Senſe, but not to perſwade; nothing but Truth itſelf has that Influence; even without the Ornaments of all its convincing Proofs; it penetrates ſo naturally into the Soul, that one ſeems but to call it to mind; tho' it be the firſt time that ever one heard of it.

Now you eaſe me, ſaid ſhe, for your falſe way of Arguing did confound and incommode me, but now I can go and ſleep ſoundly; ſo if you pleaſe, let us retire.

The Third Night.

MY Lady *Marquieſe*, wou'd needs engage me to purſue and continue our Diſcourſe by Day-light; but I told her, 'twas more proper to reſerve our Fancies and Notions till the Night; and ſince the Moon and Stars were the Subjects of our Converſation, to truſt it only to 'em. We didnot fail to go that E-

Evening into the Park, which was now become a place conſecrated to our Philoſophical Entertainment.

I have a great deal of News to tell you, ſaid I: The Moon, which I told you laſt Night (by all appearance) was inhabited, now I begin to think, may be otherwiſe; for I have been reflecting upon a thing, which puts its Inhabitants in great danger.

I ſhall never ſuffer that, ſaid Madam *la Marquieſe*; for you having prepar'd me laſt Night, put me in hopes to ſee theſe People arrive one Day upon our Earth; and to Day, you will not allow them a Being in the Univerſe: You ſhall not impoſe upon me at this rate. You made me believe there were Inhabitants in the Moon; I have overcome all the Difficulties my Reaſon ſuggeſted to me againſt that Opinion, and now I am reſolv'd I will believe it.

You go too faſt, ſaid I, Madam; one ought to give but one half of one's Thoughts and Belief to Opinions of this nature, reſerving the other half free for receiving the contrary Opinion, if there be occaſion.

I am not to be deluded, reply'd ſhe, with fair Words; let us come to the Subject-matter in debate: Muſt not we reaſon the ſame way of the Inhabitants of the Moon, as we did of your St. *Denis*.

Not at all, Madam, anſwered I; the Moon does not ſo much reſemble the Earth, as St. *Denis* does *Paris*. The Sun draws from the Earth, Waters, Exhalations and Vapours; which aſcending into the Air, to a certain heighth, are gathered together, and form

Clouds; theſe Clouds, hanging in the Air, move regularly round our Globe, and overſhadows ſometimes one Country, ſometimes another: And if it were poſſible for any one to ſee and conſider the Earth at a great diſtance, he wou'd perceive great Changes as to the appearances of its Surface; for a great Country, cover'd with Clouds, wou'd appear to be a veryobſcure part of the Globe, and will become clear and enlightn'd as ſoon as theſe Clouds diſappear; and one wou'd ſee theſe obſcure Places change their Situation, meeting together in different Figures, or diſappearing all togeter. We ſhou'd ſee therefore the ſame Changes upon the Surface of the Moon, were it encompaſs'd with Clouds, as the Earth is; but on the contrary, all the Obſcurities, or dark Places, as alſo thoſe parts that are enlightn'd, are ſtill the ſame, fix'd to the ſame Situation, without Variation or Change; there lies the Difficulty: And for this reaſon, the Sun draws no Vapours or Exhalation from the Globe of the Moon; and by conſequence, 'tis a Body infinitely harder, and more ſolid than our Earth, whoſe ſubtile parts are eaſily ſeparated from the reſt, and mount upward, being once ſet in motion by the heat of the Sun: So that the Moon muſt needs be nothing elſe but a vaſt heap of Rocks and Marble, from which no Vapour can be exhal'd; which Vapours are ſo eſſential and natural to Waters, that 'tis impoſſible the one can be without the other. Who can then be the Inhabitants of thoſe Rocks that produce nothing? Or what living Creatures can ſubſiſt in a Country without Water?

How!

How! cry'd my Lady *Marquieſe*; Have you forgot that you aſſur'd me, there were Seas in the Moon, which we cou'd diſtinguiſh from hence?

That's only a Conjecture, ſaid I; and I am very ſorry that theſe obſcure places, that may be taken for Seas, are, poſſibly, nothing elſe but deep Caverns, and vaſt Cavities; and Gueſſing is pardonable, at the great diſtance we are at from the Moon.

But, ſaid ſhe, is that ſufficient to make us reject the Inhabitants of the Moon?

Not altogether, Madam, ſaid I; nor muſt we abſolutely declare either for 'em, or againſt 'em.

I confeſs my Weakneſs, ſaid ſhe; I am not capable of ſuch Indifference, and I muſt be poſitive in my Belief; therefore let's free ourſelves of one Opinion; let us either preſerve the Inhabitants of the Moon, or annihilate 'em for ever, never to be heard of again; but, if poſſible, let us preſerve 'em for I have an Inclination and a Kindneſs for 'em, I wou'd not willingly loſe.

I ſhall not Unpeople the Moon then, Madam, ſaid I, but for your ſake ſhall reſtore to it its Inhabitants: And the truth is, that by the Appearance of the obſcure and enlightn'd Places of the Moon, which are ſtill the ſame, without change, we have no reaſon to believe that there are any Clouds ſurrounding it, which might obſcure ſometimes one place, ſometimes another; but yet that does not argue, but ſhe may emit Vapours and Exhalations: Our Clouds which we ſee carry'd in the Air, are

nothing but Exhalations and Vapours, which are ſeparate in Particles, too ſmall too be ſeen; which meeting with cold Airs, as they aſcend, by it are condens'd, and render'd viſible to us, by the Re-union of their Parts; after which, they become thick and black Clouds, which float in the Air, as Stranger-bodies, till at laſt they fall upon the Earth in Rain: But ſometimes it falls out, that the ſame Vapours and Exhalations are extended, and kept from joyning together, and ſo are imperceptable, and are only gather'd together ſo far as to form a kind of ſmall Dew, ſo very ſubtile, that it cannot be ſeen as 'tis a falling. It may be, in like manner, that the Vapours which proceed from the Moon (for certainly it emits Vapours;) and 'tis impoſſible to believe, that the Moon can be ſuch a Body, as that all its parts ſhou'd be of an equal Solidity, and ſo equal a Temper, one with the other, that they are incapable of receiving any Change, by the attracting and moving Influence of the Sun upon 'em: We know no Body of this nature, the hardeſt Marbles are not of this kind; and there is no Body, how hard and ſolid ſoever, but is ſubject to Change and Alteration, either by ſecret and inviſible Motion in itſelf, or by ſome exterior Impulſe it receives from another. It may be therefore, as I ſaid, the Vapours which ariſe from the Moon are not gathered together, as a rounded Surface, into Clouds, but fall gently upon it again in inſenſible Dews, and not in Rain: And 'tis ſufficient to demonſtate this, to conjecture only, that the Air which environs the Moon, is as different from the Air

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that environs the Earth, as the Vapours of the Air from the Exhalations of the other; which ismore than likely to be true; and it muſt follow, that Matter being otherwiſe diſpos'd of in the Moon, than in the Earth, its Effects ſhou'd alſo be different; and imports nothing, whether it be an interior Motion of the parts of the Moon, or the Production of external Cauſes, which furniſh it with Inhabitants, and them with a ſufficient Food for their Subſiſtence; ſo that, in our Imagination, we may furniſh 'em with Fruits and Grain of ſeveral ſorts, Waters, and what elſe we pleaſe; for Fruit, Grain and Water, I underſtand, are agreeable to the nature of the Moon, of whoſe Nature I know nothing; and all theſe proportion'd and fitted to the Neceſſities of the Inhabitants, of whom I know as little.

That is to ſay, ſaid Madam *la Marquieſe*, that you only know, that all is very well there, without knowing in what manner; that is a great deal of Ignorance, with a little Knowledge; but we muſt have patience: However, I think my ſelf very happy, you have reſtor'd the Moon its Inhabitants again; and I am very much pleas'd, you have ſurrounded it with Air of its own; for without that, I ſhou'd think a Planet too naked.

Theſe different Airs, anſwered I, hinder the Communication and Commerce of theſe two Planets: If Flying wou'd do the buſineſs, what do I know, but we might come to Perfection in that Art I diſcours'd of laſt Night. I confeſs, Madam, there ſeems but little likelihood of what I ſay, ſince the great diſtance between

Moon and the Earth makes the Difficulty ſo hard to overcome, which is very conſiderable; but tho' it were not, and that the Earth and the Moon were plac'd near one another, yet it wou'd not be poſſible to paſs from the Air of the Earth, to the Air of the Moon: The Water is the Air and Element of Fiſh, who never paſs into the Air and Element of Birds; 'tis not the diſtance that hinders 'em, but 'tis becauſe every one of 'em are confin'd to the Air which they breathe. We find that our Air is mix'd with Vapours, that are thicker and groſſer than thoſe of the Moon; and by conſequence, any Inhabitants of the Moon, who ſhou'd arrive upon the Confines of our World, wou'd be drown'd and ſuffocated as ſoon as they enter'd into our Air, and we ſhou'd ſee them fall dead upon the Earth.

Oh, but I ſhou'd be glad, cry'd Madam *la Marquiſe*, that ſome great Ship-wreck, occaſioned by a mighty Tempeſt, wou'd throw a good many of theſe People upon our World, that we might at leiſure conſider their extraordinary Shape and Figure.

But, anſwered I, if they had Skill enough to ſail upon the external Surface of our Air, and that from thence they ſhou'd catch us, like Fiſh, out of a Curioſity of ſeeing us; wou'd that pleaſe you, Madam?

Why not? ſaid ſhe, laughing: I wou'd go of myſelf into their Nets, to have the Satisfaction of ſeeing thoſe that had caught me.

Conſider, ſaid I, that you wou'd be very weak and feeble, before you come to the Surface of our Air; for we cannot breathe it in all its

its Extent, and we can hardly live on the Tops of high Mountains; and I wonder that thoſe who are ſo fooliſh as to believe, that Corporeal Geniuſes inhabit the pureſt Air, do not tell us why theſe Geniuſes viſit us ſo ſeldom, and ſtay ſo ſhort a while: I do believe, 'tis becauſe few amongſt 'em know how to dive; and that even thoſe who are skilful in that Art, have great difficulty to penetrate the groſneſs of the Air which we breathe. You ſee therefore, that Nature has ſet many Bars and Fences, to hinder us from going out of our World, into that of the Moon. However, for our Satisfaction, let us conjecture and gueſs as much as we can of that World: For Example, I fancy that the Inhabitants of the Moon muſt ſee the Heavens, the Sun, and the Stars, of a different Colour than what they appear to us. All theſe Objects we ſee thro' a kind of natural Perſpective-glaſs, which changes them to us; this Perſpective-glaſs of ours is mix'd with Vapours and Exhalations, which do not aſcend very high. Some of late pretend, that the Air of itſelf is Blew, as well as the Water of the Sea; and that that Colour is not apparent in the one, nor the other, but a great depth: The Heavens, ſay they, in which are plac'd the fixed Stars, has of itſelf no Light; and by conſequence, ought to appear Black: but we ſee it thro' our Air, which is Blew; and therefore the Heavens appear of that Colour. If it be ſo, the Beams of the Sun and Stars cannot paſs thro' the Air, without taking a little of its Tincture, and at the ſame time loſe as much of their own natural Colour. But ſuppoſing the

Air

Air had no Colour of itſelf, 'tis certain, that a Flambeau, ſeen at a diſtance, thro' a thick Fog, appears of a reddiſh Colour, tho' that be not natural to it; ſo all our Air, which is nothing elſe but a thick Fog, muſt certainly alter the true natural Colour of the Heavens, Sun and Stars to us; for nothing but the pure heavenly Subſtance is capable to convey to us Light and Colours, in their Purity and Perfection, as they are: So that the Air of the Moon is of another nature than our Air, or is of itſelf, of an indifferent Colour; or at leaſt, is another Fog, changing, in appearance, the Colours of the Celeſtial Bodies. In ſhort, if there be Inhabitants in the Moon, they ſee all things chang'd, thro' their Perſpective-glaſſes, which is their Air.

That makes me prefer our Place of Habitation, ſaid Madam *la Marquiſe*, to that of the Moon: for I cannot believe, that the mixture of the Heavenly Colours is ſo fine there, as it is here. Let us ſuppoſe, if you will, the Heavens of a reddiſh Colour, and the Stars of a greeniſh, the Effect wou'd not be half ſo agreeable as Stars of Gold, upon a deep Blue.

To hear you ſpeak, ſaid I, one wou'd think you were fitting of Furniture for a Room, or chuſing a Garniture for a Suit of Cloaths: Believe me, Nature is very ingenious, therefore let us leave to her Care the finding out a mixture of Colours agreeable to the Inhabitants of the Moon; and I aſſure you, 'twill be perfectly well underſtood; ſhe certainly has not fail'd of changing the Scene of the Univerſe, according to the different Situation and Poſition of the

the Beholders, and ſtill in a new and agreeable way.

I know the Skill of Nature perfectly well, ſaid Madam *la Marquiſe*; and ſhe has ſpar'd herſelf the pains of Changing her Objects, as to the ſeveral Points from whence they may be ſeen, and has only chang'd the Perſpective-glaſſes, thro' which they are ſeen; and has the Honour of this great Variety, without the Expence: She has beſtow'd on us a Blew Heaven, with a Blew Air; and it may be, ſhe has beſtowed upon the Inhabitants of the Moon, a Heaven of Scarlet, with an Air of the ſame Colour, and yet their Heaven and ours is one and the ſame: And it ſeems to me, that Nature has given every one of us a Perſpective-glaſs, or Tube, thro' which we behold Objects in a very different manner, one from the other. *Alexander* the Great ſaw the Earth as a fine Place, fit for him to form a great Empire upon: *Celadon* only look'd upon it, as the Dwelling-place of *Aſtræa*: A Philoſopher conſiders it as a great Planet, all cover'd over with Fools, moving thro' the Heavens: and I do not ſee that the Object changes more from the Earth to the Moon, than it does here from one Man to another.

The Change of Sights is more ſurprizing to our Imagination, ſaid I; for they are ſtill the ſame Objects we ſee at different Views; and it may be, in the Moon they ſee other Objects than we ſee; at leaſt, they do not ſee a part of thoſe we ſee: Perhaps in that Country they know nothing of the Dawning of the Day, of the Twi-light before Sun-riſing, and after Sun-

ſetting;

ſetting; for the Beams of the Sun, at theſe two times, being oblique and faint, have not ſtrength to penetrate the groſneſs and thickneſs of the Air, with which we are environ'd; but are received and intercepted by the Air, before they can fall upon the Earth, and are reflected upon us by the Air; ſo that Day-break and Twi-light are Favours of Nature which we enjoy by the by, or as it were, by chance, they not having been deſtin'd for us; but 'tis likely that the Air of the Moon, being purer than ours, is not ſo proper and fit for reflecting the faint Beams of the Sun before its Riſing, and after itI Setting; therefore I ſuppoſe, the Inhabitants of the Moon do not enjoy the favourable Light of the *Aurora*, or Dawning; which growing ſtronger and ſtronger, does prepare us for the glorious Appearance of the Sun at Noon; nor the Twi-light, which becoming more faint by degrees, we are inſenſibly accuſtom'd to the abſence of the Sun: So that the Inhabitants of the Moon are in profound Darkneſs, when on a ſudden a Curtain is drawn, as it were, and their Eyes are dazl'd with the Rays of the Sun, and they enjoy a bright reſplendent Light; when by a ſuddain Motion, as quick as the former, down falls the Curtain, and inſtantly they are reduced to their former Darkneſs: They want thoſe Mediums, or Interſtices, which joyn Day and Night together (and which participates of both) which we enjoy. Beſides, theſe People have no Rain-bow; for as the Dawning is an Effect of the Thickneſs of our Air, ſo the Rain-bow is form'd upon Exhalations and Vapours,

pours, condens'd into black Clouds, which pour down Rain npon us, by divers Reflections and Refections of the Sun-beams upon theſe Clouds: So that we owe the Obligation of the moſt agreeable and pleaſant Effects, to the ugglieſt and moſt diſagreeable Cauſes in Nature: And ſince the Purity of the Air of the Moon deprives it of Clouds, Vapours and Rain, adieu to Rain-bow and *Aurora:* To what then can the Lovers in the Moon compare their Miſtreſſes, without theſe two things?

I do much regret that Loſs, ſaid Madam *la Marquieſe*, for in my Opinion, the Inhabitants of the Moon are fully recompens'd for the want of the Rain-bow, Day-break and Twi-light, ſince for the ſame reaſon, they have neither Thunder nor Lightning, both which are produc'd by Clouds and Exhalations; they enjoy bright ſerene Days, and never loſe the Sun by Day, nor the Stars by Night. They know nothing of Storms and Tempeſt; which ſeems to us the Effects of the Wrath of Heaven. And can you think their Condition is ſo much to be lamented?

You, ſaid I, Madam, repreſent the Moon as a moſt charming Abode. Now methinks it ſhou'd not be ſo deſirous and agreeable to have a burning Sun always over one's Head, without the Interpoſition of any Clouds to moderate its Heat: And it may be for this reaſon, Nature hs ſunk theſe Caverns in the Moon, which are big enough to be ſeen by our Teleſcopes: Who knows but the Inhabitants of the Moon, retire into theſe Cavities, when they are incommoded with the exceſſive Heat of the Sun;

Sun; and it may be they live no where elſe, but build there Towns and Villages in theſe hollow Places: And do not we know, that *Rome*, which is built under Ground, is almoſt as great as the City above Ground? So that if we ſhou'd ſuppoſe, that the City of *Rome* above Ground ſhou'd be rais'd, and quite remov'd, *Rome* under Ground wou'd then be juſt ſuch a Town, as thoſe I have imagin'd to be in the Moon. Whole Nations live in theſe vaſt Caverns; and I doubt not but there may be Paſſages under Ground, for the Communication and Commerce of one People and Nation with another. You are pleas'd to laugh, Madam, at my Fancy, do ſo with all my Heart, I agree you ſhou'd; and yet you may be more miſtaken than I: For you believe, that the Inhabitants of the Moon dwell upon the Surface of their Globe, as we do on that of the Earth; it is very likely that 'tis juſt the contrary; for there is moſt certain, a vaſt difference between their way of living and ours.

No matter, ſaid Madam *la Marquiſe*, I cannot reſolve to ſuffer the Inhabitants of the Moon to live in perpetual Darkneſs.

You wou'd be harder put to it, Madam, ſaid I, if you knew that a great Philoſopher of old, believe'd the Moon to be the Abode and Dwelling of the Souls who had merited Happineſs by their good Lives in this World; and that their Felicity conſiſted in hearing the Harmony of the Spheres as they turn'd round, and that they were depriv'd of this Heavenly Muſick, as often as the Moon was obſcur'd by the Shadow of the Earth; and that then theſe Souls roar'd

roar'd and cry'd out as in Deſpair, and that the Moon made haſte to recover her Light again, to bring the Souls out of that Affliction.

At that rate, ſaid ſhe, we ſhou'd ſee the bleſſed Souls come from the Moon to us; for why ſhou'd not the Earth be to the Moon, as the Moon is to the Earth, ſince according to the Opinion of your Philoſoper, there was no other Felicity for the Souls of the Bleſſed, than to be tranſported from one World to the other?

Seriouſly, ſaid I, Madam, 'twou'd be a great Pleaſure and Satisfaction to ſee ſeveral different Worlds; and I am often glad, to make theſe Journies in Imagination; What Joy then it wou'd be to do it in Reality? that wou'd be far better than to travel from hence to *Japan*, crawling as it were with Difficulty from one Point of this Globe to another, and ſtill to ſee nothing but Men and Women over and over again.

Well, ſaid ſhe, what hinders, but we ſhou'd make a Journey thro' the Planets as well as we can? Let us by Imagination place ourſelves in ſeveral Poſitions, and Situations, fit for conſidering the Univerſe. Have we no more to ſee in the Moon?

No, ſaid I; at leaſt, I have ſhewn you all I know. Going out of the Moon towards the Sun, the firſt Planet you meet with is *Venus*; and here I muſt again make uſe of my former Simile of *Paris* and St. *Denis*: *Venus* turns round the Sun on her own Axis, as the Moon does round the Earth; and by the means of Teleſcopes,

copes, we diſcover that *Venus* Waxes and Wanes, being ſometimes altogether enlightned, and ſometimes darkned according to her different Poſitions in reſpect to the Earth. By all appearance the Moon is inhabited, why ſhou'd not *Venus* be ſo, as well as ſhe?

Ay, but interrupted Madam *la Marquieſe*, by your Why-nots, you will People all the Planets.

Do not doubt of it, Madam, anſwered I; why has not Nature ſufficient to give Inhabitants to 'em all? We ſee that all the Planets are of the ſame Nature, that they are all opaque ſolid Bodies, having no Light but what they receive from the Sun; which they ſend one to another by Reflection, and that they have all the ſame kind of Motion; thus far equal, and after all this, muſt we conceive that all theſe vaſt Bodies were made not to be inhabited? And that Nature has made only an exception in Favour of the Earth; he that will believe this, may, but for my part I cannot.

I find you, ſaid Madam *la Marquieſe*, very reſolute and ſettled in your Opinion of a ſudden: A little while ago, you wou'd ſcarce allow the Moon to be inhabited; and ſeem'd to be very indifferent, whether it were ſo or not; whereas now, I am confident, you wou'd be very angry with Any-body that ſhou'd tell you, that all the Planets were not inhabited.

It is true, Madam, in the Minute wherein you have ſurpriz'd me, had you contradicted me, as to the Inhabitants of all the Planets, I wou'd not only have defended my Opinion, but have proceeded, to have given you an exact

act Deſcription of all the ſeveral Inhabitants of the Planets. There are certain Moments of believing things; and I never ſo firmly believ'd the Planets to be inhabited, as in that Moment I ſpoke of 'em; but now, after cooler Thoughts, I ſhou'd think it very ſtrange, that the Earth ſhou'd be inhabited as it is; and the other Planets ſhou'd be ſo entirely deſolate and deſarted; for you muſt not think, that we ſee all the living Creatures that inhabit the Earth; for there are as many ſeveral Species and Kinds of Animals inviſible, as there are viſible. We ſee diſtinctly from the Elephant to the Mite; there our Sight is bounded, and there are infinite numbers of living Creatures leſſer than a Mite, to whom, a Mite is as big in proportion, as an Elephant is to it. The late Invention of Glaſſes, call'd Microſcopes, have diſcover'd thouſands of ſmall living Creatures, in certain Liquors, which we cou'd never have imagin'd to have been there. And it may be the different Taſte of theſe Liquors, proceed from theſe little Animals, who bite, and ſting our Tongues and Palates. If you mix certain Ingredients in theſe Liquors, (as Pepper in Water,) and expoſe 'em to the Heat of the Sun, or let 'em putrifie, you ſhall ſee other new Species or living Creatures. Several Bodies, which appear to be ſolid, are nothing elſe but Collections of little Heaps of theſe inperceptible Animals; who find there as much room, as is requiſite for them to move in. The Leaf of a Tree is a little World inhabited, by ſuch inviſible little Worms: to them this Leaf ſeems of a vaſt Extent, they find Hills and Val-

lies upon it: and there is no more Commu nication between the living Creatures on the one ſide, and thoſe on the other, than between us and the Antipodes. And I think there is more reaſon, to believe a Planet (which is ſo vaſt a Body) to be inhabited. There has been found in ſeveral ſorts of very hard Stones, infinite Multitudes of little Worms, lodg'd all over them in inſenſible Varieties; and who are nouriſh'd upon the ſubſtance of theſe Stones which they eat. Conſider the vaſt Numbers of theſe little Animals, and how long a Tract of Years they have liv'd upon a Grain of Sand. And by this Argument, tho' my Moon were nothing but a confus'd Heap of Marble-rocks, I wou'd rather make it to be devour'd and conſum'd by its Inhabitants, than to place none at all in it. To conclude, every thing lives, and every thing is animated; that is to ſay, if you comprehend the Animals, that are generally known; the living Creatures lately diſcover'd, and thoſe that will be diſcover'd hereafter, you will find that the Earth is very well Peopl'd; and that Nature has been ſo liberal in beſtowing them, that ſhe has not been at the pains to diſcover half of 'em. After this, can you believe, that Nature, who has been fruitful to Exceſs as to the Earth, is barren to all the reſt of the Planets?

My Reaſon is convinc'd, ſaid Madam *la Marquiſe*; but my Fancy is confounded with the infinite Number of living Creatures, that are in the Planets; and my Thoughts are ſtrangely embarraſs'd with the Variety that one muſt of Neceſſity imagine to be amongſt 'em; be-

becauſe I know Nature does not love Repetitions; and therefore they muſt all be different. But how is it poſſible for one to repreſent all theſe to our Fancy?

Our Imaginations can never comprehend this Variety, ſaid I, let us be ſatisfied with our Eyes, or we may eaſily conceive by an univerſal View, Nature has form'd Variety in the ſeveral Worlds. All the Faces of Mankind are in general near the ſame Form: Yet the two great Nations of our Globe, the *Europæans* and *Africans*, ſeem to have been made after different Models: Nay, there is a certain Reſemblance and Air of the Countenance peculiar to every Family or Race of Men. Yet it is wonderful to obſerve how many millions of times, Nature has varied ſo ſimple a thing as the Face of a Man. We, the Inhabitants of the Earth, are but one little Family of the Univerſe, we reſemble one another. The Inhabitants of another Planet, are another Family, whoſe Faces have another Air peculiar to themſelves; by all appearance, the Difference increaſes with the Diſtance, for cou'd one ſee an Inhabitant of the Earth, and one of the Moon together, he wou'd perceive leſs Difference between them, than between an Inhabitant of the Earth, and an Inhabitant of *Saturn*. Here (for Example) we have the uſe of the Tongue and Voice, and in another Planet, it may be, they only ſpeak by Signs: In another the Inhabitants ſpeaks not all. Here our Reaſon is form'd and made perfect by Experience: In another place, Experience adds little or nothing to Reaſon. Further off, the Old know no

more than the Young. Here we trouble ourſelves more to know what's to come, than to know what's paſt: In another Planet, they neither afflict themſelves with the one nor the other; and 'tis likely they are not the leſs happy for that. Some ſay we want a ſixth Senſe by which we ſhou'd know a great many things we are now ignorant of. It may be the Inhabitants of ſome other Planet have this Advantage; but want ſome of thoſe other five we enjoy; it may be alſo that there are a great many more natural Senſes in other Worlds; but we are ſatisfied with the five that are fal'n to our Share, becauſe we know no better. Our Knowledge is bounded to certain Limits, which the Wit of Man cou'd never yet exceed. There is a certain Point where our Ingenuity is at a ſtand; that which is beyond it is for ſome other World, where it may be ſome things, that are familiar to us, are altogether unknown. Our Globe enjoys the Pleaſure of Love; but is deſtroyed in ſeveral places by the Fury of War. Another Planet enjoys conſtant Peace, without the Delights of Love, which muſt render their Lives very irkſom. In fine, Nature has done to the ſeveral Worlds in Great, as ſhe has done to us Mortals in Little; by making ſome Happy, others Miſerable. Yet ſhe has never forgot her admirable Art in Varying all Things, tho' ſhe has made ſome equal in ſome Reſpects, by compenſating the Want of any one Thing, with another of equal value. Are you ſatisfi'd, ſaid I, Madam, very gravely; have not I told you Chimeras in abundance?

Truly, ſaid ſhe, I find not ſo much difficulty to

to comprehend theſe Differences of Worlds; my Imagination is working upon the Model you have given me: And I am repreſenting to my own Mind odd Characters and Cuſtoms for theſe Inhabitants of the other Planets. Nay more, I am forming extravagant Shapes and Figures for 'em: I can deſcribe 'em to you; for I fancy I ſee 'em here.

I leave theſe Shapes, ſaid I, Madam, to entertain you in Dreams this Night, to Morrow we ſhall know, if they have aſſiſted you, to deſcribe the Inhabitants of ſome other Planet.

The Fourth NIGHT.

THe Dreams of my Lady *Marquieſe* were not lucky, they ſtill repreſented to her ſomething like what we ſee on Earth; ſo that I had as much reaſon to reproach her, as certain People have to blame us when they ſee ſome of our Pictures; for they being ignorant of Drawing, and Deſigning, and pleaſing themſelves with their extravagant and groteſque Figures, tell us, our Pictures are nothing but Men and Women, and that there is no Fancy in 'em; there was therefore a neceſſity of laying aſide all ſorts of the Forms and Figures of thoſe Animals that inhabit ſeveral Planets, and to reſt ſatisfy'd by Gueſſing as well as we can, in purſuing our Jonrny, which we had begun, thro' the ſeveral Worlds of the Univerſe.

We were at *Venus:* And there is no doubt,

ſaid I, to my Lady *Marquieſe*, but *Venus* turns upon her own Axis, but 'tis not known in what time; and by conſequence, we know not the length of her Days, but her Years muſt conſiſt but of eight Months, ſince *Venus* turns round the Sun in that ſpace of time. As *Venus* is forty times leſs than the Earth, the Earth muſt neceſſarily appear to the Inhabitants of *Venus*, to be forty times bigger than *Venus* appears to us; and as the Moon is alſo forty times leſs than the Earth, by conſequence, it muſt appear to the Inhabitanns of *Venus*, about the ſame bigneſs that *Venus* appears to us.

You afflict me, ſaid Madam *la Marquieſe*, extreamly; I ſee very well, that our Earth is not that happy Planet to the Inhabitants of *Venus*, as ſhe is to us; for our Globe of the Earth muſt appear too big to the Inhabitants of *Venus*, to be the Fountain of Love, but the Moon, which appears to the World of *Venus*, of the ſame ſize that *Venus* appears to us, is exactly cut out to be the Source of their Armours, and the lucky Star of their Intrigues; which Titles are moſt agreeable to the pretty, clear, twinkling Planets, which have in 'em a certain Air of Gallantry. 'Tis certainly a happy Fate for our Moon to give Laws to the Loves of the Inhabitants of *Venus*: No doubt, but theſe People are very ſoft, and have the Art to Pleaſe extreamly well.

Without diſpute, Madam, ſaid I; the very Mobile of *Venus* are all made up of *Celladons* and *Silvanders*, and their moſt ordinary Converſations excel the fineſt in *Clelia*; the Climate being more favourable to Love: *Venus* being

ing nearer the Sun than we, receives from its Influence a brighter Light, and a more enlivening Heat.

I perceive very well, interrupted Madam *la Marquieſe*, what kind of People the Inhabitants of *Venus* are; they are, like our *Moors* of *Granada*, a ſort of little Sun-burnt Gentlemen, always in Love, full of Life and Fire, given to making Verſes, and great Lovers of Muſick, and every Day inventing Feaſts, Balls and Maſquerades, to entertain their Miſtreſſes.

Pray, Madam, ſaid I, you are very ill acquainted with the Inhabitants of *Venus*; for our *Moors* of *Granada* are, in reſpect to them, as the Inhabitants of *Lapland*, or *Greenland*, for Coldneſs and Stupidity. But what then muſt the Inhabitants of *Mercury* be, for they are yet more near to the Sun? They muſt certainly be mad, by having too much Light and Fire; and I believe they have no more Memory, than the moſt part of our *Negroes*; they never think, and are void of all Reflection, and they only act by Chance, and by ſuddain Impulſes. In ſhort, the Planet *Mercury* muſt certainly be the *Bethlem* of the Univerſe; they ſee the Sun a great deal bigger than we do, becauſe they are ſo much nearer to it; he darts upon 'em ſo ſtrong a Light, that if the Inhabitants of *Venus* were here, they wou'd take our fineſt Days for the Remains of a faint Twi-light; and it may be, the Light we enjoy, wou'd not ſerve them to diſtinguiſh one Object from another; and the Heat they are accuſtom'd to is ſo exceſſive, that the greateſt Warmth enjoyed by the Inhabitants of the middle of *Africk*, wou'd

Frieze them to death. Their Year caſts but three Month; the length of their Day is yet unknown, *Mercury* being ſo little a Planet, and ſo near the Sun, in whoſe Rays he is ſo continually loſt, that he is hitherto ſcarce diſcoverable by the Art and Skill of Aſtronomers, who cou'd never yet get ſo much hold of *Mercury*, as to obſerve the Time in which he performs his Revolution upon his own Axis or Centre; but the ſmallneſs of this Planet perſwades me 'tis in a very ſhort time, and then, by conſequence, his Days are very ſhort, and his Inhabitants muſt ſee the Sun as a very great flaming Braſier, very near their Heads, which, to their Apprehenſion, moves with wonderful Rapidity; this makes them ſo earneſtly wiſh for the coming Night, which, no doubt, muſt be much more grateful to 'em than the Day; and during thoſe cooler Hours, they are enlightn'd by *Venus*, and by the Earth; which two Planets muſt appear to them of conſiderable bigneſs. As for the other Planets, ſince they are removed further than *Mercury*, towards the Firmament, his Inhabitants muſt ſee them leſs than they appear to us, and receive but little Light from 'em, it may be, none at all; the fixed Stars muſt appear leſs to them alſo, and they loſe the ſight of ſome of 'em entirely, which, in my Opinion, is a very great Loſs; for I ſhou'd be very ſorry to ſee the vaſt arch'd Roof of the Heavens adorn'd with fewer Stars, or thoſe I do ſee, appear leſs, and not ſo bright.

I am not ſo much concern'd for that Loſs, ſaid Madam *la Marquiſe*, as for their being ſo extreamly incommoded with exceſſive Heat;

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and I wiſh with all my Heart, we cou'd eaſe 'em of that Trouble. Let us therefore allow 'em long and continu'd Rain, to refreſh 'em; ſuch as are in ſome of the hot Countries of our Earth, which fall for four Months together, during the hotteſt Seaſons.

That may be done, ſaid I; but we may find out another Remedy, to relieve the Inhabitants of *Mercury*: for there are Countries in *China*, which, by their Situation, muſt be very hot; yet notwithſtanding, the Cold is ſo exceſſive during the Months of *July* and *Auguſt*, that the Rivers are frozen: The reaſon is, Theſe Climates abound with Salt-petre (whoſe Exhalations being very cold) the force of the Heat draws out of the Earth in great abundance. Let us therefore ſuppoſe *Mercury* to be a little Planet, made of Salt-petre; and let the Sun extract out of himſelf a Remedy to his Diſeaſe, which he gives to the Inhabitants: This is certain, that Nature produces no Animal, but in places where they may live; and Cuſtom and Uſe joyn'd with Ignorance of what is better, ſupplieth all Defects, and makes Life agreeable; for ought we know, the Inhabitants of *Mercury* want neither Rain, nor Exhalations of Salt-petre. After *Mercury*, you know the next Planet we find in our Journy, is the Sun; and if we judge by the Earth (which is inhabited) that other Bodies of the ſame kind may be ſo too, we are miſtaken, and the Why-not will fail us here; for the Sun is a Body of a quite different Nature from the Earth, and other Planets: He is the Source and Fountain of all that Light, which the other Planets do only

only reflect from one to another, after having receiv'd it from him; and ſo they can exchange Light one with another, but are incapable of producing it: The Sun alone draws from it ſelf this precious Subſtance, which he darts around him with great Force and Violence, and which is intercepted by every body that is ſolid; ſo that there is reflected from one Planet to another long Streams and Streaks of Light, which croſſing and traverſing each other in the Air, are interwoven a thouſand different ways, and ſo form a Mixture of the richeſt Subſtance in Nature: For this end the Sun is plac'd in the Centre, which is the Situation moſt proper and commode, from whence he may equally diſpence and diſtribute his Light and Heat, for the livening and enlightning all Things round him. The Sun is therefore a Body of a particular Subſtance; but what kind of Body, or what kind of Subſtance, is all the Difficulty: Heretofore 'twas believ'd, that the Sun was a pure Fire; but the Error of this Opinion was found out in the beginning of this Age, by Spots which were diſcover'd upon the Surface of the Sun; as a little after that time, there were new Planets diſcover'd, of which I ſhall ſpeak hereafter: The learned Part of the World were full of nothing elſe but theſe new Planets; and Diſcourſes of 'em were ſo much in Faſhion, that they believ'd the Spots in the Sun were nothing elſe but theſe new Planets, moving round 'em, which neceſſarily hid a part of his Body from our Sight, when their obſcure ſide was turn'd towards us. The learned Men of the World made their Court to moſt

Kings

Kings and Princes, with theſe new diſcover'd Planets; giving the Name of one Prince to one, and of another Prince to another; ſo that they were like to quarrel, to whom they ſhou'd belong.

I am not pleas'd with that at all, ſaid Madam *la Marquieſe:* You told me the other Night, that the Philoſophers and learned Men had given Names of Philoſophers, Aſtronomers and Mathematicians to the ſeveral Countries of the Moon; and I was very well ſatisfied, and think it but juſt, that ſince the Kings and Princes poſſeſs the Earth, that they ought to ſuffer Philoſophers and Aſtronomers to Rule in the Moon and the Stars, without encroaching upon 'em.

What, ſaid I, Madam, will not you allow Kings and Princes ſome Corner of the Moon, or ſome Star, to take their part in time of need? As to the Spots in the Sun, they can be of no manner of uſe to 'em; for it has been found, they are not Planets, but Clouds of Smoak and Vapours, and, as it were, a Scum ariſing from the Surface of the Sun; for ſometimes they appear in great quantities, ſometimes in leſs, and at other times they diſappear; ſometimes they joyn in one, and other times they are diſpers'd and diſſipated; ſo that it ſhou'd ſeem, the Sun is a liquid Subſtance; ſome ſay, 'tis of melted Gold, which boils inceſſantly, and produces thoſe Impurities; and by the force of its Motion, throws upon the Surface its Scum and Droſs; and as thoſe conſume, new ones are produc'd. Pray Madam, fancy to yourſelf what ſtrange Bodies theſe

Spots

Spots of the Sun muſt be; there are ſome of 'em full as big as the Globe of the Earth; judge then what a great quantity there muſt be of this melted Gold, and of the Extent of this vaſt Ocean of Light and Fire, which we call the Sun. They ſay, the Sun appears, thro' Teleſcopes, to be full of great Mountains which vomit Flames, and that it is, as it were, a Million of Mount *Ætna's*, joyn'd together; but at the ſame time they acknowledge that theſe Mountains may be altogether Viſionary, and that they are nothing elſe but the Effects of the Glaſſes of the Teleſcopes. To whom ſhall we truſt then, when theſe very Glaſſes, to which we owe ſo many new Diſcoveries, deceive us? In fine, let the Sun be what it will, it does not at all ſeem proper to be inhabited; and yet 'tis pity, for the Situation wou'd be extreamly fine; its Inhabitants wou'd be placed in the Centre of the Univerſe, and wou'd ſee all the other Planets turn regularly round 'em, whereas we obſerve infinite Irregularities in their Courſe; and 'tis only becauſe we are not in a proper Situation to conſider 'em, as not being in the Centre of their Motion. Is it not hard, that there is but one place in the Univerſe, where the Study of the Stars wou'd be eaſie, and that that place alone ſhou'd be uninhabitable?

You do not think, whilſt you ſpeak, ſaid ſhe, were any living Creature in the Sun, he wou'd ſee neither Planets, nor fixed Stars; nor indeed any thing; the Brightneſs of the Sun wou'd render all things elſe inviſible; and if there were Inhabitants in the Sun, they would be apt to

to believe themſelves the only People in Nature.

I confeſs, ſaid I, I am miſtaken, I conſider'd only the Situation of the Sun, without the Effects of its Light. But, pray, Madam, allow me to tell you, that you who have corrected me ſo juſtly, may alſo be miſtaken yourſelf: The Inhabitants of the Sun wou'd not ſo much as ſee itſelf; for they wou'd be incapable to ſupport the dazling of his Light, or unable to receive it, by being too near; and all things well conſider'd, the Sun wou'd be a Country of blind Men only. So that, once for all, I conclude, the Sun cannot be inhabited; and if you pleaſe, Madam, we will continue our Journy to the other Worlds: We are now come to the Centre, which is the loweſt Point in all Circular Figures; and therefore muſt return back again, and go upwards. In the Way, we ſhall find *Mercury*, *Venus*, the Earth, and the Moon; all which Planets we have viſited: The next that preſents itſelf to our Obſervation is *Mars*, who contains nothing rare or curious that I know of; his Days are not a full Hour longer than ours, but his Years are double the length of ours. *Mars* is leſs than the Earth, and his Inhabitants ſee the Sun neither ſo big, nor ſo bright as we do. In ſhort, *Mars* is not worthy the pains of a longer Diſcourſe. But 'tis very curious to obſerve *Jupiter*, and his four Moons, or Guards; they are four little Planets, which turns round *Jupiter*, as our Moon turns round us.

But, ſays Madam *la Marquieſe*, interrupting me, why are there ſome Planets attending upon others, who, it may be, are no better than themſelves? In my Opinion, it wou'd be more

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Regular and Uniform if all the Planets, great and ſmall, had but one Motion round the Sun.

Ah, Madam! ſaid I; if you underſtood the *Tourbillions*, or Whiſtlings of Monſieur *des Cartes*, whoſe Name is ſo terrble, and Ideas ſo agreeable, you wou'd not talk at that rate.

Let my Brains turn round, ſaid ſhe, laughing, if they will; I long to know what theſe *Tourbillions* are; make haſte therefore to ſatisfie me, I'll manage my ſelf no longer, but henceforth abandon all my Thoughts to Philoſophy, without Reſerve, let the World talk what they pleaſe; but let me underſtand theſe Whirlings.

I did not think you capable of ſuch Tranſports, ſaid I, Madam; and I am ſorry they have not a fitter Object: But to ſatisfie you, a *Tourbillion* is a Heap of Matter, whoſe parts are disjoyn'd one from another, yet moving round all one way; each little part being allow'd a particular Motion of its own, provided always they do not obſtruct the general Circular-motion. As for Example: A *Tourbillion* of Air, call'd a Whirl-wind, or a Hurricain, is an infinite Quantity of little Particles of Air, turning all round together, carrying along every thing they meet with in their way: You know that the Planets are carry'd round in the Celeſtial Matter, which is incredibly ſubtile and ſwift; all that vaſt Ocean, and Maſs of Celeſtial Subſtance, which is between the Sun, and the Sphere of the fixed Stars, turns round, and carries with it the Planets one way, from Eaſt to Weſt, round the Sun, which is plac'd in the Centre; but in ſhorter or longer time, as they are diſtant or nearer the Centre, all things

turn

turn round, even the Sun itſelf; but he turns round upon his own Axis: And you are to obſerve thus; If the Earth were in the middle of the Celeſtial Matter, as the Sun is, ſhe wou'd alſo turn round upon her own Axis, like that: This is that great *Tourbillion*, of which the Sun is, as it were, Governour; but at the ſame time, all the Planets have little Whirlings peculiar to themſelves, in Imitation of that great one, the Sun; notwithſtanding, they are all carry'd round the Sun, yet every one of them turns round upon his own Axis, and ſweeps along with him a ſhare of the Celeſtial Subſtance, which yields eaſily to any Impulſe of Motion it receives, provided that does not obſtruct its general Motion round the Sun; and this is call'd the particular Whirling, or *Tourbillion* of a Planet, which extends as far as the Sphere of its Activity can reach; and if it falls ſo out, that any leſſer Planet than that which governs the *Tourbillion* comes in its way, 'tis carry'd with it, and indiſpenſably forc'd round it; but yet that does not hinder both the greater Planet, and the leſſer, with their Whirlings, to turn round with the great *Tourbillion* of the Sun. 'Twas thus that, after the Creaon of the Univerſe, the Earth carry'd the Moon round itſelf, becauſe the Moon fell within the Extent or Sphere of Activity, and forc'd its Obedience. *Jupiter*, of whom I have ſaid ſomewhat already, was happier or ſtronger than we; there fell four little Planets in his Neighbourhood, and he ſubdu'd 'em all four: Our Earth, which is now a chief Planet, had it fallen within the *Tourbillion* of *Jupiter*, you may

eaſily

eaſily believe he wou'd have forc'd us to have turn'd round him alſo, *Jupiter* being ninety times bigger than our Earth; and then we had been nothing but a Moon depending upon *Jupiter*, whereas now the Earth has a Moon of her own turning round her: ſo true it is, that Chance of Situation has decided our Fortune.

Pray what Aſſurance have we, ſaid Madam *la Marquieſe*, that our Earth ſhall always remain in the ſame Situation? I am afraid we may make a Trip one Day or other, towards ſome Planet as dangerous as *Jupiter*, who may ſweep us round with itſelf; or that ſome other ſtronger Planet may approach nearer to us; for I fancy, that the violent Motions of the Heavenly Matter you ſpeak of, may agitate and ſhake the Planets ſo irregularly, that it might ſometimes bring 'em nearer together, and at other times remove 'em farther from one another.

We might gain rather than loſe by that Bargain, ſaid I; for it may be, our Earth wou'd be carried near *Venus* and *Mercury*, which are little Planets, and cou'd not reſiſt ours: But we have nothing either to hope or fear from ſuch an Accident; the Planets muſt remain where they are, new Conqueſts are forbid 'em, as they were heretofore to the Kings of *China*. You know very well, when one mixes Oil and Water together in a Veſſel, the Oil will ſwim above; and if you throw any very light thing into the Veſſel, the Oil will ſupport it, and it will not penitrate into the Water: Throw in any other thing, ſomewhat heavier, of a proportionable weight to penetrate the Oil, which is too weak to ſtop it; 'twill fall upon the Wa-

Water, and swim, the Water being sufficiently strong to bear it up. So that this Vessel, full of two Liquors, which does not mingle together two Bodies of an unequal weight, rests naturally in two different Positions, the one above the other; so as the lightest can never descend, the heaviest can never ascend. If you had other Liquors that will not mingle together, and throw as many Bodies into 'em of proportionable weight, 'twill be the same thing. Imagine to yourself, that the Celestial Substance which fills the vast *Tourbillon*, or Whirling of the Sun, is compos'd of different Coats, wrapp'd within one another, like an Onion; these Coats are of different weights and force, as Oil and Water, and other Liquors. The Planets also are of different weights; and by consequence, every one of the Planets must stop upon that Coat proportionable to its weight, and which has necessary strength for supporting it, and keeping it on an equal Balance; and you will perceive it is not possible in Nature they can remove from thence.

I understand very well, said Madam *la Marquise*, how these different Weights are regulated, according to their several degrees. Would to God, there were some such Order amongst us Morals, to confine every Man to the Station that is fit for him. I'm now no longer in fear of *Jupiter*; I am satisfy'd that he will leave us at ease in our own little Whirling, or *Tourbillon*; I am easily pleas'd, and do not envy *Jupiter* his four Moons.

You wou'd be to blame if you shou'd, said I; for he has no more then what is necessary for him; considering the great distance he is from the Sun, his Moons receive and reflect but a very faint Light. 'Tis true that *Jupiter* turns upon his own Axis in the space of ten Hours, his Nights are but four Hours long; and being so short, one wou'd think he had no great need of four Moons: But you must consider, in our Earth, under the North and South Poles, there are six Months of Day, and six Months of Nigth; because the two Poles being the two Points of the Earth, remotest from those Countries and Places, upon which the Sun darts his Beams directly, and over which, to our Apprehensions, he seems to perform his Course, the Moon holds, or appears to us to hold the same Road with the Sun: So that if the Inhabitants near the South and North Poles see the Sun during one half of his Yearly Course, and then lose his Light during the other half, it must follow, that they see the Moon during one half of her Monthly Revolution, and lose her during the other half; that is, for the space of fifteen Days. One of *Jupiter*'s Years is twelve of ours, and there must be two opposite Poles in that Planet where there are Days and Nights of six Years long a-piece. A Night of six Years long is very long, and I believe these four Moons where chiefly created for that reason: The highest of the four, as to *Jupiter*, performs its Course round him in seventeen Days, the second in seven Days, the third in three Days and an half, and the fourth in forty two Hours. These Revo-

lutions

lutions being thus divided by equal Halves in these unhappy Climates, where there are six Years of continued Night, one and twenty Hours cannot pass without there seeing appear, at least, the last of the four Moons; which is a very great Satisfaction, during so long and irksome a Darkness: But upon whatever place of *Jupiter* you shou'd inhabit, these four Moons wou'd represent to your View one of the most agreeable Sights in Nature: Sometimes they rise all four together, than they separate according to the Inequality of their Motions; sometimes they see 'em over their Heads, directly above one another; at other times they see 'em appear above their Horizon, at equal distances; at another time, two of the four are Rising, when the other two are Setting: But above all, I shou'd be pleas'd to see their constant Eclipsing one another, or the Sun; for there passes no Day, without one of the two; and since Eclipses are so familiar to that World, they must certainly be a Divertisement to them, whereas they frighten the Inhabitants of our Earth.

And you will not fail, I hope, says Madam *la Marquiese*, to bestow Inhabitants upon these four Moons, though they be little inferiour Planets, and only made to enlighten the Inhabitants of a greater, during their long Nights.

You need not doubt of it, said I, Madam; these four Planets are no less deserving of Inhabitants, because they are so unhappy as to be subject to, and turn round a more important Planet.

I would, says she, have the Inhabitants of these four Moons to be Colonies of *Jupiter*, and receive their Laws and Manners from thence, and pay Homage and Respect to *Jupiter*, and not to look upon that great Planet, but with Veneration.

And would you not also, said I, have these four Moons to send Ambassadors, from time to time, to the Inhabitants of *Jupiter*, and swear Fealty to him? For my part, we having no Authority over the Inhabitants of our Moon, makes me think that *Jupiter* has no more over the Inhabitants of his four; and I believe, one of the Advantages he has most reason to brag of, is, that he frightens 'em. For Example: The Inhabitants of that Moon next to *Jupiter*, see him three hundred and sixty times bigger than our one Moon appeareth to us: And as I believe that little Moon to be much nearer to *Jupiter* than ours is; so his Greatness must be by that considerably augmented; and they must constantly see that monstrous Planet hanging on their Heads, at a very small distance. And if it be true, that the *Gauls* of old, apprehended the falling of the Heavens; the Inhabitants of that Moon have more reason to fear the falling of *Jupiter*.

It may be, said she, they have that Fright, instead of that of the Eclipses, which you told me, they are free from; and which must be supply'd by some other piece of Folly.

It must be so infallibly, said I, Madam, for the great Inventer of the Third System, of which I spoke to you the other Day, the *Tycho-brahe*, one of the greatest Astronomers that ever

ver lived, was far from fearing Eclipſes as the Vulgar do; but inſtead of that, he fear'd, if the firſt he met (as he went out of his Houſe in the Morning) were old, or if a Hare happen'd to croſs his way, he inſtantly return'd home, ſhut himſelf up, and did believe that Day to be Unlucky; nor would he dare to attempt Buſineſs of the ſmalleſt Conſequence.

It is not juſt, ſaid Madam *la Marquiſe*, that ſince that great Man was not free from the Fear of Eclipſes for nothing, that the Inhabitants of that little Moon, ſhou'd come off at an eaſier rate: Let us give 'em no Quarter, but force 'em to ſubmit to the common Law of Nature, and obliege 'em to yield to ſome other Folly. But ſince I will not trouble my ſelf to gueſs at this time, what that may be, pray ſolve me one Difficulty, which my Fancy has juſt now ſuggeſted: If the Earth be ſo little, in reſpect of *Jupiter*; does the Inhabitants of *Jupiter* ſee our Earth? I am afraid we are altogether unknown to 'em.

Really, I believe it to be ſo, ſaid I, for the Inhabitants of *Jupiter* muſt ſee the Earth ninety times leſs than *Jupiter* appears to us; which is too ſmall to be perceiv'd by them; and all we can imagine for our Advantage, is, to ſuppoſe that there are Aſtronomers in *Jupiter*, who after having taken a great deal of Pains, and fitting excellent Teleſcopes; and having choſen a very clear Night for making the Obſervation, they at leaſt diſcover in the Heavens a little Planet, they had never ſeen before; and ſtreight they ſet it down in the Philoſophical Tranſactions of that Country. The

reſt of the Inhabitants of *Jupiter*, either never hear of it, or laugh at it if they do; the Philoſophers themſelves whoſe Opinion that Diſcovery deſtroys, reſolve not to believe it; and there are but ſome very rational People, that will trouble themſelves with the thoughts of it. Theſe Aſtronomers make new Obſervations; they again look upon this little Planet, and they begin to be aſſur'd that it is no Fancy but a real thing; then they begin to conclude, this little Planet has a Motion round the Sun; and after a thouſand Obſervations, they at laſt find out that this Motion or Revolution, is performed in a Years time. So that, Thanks to theſe learned Men, the Inhabitants of *Jupiter* know our Earth is a Planet and a World: The Curious are earneſt to look on it thro' a Teleſcope; tho' 'tis ſo little, 'tis hardly diſcoverable.

If it were not, ſaid Madam *la Marquiſe*, very diſagreeable for me to believe, that our Earth is not to be perceiv'd by the Inhabitants of *Jupiter*, but by the help of a Teleſcope, I ſhou'd find an infinite Pleaſure in imagining, I ſhou'd ſee thoſe Teleſcopes pointing towards us; and ours from a mutual Curioſity are levelled at them, whilſt thoſe two Planets gravely conſidering one another, the Inhabitants of both ask at one and the ſame time, What World is that? What People are thoſe?

Don't go too faſt, Madam, ſaid I; ſuppoſe, the Inhabitants of *Jupiter*, cou'd ſee our Earth; yet, they cou'd never ſee us, or ſo much as ſuſpect our Earth to be inhabited; or if any Body were Fool enough to imagine it,

it, God knows, how he wou'd be laugh'd at and ridicul'd by the reſt of the Inhabitants. And it may be, we are the Cauſe, that ſome Philoſophers in that World have been ſued and perſecuted for this Opinion: However, I believe that the Inhabitants of *Jupiter* are employed enough in the Diſcovery of their own Planet, without troubling themſelves with the thoughts of us. And had *Chriſtopher Columbus* been of that Country, and underſtanding Navigation ſo well, he cou'd not have wanted Employment. And the People of that World know not the hundredth part of its own Inhabitants; whereas, in *Mercury* (which is a very little Planet) they are all Neighbours one to another, and converſe familiarly together; and they eſteem it, as but a Walk to go round their little World; and if the Inhabitants of *Jupiter* do not ſee us, you may eaſily judge, they can far leſs perceive *Venus* and *Mercury*, both which are more diminutive Worlds, and further diſtant from it than we: But in lieu of this, they ſee *Mars*, and there are four Moons, and *Saturn* with the five that belong to him. There are Planets enough, to perplex all the Aſtronomers there: And Nature has had the Goodneſs to hide from 'em what remains of the Univerſe.

What, ſaid the Lady *Marquiſe*, do you look upon that as a Favour?

Without doubt, ſaid I, Madam, there is in this great *Tourbillion*, or Whirling of the Sun, ſixteen Planets: And Nature, who is willing to ſave us the Labour of ſtudying all their Motions, has diſcover'd to us only ſeven of 'em; and is

not that a great Favour. But we who are not ſenſible of this Grace, have ſo order'd the matter, that by our Endeavours we have found out the other nine, which Nature had conceal'd from us, and we are ſufficiently puniſh'd for it, by the great Pains and Labour, which is at preſent requiſite for the Study of Aſtronomy.

I ſee, anſwer'd ſhe, by the number of ſixteen Planets, that *Saturn* muſt have five Moons.

He has ſo, ſaid I, Madam; and two of the five are diſcover'd very lately; but there is yet ſomething more remarkable in that Planet; for his Year is as long as thirty of ours; and conſequently there are Climates in that World, where one Night laſts for fifteen Years together. Can you gueſs what Nature has intended for the enlightning of Nights ſo long and dreadful? She was not ſatisfied to beſtow on *Saturn* five Moons; but has alſo given him a great Circle or Ring, which environs him entirely, and which is elevated ſufficiently high enough to be out of the Shadow of this Planet. It reflects the Light of the Sun perpetually upon the Inhabitants of *Saturn*, who have the Misfortune to live in that Climate, that is, ſo long a time depriv'd of the Influence of his Beams.

Well, ſaid Madam *la Marquiſe*, (with the Air of a Perſon return'd to herſelf from ſome great Aſtoniſhment) all that you ſay is contrived with wonderful Order, and ſure Nature has ſeen and provided for the Neceſſity of ſome ultimate Beings; and that the Diſtribution of theſe Moons, was not a Work of Chance, ſince

they

they are beſtowed only upon theſe Planets, that are at a great diſtance from the Sun, the Earth, *Jupiter* and *Saturn*; for *Venus* and *Mercury* have no need on 'em; they enjoy but too much Light already, and their Nights are very ſhort; and it may be the Inhabitants of this Planet eſteem Night a greater Benefit of Nature, than the Day itſelf.

But hold, ſaid the Lady *Marquiſe*, it ſeems to me, that *Mars*, who is farther diſtant from the Sun than the Earth, ought to have a Moon too.

I muſt confeſs, ſaid I, Madam, he has none; but certainly, the Inhabitants of that Planet enjoy ſome other Advantage, which ſupplies that Defect. You have ſeen ſeveral Bodies, both liquid and dry, which draw in the Light of the Sun; and afterwards ſhine and caſt a Light in the Dark. It may be, that there are great Rocks very high, which are naturally of ſuch a kind of Subſtance, as to receive great Proviſion of Light in the Day-time from the Sun, which they reſtore in the Night; and if it be ſo, you cannot deny, but it muſt be a very pleaſant Scene or Repreſentation, to ſee all thoſe Rocks, from all Quarters begin to ſhine, as ſoon as the Sun is down, and make magnificent Illuminations without Art or Expence. You know alſo that in *America*, there are certain Birds, which ſhine ſo in the Dark, that one may read by their Light, as well as by that of a Candle; and who knows, but there are many of theſe Birds in the Planet *Mars*, which flie about and enlighten that World as ſoon as the Sun is ſet?

Your

Your Rocks, and your flying Birds, ſaid Madam *la Marquiſe*, do not at all ſatisfie me: I confeſs ſuch Objects wou'd be very pretty; but ſince Nature has given ſo many Moons to *Saturn* and *Jupiter*, 'tis a ſign, that they are abſolutely neceſſary as well to *Mars*. I ſhou'd have been glad that all the Worlds diſtant from the Sun, cou'd have had their Moons; and that *Mars* might not have been ſo diſagreeably excepted.

Oh! Madam, ſaid I, if you think it worth your Pains to make any further Progreſs in Philoſophy, you muſt accuſtom yourſelf to ſuch Exceptions; in the beſt Syſtems, there are always ſome things that agree exactly; but there are other things, that one muſt adjuſt as well as one can, or leave them as they are, if there be no hopes to overcome the Difficulty: Let us do ſo if you pleaſe with *Mars*; and ſince he is not favourable to us, ſay no more of him. And tell me if it wou'd not be ſtrangely ſurprizing, if we were in the World of *Saturn*, to ſee above our Heads in the Night that great Ring in the form of a Semi-circle, going from oppoſite Points of the Horizon, and which reflecting the Light of the Sun upon us, wou'd have the Effect of a continu'd Moon.

And ſhall we place no Inhabitants upon that great Ring? ſaid Madam *la Marquiſe*, laughing.

I anſwered her, That (tho' in the Humour I was in, I was inclin'd to put Inhabitants every-where) I confeſs, I dare not ſet any upon ſo irregular a Habitation; but for the five little Moons, there is no diſpenſing with them,

for

for they muſt have Inhabitants. But ſome do imagine, that this Ring or great Circle, is compos'd of Moons joyn'd very near together, having all an equal Motion, and turning one way, and that the five little Moons I ſpoke of, had only eſcap'd out of this great Ring: What an Infinity of Worlds are there then in the *Tourbillion* or Whirlings of *Saturn?* And yet whatever is the Cauſe, the Inhabitants of *Saturn* are miſerable enough, notwithſtanding the Aſſiſtance of this great Ring. 'Tis true, it gives them Light, but what kind of Light? Sure a very feeble one at that great diſtance from the Sun, where ſhe herſelf appears to 'em, but as a little pale Star, a very faint Heat and Light; ſo that if you wou'd carry ſome of the Inhabitants of *Saturn* to our coldeſt Countries, as *Greenland*, or *Lapland*, you wou'd ſee 'em all of a ſweat, and melt away with heat.

You give me an Idea of *Saturn*, ſaid ſhe, that makes me ſhiver with Cold; whereas before you warm'd me as much with the Deſcriptions you gave me of *Mercury*.

There is a Neceſſity, ſaid I, that the two Worlds that are at the Extremity of this great *Tourbillion*, muſt be contrary one to another in every thing.

At that rate, ſaid ſhe, the Inhabitants of *Saturn* muſt be very Wiſe; for you told me the Inhabitants of *Mercury* were down right Mad.

If the People of *Saturn*, ſaid I, be not Wiſe, they are at leaſt in all appearance ſo, and are very Flegmatick, they know not what it is to laugh; and who take a whole Day's time

at

at leaſt, to anſwer the moſt trifling Queſtion: They wou'd have look'd upon the grave *Cato* the Cenſor, as too Wild and Youthful for their Converſation.

There is a Thought come into my Head, ſaid ſhe, all the Inhabitants of *Mercury* are very lively, and the Inhabitants of *Saturn* extremely dull: Now upon our Earth, we have a mixture of both, ſome are very airy, and ſome as inſipid: Does not that proceed from our being ſituate in the middle, between theſe two Worlds, that we participate ſo of the Qualities of both theſe Extremes? And there is no fixt ſettled Character of Mankind; ſome reſemble the Inhabitants of *Mercury*, others of *Saturn*; and we are a mixture of all the ſeveral Kinds of People, that inhabit all the other Planets.

I like that Idea well enough, ſaid I; we are of ſuch an extravagant Compoſition, that one wou'd really believe, that we were collected and drawn together from all the other Worlds. And at this rate, 'tis very convenient to live in ours, ſince here we ſee an Abridgement of all that can be ſeen in the other Worlds.

At leaſt, ſaid Madam *la Marquiſe*, our World has one real Advantage and Conveniency, that it is neither ſo Hot as *Mercury* or *Venus*, nor ſo Cold as *Jupiter* and *Saturn*: And we have the good Luck over and above, to be born in a Climate of this Earth, that has neither exceſs of Heat nor Cold. And if a certain Philoſopher thank'd Nature for being a Man and not a Beaſt, a *Grecian* and not a *Barbarian*; for my part, I thank her, that I inha-

bit

bit the most temperate Planet of the Universe, and the most temperate Climate of that Planet.

If you will trust me, said I, Madam, you ought to thank her for being young, and not old; young and handsome, and not young and ugly; young, handsome, and a *French* Woman, and not a young and handsome *Italian*. You have abundance of other Reasons of Gratitude, than those of the Situation of your *Tourbillion*, or the temperate Qualities of your Country.

Good God! said she, suffer me to be grateful for every thing; even to the very *Tourbillion* where I was born: The measure of the Happiness bestow'd upon us, is too little to lose any part of it; and 'tis good to have such a Sense and Taste of the commonest and most inconsiderable Things, as to turn all to our Advantage and Profit. If we should look after no other Pleasure or Satisfaction, than this World afforded, we should enjoy but very few, expect 'em long, and pay dear for 'em.

If Philosophy be the Pleasure you propose, said I, Madam, I have the Boldness to wish, that when you remember the *Tourbillions*, you wou'd be pleas'd to think of me.

Yes, answer'd she, provided you take care your Philosophy furnishes me always with new Pleasures.

At least, for to Morrow, answer'd I, I hope you shall not want; for I have the fixed Stars prepared for you, which surpass all you have hitherto heard.

The

The Fifth NIGHT.

MY Lady *Marquiese* was very impatient to know what shou'd become of the fixed Stars.

Can they be inhabited as the Planets are? said she to me. Or are they not inhabited? What shall we make of 'em?

If you wou'd take the Pains, you cou'd not fail to guess, said I, Madam; the fixt Stars cannot be less distant from the Earth than fifty Millions of Leagus; nay, some Astronomers make the Distance yet greater; that between the Sun and the remotest Planet is nothing if compared to the Distance between the Sun or Earth, and the fix'd Stars; we do not trouble ourselves to number 'em, their Lustre as you see is both clear and bright. If the fix'd Stars receive their Light from the Sun, it must certainly be very weak and faint before it comes to 'em, having pass'd thro' a hundred and fifty Millions of Miles of the Celestial Substance, I spoke of before: Then consider, the fix'd Stars are oblig'd, to reflect this borrow'd Light upon us at the same distance, which in Reason must make that Light yet paler and more faint, it is impossible that this Light if it were borrow'd from the Sun, and not only suffer'd a Reflection, but pass'd thro' twice the distance of an hundred and fifty Millions of Miles, cou'd have the Force and Vivacity, that we observe in the fix'd Stars: Therefore

I conclude they are enlighten'd of themselves; and are, by consequence, so many Suns.

Do not I deceive myself, cry'd out the *Marquiese*, do I see whither you are going to lead me? Are you not about to tell me the fix'd Stars are so many Suns, and that our Sun is the Center of a great *Tourbillion*, which turns round him? What hinders but a fix'd Star may be the Center of a *Tourbillion*, whirling or turning round it? Our Sun has Planets, which he enlightens, why may not every fix'd Star have Planets also?

I have nothing to answer, but what *Phædra* said to *Oenone*, *'Tis you that have hit it.*

But, said she, I see the Universe to be so vast, that I lose myself, I know not where I am, and having conceiv'd nothing all this while. What is the Universe thus divided into *Tourbillions*, confusedly cast together? Is every fixt Star the Center of a *Tourbillion*; and it may be full as big as our Sun? Is it possible, that all this immense Space, wherein our Sun and Planets have their Revolution, is nothing but an inconsiderable part of the Universe? And that every fix'd Star must comprehend and govern an equal Space with our Sun? This confounds, afflicts, and frightens me.

And for my part, said I, it pleases and rejoyces me; when I believ'd the Universe to be nothing, but this great Azure Vault of the Heavens, wherein the Stars are plac'd, as it were so many golden Nails or Studs, the Universe seem'd to me too little and strait; I fansied myself to be confin'd and oppress'd: But now when I am perswaded, that this Azure

Vault

Vault has a greater Depth and a vaster Extent, and that 'tis divided into a thousand and a thousand different *Tourbillions* or Whirlings, I imagine I am at more Liberty, and breathe a freer Air; and the Universe appears to me to be infinitely more Magnificent. Nature has spared nothing in her Production, and hath profusely bestow'd her Treasures upon a glorious Work worthy of her: You can represent nothing so August to yourself, as this prodigious Number of *Tourbillions*, whose Centre is possessed by a Sun, and that makes the Planets turn round him. The Inhabitants of the Planets of any of these infinite *Tourbillions*, see from all sides the enlightned Center of the *Tourbillion* with which they are environ'd; but cannot discover the Planets of another, who enjoy but a faint Light, borrow'd from their own Sun, which it does not dart further than its own Sphere of Activity.

You charm me, said Madam *la Marquise*, so vast a Prospect, that my Sight cannot reach to the end of it. I see clearly the Inhabitants of our World, and you have plainly presented to my Reason the Inhabitants of the Moon, and other Planets of our *Tourbillion* or Whirlings: After this you tell me of the Inhabitants of the Planets of all the other *Tourbillions*. I confess, they seem to me to be sunk in so boundless a Depth, that whatever force I put upon my Fancy, I cannot comprehend 'em, and indeed you have annihilated 'em by the Expressions you made use of in speaking of 'em and their Inhabitants. You must certainly call 'em the Inhabitants of one of the Planets, of one of those in-

infinite *Tourbillions*; and what ſhall become of us in the middle of ſo many Worlds; ſince the Title you give to the reſt agrees to this of ours? And for my part, I ſee the Earth ſo dreadfully little, that hereafter I ſhall ſcorn to be concerned for any part of it. And I admire why Mankind are ſo very fond of Power, ſo earneſt after Grandure, laying Deſign upon Deſign, circumventing, betraying, flattering, and poorly lying, and are at all this mighty Pains to graſp a part of a World they neither know nor underſtand, nor any thing of theſe mighty *Tourbillions*: For me, I'll lazily contemn it, and my Careleſſneſs ſhall have this Advantage by my Knowledge, that when Any-body ſhall reproach me with my Poverty, I will with Vanity reply, 'Oh! you do not know what the fix'd Stars are.

I do believe, ſaid I, Madam, that *Alexander* the Great himſelf did not know: For a certain Author who holds that the Moon is inhabited, ſays very gravely, 'That it was im-'poſſible, but *Ariſtotle* muſt be of ſo reaſonable 'an Opinion, (for how cou'd ſuch a Truth eſ-'cape ſo great a Man as *Ariſtotle?*) but that he 'wou'd never ſay any thing of it for fear of 'diſpleaſing *Alexander*; for, had he known 'there had been a World which he cou'd not 'have conquer'd, it wou'd have reduc'd him to 'certain Deſpair. There was yet more Reaſon to conceal the *Tourbillions* of the fix'd Stars from him; if they had been known in thoſe Days, he wou'd have made his Court very ill to that great Prince, who ſhou'd but have mention'd 'em. As for me who know 'em, I am

very ſorry I can draw no Advantage from that Knowledge, which can cure nothing but Ambition and Diſquiet, and none of theſe Diſeaſes trouble me. I confeſs a kind of Weakneſs in Love, a kind of Frailty for what is delicate and handſom, this is my Diſtemper, wherein the *Tourbillions* are not concern'd at all. The infinite Multitude of other Worlds may render this little in your eſteem, but they do not ſpoil fine Eyes, a pretty Mouth, or make the Charms of Wit ever the leſs: Theſe will ſtill have their true Value, ſtill are a Price in ſpight of all the Worlds in the Univerſe.

It is a ſtrange thing, ſaid Madam *la Marquieſe*, laughing, that Love ſaves himſelf from all Dangers, and there is no Syſtem or Opinion can hurt him: But tell me frankly, Are your Syſtems certainly true? Do not diſſemble, for I promiſe to keep it ſecret: I Fancy 'tis founded upon a very ſmall Bottom, a fix'd Star enlighten'd of itſelf, as the Sun is, and therefore it muſt be a Sun, the Soul and Center of the World having Planets turning round it as that alſo has. Is this abſolutely neceſſary? ſays ſhe.

I fear, Madam, ſaid I, ſince we are always in the Humour of mixing ſome little Gallantries with our moſt ſerious Diſcourſes, give me leave to tell you, that Mathematical Reaſoning is in ſome things near a-kin to Love; and you cannot allow the ſmalleſt Favour to a Lover, but he will ſoon perſwade you to yield another, and after that a little more, and in the end prevails entirely; ſo if you grant the leaſt Principle to a Mathematician, he will inſtantly draw a Conſequence from it, which you muſt yield

yield alſo, and from that another, and then a third, and maugre all your Reſiſtance; in a ſhort time, he will lead you ſo far, that you cannot retreat. Theſe two ſorts of Men, the Lover and Philoſopher always take more than is given 'em. You muſt acknowledge that when I ſee two Objects alike in every thing that I do ſee, I have Reaſon to believe them to be alſo alike in what I ſee not; for where is the Hindrance or Difficulty? From thence I have argu'd that the Moon is inhabited becauſe 'tis like the Earth; that the other Planets are inhabited becauſe they are like the Moon. I find that the fix'd Stars are like our Sun as to what I ſee; and therefore, I conclude they are Suns, and have Planets turning round about 'em; and every thing elſe we attribute to our Suns. Now, Madam, you are too far engag'd to retire; and therefore you muſt generouſly yield.

By this Rule of Reſemblance, ſaid ſhe, which you make betwixt our Sun and the fix'd Stars, the Inhabitants of another *Tourbillion*, muſt only ſee our Sun as a ſmall fix'd Star, which only appears to them, during their Night.

Without doubt, ſaid I, Madam, our Sun is ſo near us, in reſpect of the Suns of the other *Tourbillions*, that his Light muſt have infinitely greater force upon our Sight than the Light of the other Suns; when we ſee our Sun, we ſee nothing elſe, his Brightneſs makes all other things diſappear: In another great *Tourbillion*, where another Sun governs, he in his turn removes and darkens our Sun, which does not appear, but in the Night as a fix'd Star amongſt the other ſtrange Suns (that is) fix'd Stars,

and our Sun appears to the Inhabitants of that *Tourbillion* in the great Vault of the Heavens, as a Star of ſome Conſtellation, ſuch as the Bear or the Bull: As to the Planets which turn round about him (as our Earth for Example) ſince they cannot ſee it at ſo great a diſtance, they do not ſo much as think of it, ſo that all theſe Suns are Suns by Day for the *Tourbillion* which they govern, and fix'd Stars by Night; for all the other, every one of them is the only one of his kind in his own World; but ſerve only to make up the Number of fix'd Stars for all the other Worlds.

Notwithſtanding, ſaid ſhe, of this Equality of Reſemblance of the Worlds, yet I cannot believe, but they differ in a thouſand things, for Likeneſs upon the main does not hinder infinite little Differences.

Moſt certainly, ſaid I; but the Difficulty will be, to find out thoſe Differences. What do I know but in one *Tourbillion*, there are more Planets turning round it than in another? In one there are inferior Planets turning round the greater, in another there are none at all: In one *Tourbillion* the Planets are gathered together, as it were a little Party, round their Sun, and beyond them a vaſt Vacuity, extending to the next *Tourbillion*: In another the Planets take their Courſe towards the Extremity of their *Tourbillion*, and leave a Void in the middle, and I do not doubt but there are *Tourbillions* deſtitute of Planets: And others, where their Sun is not plac'd in the middle, and yet has a free Motion, and carries his Planets round with him; others, where the Planets

riſe

riſe and fall in reſpect of their Sun, according to the Changes of the Counterpoiſe which balances 'em. What wou'd you have, Madam? Have not I ſaid enough for a Man that was never out of his own *Tourbillion?*

No, ſaid ſhe; not for the Quantity of Worlds which you ſay there is: What you have deſcrib'd will ſuffice but for five or ſix, and I ſee thouſands.

What wou'd you ſay, Madam, ſaid I, if I ſhou'd tell you that there are infinitely more fix'd Stars than thoſe you ſee, that by the help of Teleſcopes an unaccountable Number are diſcover'd, which we cannot ſee with our Eyes alone; and that in one Conſtellation, where we counted but twelve or fifteen fix'd Stars, there have been diſcover'd more than we ſee with our Eyes in the whole Heavens?

I ask your Pardon, ſaid ſhe; I yield and confeſs, you have over-charg'd me with Worlds and *Tourbillions.*

Madam, ſaid I, I have ſtill a Reſerve for you: You ſee that Whiteneſs in the Hemiſphere, call'd, *The Milky Way*; Can you imagine what it is? 'Tis nothing but an Infinity of little fix'd Stars, which cannot be ſeen by our Eyes, becauſe they are ſo very ſmall, and are plac'd ſo near to one another, that they appear to be but one continued Whiteneſs: I wiſh you cou'd ſee this Ant-hill of Stars, and theſe Seeds of Worlds; they look like the *Maldevia* Iſlands, or thoſe twelve thouſand little Iſles, or Banks of Sand, ſeparate only by ſmall Canals of the Sea, which one may over-leap with as much eaſe as a Ditch. So that

theſe little *Tourbillons* of the *Milky Way*, being ſo near one to another, may converſe and ſhake hands with thoſe of their neighbouring World; at leaſt, the Birds of one World may flie into another; and they may teach Pigeons to carry Letters, as they do in the *Levant*. By which, the Sun, in his own *Tourbillion*, as ſoon as he begins to ſpread his Light, he faceth that of all other Stranger-ſuns; for if you were in one of theſe little *Tourbillions* of the *Milky Way*, your Sun wou'd not be ſo near to you; and by conſequence, wou'd have but little more power, force, or influence upon your Eyes, than a hundred thouſand other Suns of the neighbouring *Tourbilliens*; you wou'd then ſee your Heaven ſhining with an infinite number of Fires, very near to one another, and not far diſtant from you; and tho' you ſhou'd loſe the ſight of your own Sun, you wou'd ſtill have Light enough, and your Nights wou'd be no leſs bright than your Days; at leaſt, you wou'd not be ſenſible of the Difference; or, to ſpeak more properly, you wou'd have no Night at all: The Inhabitants of this World, accuſtom'd to perpetual Day, wou'd be ſtrangely ſurpriz'd if one ſhou'd tell 'em, that there are ſeveral People in the Univerſe, who are under the Tribulation of diſmal, real Nights, and who fall into long and profound Darkneſſes, and who, when the Light returns, behold one and the ſame Sun: They wou'd look upon ſuch People as the Outcaſts of Nature, and the very Thoughts of our ſad Condition wou'd ſieze them with Horrour.

I do not ask you, said Madam *la Marquiese*, whether there be any Moons in the World of the *Milky Way*; I see very well, that they wou'd be of no use to these Planets that have no Night; and who besides, move in too little room to be troubled with an Equipage of inferior Planets. But do you know that by your multiplying upon me such a Multitude of Worlds, you have started a great Difficulty to my Fancy, which, I doubt, you will hardly satisfie: The *Tourbillions*, whose Suns we see touch the *Tourbillions* where we are, and all the *Tourbillions* are round, how is it possible that so many different Globes can touch one single one? This I wou'd willingly understand, but find I cannot.

There's a great deal of Sense, said I, Madam, in your proposing of this Difficulty, and no less in your not knowing how to salve it; for 'tis very judicious in itself, and unanswerable, as you understand it; and 'tis an Argument of very little Wit, to answer an Objection that is unanswerable. If our *Tourbillion* were in the shape of a Dy, it wou'd have six plain Superficies, and wou'd be very far from being round; yet upon every one of these six Superficies, or flat Sides, a *Tourbillion* might be placed, being of the same Figure: But instead of six flat Sides, suppose it had twenty, fifty, or a thousand; then it were possible to place a thousand *Tourbillions* upon it, every Side bearing one; and you easily understand, that the more Superficies, or flat Sides, any Body has, the nearer it approaches to a Globe: So a Diamond cut in Fossets on all sides, if those

Foſſets were very ſmall, that Diamond wou'd be as round almoſt as a Pearl of the ſame bigneſs; the *Tourbillions* are only round in this ſenſe, they are compos'd of an infinite number of flat Sides, and every one of 'em carries another *Tourbillion*: The flat Superficies are very unequal; here they are big, there they are little; the ſmalleſt Superficies of our *Tourbillion*, for Example, anſwereth the *Milky Way*, and ſupport all thoſe little Worlds; but if two *Tourbillions*, that reſt upon two neighbouring Sides or Faces, have any void Space below between 'em (as that muſt fall out very often) Nature, who will loſe nothing, and turns all her Work to the beſt advantage, inſtantly fills up that Vacuity with one, two, or it may be a thouſand little *Tourbillions*, which does not at all trouble or incommode the reſt, and yet every one of theſe may have a World in it; ſo that there may be more Worlds, than our *Tourbillion* has flat Sides to ſupport: And I dare ſay, that altho' theſe little Worlds were only made to fill up Chinks of the Univerſe, which otherwiſe wou'd have been uſeleſs, and that they are altogether unknown to the other Worlds which touch them; yet I doubt not but they are very well contented with their own Condition, and 'tis they whoſe little Suns we diſcover by the helps of Teleſcopes, whoſe number is ſo prodigious. In fine, all theſe *Tourbillions* are ſo rightly adjuſted, and joyn'd to one another in ſo delicate a Form, that every one turns round his own Sun, without changing his Situation; every one takes that way of turning, which is moſt proper and commode to its place:

They

They are fix'd to one another like the Wheels of a Watch, aſſiſting one another in their Motions, and yet moving contrary to one another. And 'tis ſaid, that every World is like a Balloon, or Foot-ball, which ſwells and fills of itſelf, and which wou'd extend farther, if it were not hindred by neighbouring Worlds, who preſs it, and then it ſhrinks to its firſt Form; after that, it ſwells a-new, and is again depreſs'd. And the Philoſophers pretend, that the fix'd Stars tranſmit to us a trembling Light, and an unequal Sparkling, becauſe their *Tourbillions* puſh againſt ours, and ours againſt theirs.

I am extremely in love, ſaid Madam *la Marquiſe*, with theſe Ideas you give me of the Balloons, which ſwell and fall every Moment; and thoſe Worlds, which are always juſtling together: But, above all, I am pleas'd to conſider, that this Strife amongſt 'em produces a Commerce of Light, which is the only Traffick they can have.

No, no, ſaid I, Madam; that is not the only Traffick; the neighbouring Worlds do ſend Envoys ſometimes to us, and that with a great deal of Splendor: We have Comets from thence too, who are always adorn'd with ſhining Hair, a venerable Beard, and a Royal Train.

Good God! ſaid ſhe, laughing; What Ambaſſadors are theſe? We cou'd eaſily diſpence with their Viſits, for they do nothing but fright us.

They fright only Fools and Children, Madam, ſaid I; but of thoſe Ignorants, I confeſs,

feſs, there are a great number: The Comets are nothing but Planets which belong to ſome neighbouring *Tourbillion*, who make their Courſe toward the Extremity, or Out-ſide of it: But this *Tourbillion* being preſs'd by others that encompaſs it, 'tis rounder above than it is below, and it is from below that they appear to us. Theſe Planets, which have begun to move in a Circle above, and not foreſeeing that their *Tourbillion* will fail 'em below, becauſe it is, as it were, braz'd or ſqueez'd in that part; theſe Planets, which we call Comets, are neceſſitated, for the continuance of their Circular-motion, to come into another *Tourbillion*, which happens ſometimes to be ours, making their paſſage thro' the extremity of it: They all appear to us highly elevated, their Courſe being conſtantly above *Saturn*. 'Tis very neceſſary for the Defence of our Syſtem (for Reaſons that do not at all relate to our preſent Subject) that there ſhou'd be a great vaſt Space betwixt *Saturn*, and the Extremities of our *Tourbillion*, free from Planets. Our Adverſaries do conſtantly reproach us with the Unuſefulneſs of this great Void; but let 'em not trouble their Heads with that, for we have found a Uſe for it; and it is the Appartment, or Chambers of State, where we receive the Stranger Planetory Ambaſſadors.

I underſtand you, ſaid ſhe, and am pleas'd with your Chamber of State; for we do not permit 'em to come directly in the middle of our *Tourbillion*, but receive 'em as the Grand Seignior does his Forreign Miniſters; he does them not the Honour to lodge them

in

in *Conſtantinople*, but ſends them to the Suburbs.

Madam, reply'd I, we agree with the *Turks* alſo in one thing more; that is (as they) ſo we receive Ambaſſadors, but ſend none; for none of our Planets ever go to viſit other Worlds.

At this rate, ſaid Madam *la Marquiſe*, we are very Proud, yet I know not what to think of the matter; theſe Stranger-planets, with their long Tails and Beards, have uſually but a ſcurvy threatning Look, and it may be they are ſent to terrifie us; whereas ours, not being made of that terrible Form, wou'd not be ſo proper to frighten People, were they ſent into another World.

Theſe Tails and Beards, ſaid I, are not real, but only Appearances, and theſe Stranger-planets differ in nothing from ours; but entring into our *Tourbillion*, they take a Tail, or a Beard from a certain kind of Illumination which they receive from the Sun; which, as yet, is not fully explain'd amongſt us. But let this be found out when it can, we now are ſure it is nothing but a kind of Illumination, or a falſe Light.

I wiſh then, ſaid ſhe, that our *Saturn* wou'd take a Tail, or a Beard, and go into ſome other *Tourbillion*, to frighten its Inhabitants; and that afterwards, laying aſide this terrible Equipage, he woud return, with the reſt of our Planets, to his own place.

'Twill be better for him, ſaid I, not to go out of our *Tourbillion*: I have told you already of the Encounter between two *Tourbillions* puſhing

ſhing againſt one another; and I believe, upon that occaſion, a poor Planet is ſtrangely ſhaken, and that his Inhabitants are not the better for it. We believe ourſelves very miſerable when we ſee a Comet appear, but it is the Comet itſelf that is moſt unhappy.

I do not believe that, ſaid Madam *la Marquiſe*, for it brings its Inhabitants to us in good health; and you know, nothing is wholſomer than Change of Air: As for us that never go out of our own, Life languiſhes but dully on.

If the Inhabitants of a Comet, ſaid I, had but the Skill to fore-ſee their Paſſage into our World, thoſe who have already made that Voyage will tell theſe new Adventurers what they will ſee in their way: A Planet, ſay they, which has a great Ring round him, meaning *Saturn*; and then you will ſee another that has four little ones following him, and it may be that amongſt them there are People ſet a-part, on purpoſe for obſerving the very Minute when they ſhou'd enter into our World, and who are inſtantly to cry out, 'A new Sun! a 'new Sun! as our Mariners do, 'Land! Land! after a long Sea-voyage. I hope you will no longer pity the Inhabitants of a Comet; but, no doubt, you will commiſerate thoſe that live in a *Tourbillion* where the Sun comes to be extinct, and leaves them in eternal Night.

What! cry'd out Madam *la Marquiſe*, Can Suns be extingniſh'd?

Yes, ſaid I, without diſpute. The Ancients have ſeen fix'd Stars in the Firmament, which we ſee no more; theſe Suns have loſt their

their Light; A great Deſolation certainly for that *Tourbillion*, and a great Mortality for all the Inhabitants of its Planets; for there is no living without a Sun.

That Idea, ſaid ſhe, is too mournful; Is there no way to paſs it by?

If you pleaſe, ſaid I, Madam, I'll tell you what very learned Men ſay; that the fix'd Stars which have diſappear'd are not however exſtinguiſhed, but that they are Half-ſuns; that is to ſay, they have one ſide obſcure, and the other enlighten'd; and as they turn upon their own Axis, ſometimes they preſent their enlighten'd half, and then we ſee 'em; and ſometimes their obſcure half, and then we loſe 'em. To oblige you, Madam, I ſhall follow this Opinion, becauſe 'tis more favourable than the other; but it muſt only be for certain Stars, who have regular Seaſons of appearing and diſappearing, as hath been diſcover'd; otherwiſe theſe Half-moons cannot ſubſiſt. But what ſhall we ſay of Stars that diſappear, and do not ſhew themſelves again after the time in which they ought certainly to have perform'd the Revolution upon their own Axis? You are too juſt, Madam, to oblige me to believe that theſe Stars are Half-ſuns: However, for your Satisfaction, I will endeavour to ſolve this Objection another way: Thoſe Suns ſhall not be extinguiſh'd then, but ſhall only be ſunk into the Depth of the vaſt Heavens, which removes 'em from our ſight; and in that caſe, theſe Suns are followed by their *Tourbillions*, and all is well. 'Tis true, that the greateſt part of the fixed Stars have no ſuch Motion as carry them from

us;

us; if they had, they might as well approach more near us, and we shou'd see 'em sometimes bigger, sometimes less; which can never fall out: Let us therefore suppose that there are some little *Tourbillions* of less Light and Activity, which slide in among the others, and make certain Turnings; after which, they come back again, whilst in the mean time the great *Tourbillions* remain where they did before; and 'tis a strange Misfortune that there shou'd be certain fix'd Stars which appear to us, and after a great deal of time of appearing and disappearing, entirely vanish, and are lost. In that time the Half-suns, I spoke of, wou'd appear again, and Suns that were sunk into the Heavens wou'd disappear once, and not to appear again for a long time. Resolve well what to think, Madam, and take Courage; there is a Necessity that these Stars must be Suns, which grown obscure enough to be invisible to our Sight, are afterwards enlighten'd, and in the end must lie extinguish'd.

How! said Madam *la Marquise*; Can a Sun be obscur'd, or entirely extinguish'd, who is himself the Fountain of Light?

The most easily in the World, said I, Madam: According to the Opinion of *Des Cartes*, our Sun has Spots; let 'em be Scum or Vapours, or what else you will, these Spots may condense, and many of them may come together, and form a kind of Crust, which may afterwards augment, and then farewel the Sun and all its Light. 'Tis said, we escap'd once very hardly, for the Sun was grown extreamly pale for several Years together; and par-

particularly the Year after the Death of *Julius Cæsar*, it was that Crust that began to gather, and the Face of the Sun brake and dissipated it; but had it continued, we had been all undone.

You make me tremble, said she; and now that I understand the Consequences of the Paleness of the Sun, I shall henceforth every Morning, instead of going to my Looking-glass to consult my own Face, go and look up to the Heavens to consider that of the Sun.

Madam, said I, be assur'd there goes a great deal of time to ruin a World.

Then, said she, there is nothing requisite but Time.

I acknowledge it, Madam, said I; all this vast Mass of Matter which composes the Universe, is in perpetual Motion, from which no part of it is entirely exempt; and therefore Changes must come sooner or later, but always in Time proportionable to the Effect. The Ancients were foolish to imagine, that the Celestial Bodies were of an unchangeable Nature, because they never saw any Change in 'em; but they had neither Leisure or Life long enough to undeceive themselves by Experience; but the Ancients were young in respect of us. Suppose now, Madam, that the Roses, which last but for a Day, shou'd write Histories, and leave Memorials from one to another; the first wou'd have describ'd the Picture of their Gardiner of a certain manner; and after fifteen thousand Ages of Roses, the others that had follow'd 'em wou'd have alter'd nothing in that Description of the Gard'ner, but wou'd have said,

ſaid, 'We have always ſeen the ſame Gard'ner, 'ſince the Memory of Roſes we have ſeen but 'him, he has always been as he is, he dies 'not as we do; nay, he changes not, and cer-'tainly will never be other than what he is. Wou'd this way of Arguing of the Roſes be good? Yet 'twou'd be better grounded than that of the Ancients, concerning Celeſtial Bodies; and tho' there had never happen'd any Change in the Heavens to this Day, and tho' they ſhou'd ſeem to laſt for ever, yet I wou'd not believe it, but wou'd wait for a longer Experience; nor ought we to meaſure the Duration of any thing by that of our ſcanty Life. Suppoſe a thing had a Being a hundred thouſand times longer than ours, ſhou'd we therefore conclude it ſhou'd laſt for ever? Eternity is not ſo eaſie a matter; and ſome things muſt have paſs'd many Ages of Men, one after another, before any ſign of Decay had appear'd in 'em.

I am not ſo unreaſonable, ſaid Madam *La Marquiſe*, as to conſider the Worlds as things Eternal, nor will I do them them the Honour to compare 'em to your Gard'ner, who liv'd ſo many Ages longer than the Roſes: They are themſelves but as a Roſe, which are produced but in a Garden, that bud one Day, and fall the next; and as thoſe Roſes die, new ones ſucceed; ſo for ſome ancient Stars that diſappear, other new ones are born in their places, and that Defect in Nature muſt be ſo repair'd, and no Species can totally periſh.

Some will tell you, ſaid I, they are Suns, which draw near to us after having been long

loſt

loſt in the Depth of Heavens: Others will ſay, they are Suns that have caſt off the Cruſt which began to cover them. If I cou'd eaſily believe all this, yet I ſhou'd believe alſo that the Univerſe was made in ſuch a manner, that new Suns have been, and may be form'd in it from time to time; and what ſhou'd hinder the Subſtance proper to make Suns from gathering together, and producing new Worlds? And I am the more inclin'd to believe theſe new Productions, ſince theſe are more correſpondent to the great Idea I have of the glorious Works of Nature: And why ſhou'd not ſhe who knows the Secret to bring forth and deſtroy Herbs, Plants and Flowers, in a continu'd Succeſſion, practice alſo the ſame Secret on the Worlds, ſince one coſts her no more Pains and Expence than the other.

Indeed, ſays Madam *la Marquiſe*, I find the Worlds, the Heavens and the Celeſtial Bodies ſo ſubject to Change, that I am altogether return'd to my ſelf.

Let us return yet more, ſaid I, and if you pleaſe, make this Subject no longer, that of our Diſcourſe; beſides, you are arriv'd at the utmoſt Bounds of Heaven; and to tell you, that there are any Stars beyond that, were to make my ſelf a wiſer Man than I am; place Worlds there, or place none there, it depends upon your Will. Theſe vaſt inviſible Regions, are properly the Empires of Philoſophers, which it may be are or are not, as they themſelves ſhall fanſie. 'Tis ſufficient for me to have carried your Underſtanding as far as your Sight can penetrate.

What, cry'd out Madam *la Marquiese*, have I the Systems of all the Universe in my Head; am I become so learned?

Yes, Madam, you know enough; and with this Advantage, that you may believe all or nothing of what I have said, as you please. I only beg this as a Recompence for my Pains, That you will never look on the Heavens, Sun, Moon or Stars, without thinking of me.

FINIS.

AN ESSAY ON Tranſlated Proſe.

THE general Applauſe this little Book of the Diſcovery of ſeveral new Worlds has met with, both in *France* and *England* in the Original, made me attempt to tranſlate it into *Engliſh*. The Reputation of the Author, (who is the ſame that writ, *The Dialogues of the Dead*,) the Novelty of the Subject in vulgar Languages, and the Author's introducing a Woman as one of the Speakers in theſe five Diſcourſes, were further Motives for me to undertake this little Work; for I thought an *Engliſh* Woman might adventure to tranſlate any thing, a *French* Woman may be ſuppos'd to have ſpoken. But when I had made a Tryal, I found the Task not ſo eaſy as I believ'd it firſt. Therefore, before I ſay any thing, either of the Deſign of the Author, or of the Book itſelf, give me leave to ſay ſomething of Tranſlation of Proſe in general: As

for Translation of Verse, nothing can be added to that incomparable Essay of the late Earl of *Roscommon*; the nearer the Idioms or turn of the Phrase of two Languages agree, 'tis the easier to translate one into the other. The *Italian*, *Spanish* and *French*, are all three at best Corruptions of the *Latin*, with the mixture of *Gothick*, *Arabick*, and *Gaulish* Words. The *Italian*, as it is nearest the *Latin*, is also nearest the *English*; for its mixture being compos'd of *Latin*, and the Language of the *Goths*, *Vandals*, and other Northern Nations, who over-ran the *Roman* Empire, and conquer'd its Language with its Provinces, most of these Northern Nations spoke the *Teutonick*, or Dialects of it, of which the *English* is one also; and that's the reason, that the *English* and *Italian* learn the Language of one another sooner than any other; because not only the Phrase, but the Accent of both do very much agree; the *Spanish* is next of kin to the *English*, for almost the same reason, because the *Goths*, and *Vandals* having over-run *Africk*, and kept possession of it for some hundred of Years, where mixing with the *Moors*, no doubt, gave them a great Tincture of their Tongue. These *Moors* afterwards invaded and conquer'd *Spain*; besides *Spain* was before that, also invaded and conquer'd by the *Goths*, who possess'd it long after the time of the two Sons of *Theodosius* the Great, *Arcadius* and *Honorius*. The *French*, as it is most remote from the *Latin*, so the Phrase and Accent differs most from the *English*: It may be, it is more agreeable with the *Welsh*, which is near a-kin to the *Basbriton* and *Biscagne*

ne Languages, which is deriv'd from the old *Celtick* Tongue, the first that was spoken amongst the ancient *Gauls*, who descended from the *Celts*.

The *French* therefore is of all the hardest to translate into *English*. For Proof of this, there are other Reasons also; And first, the nearer the Genious and Humour of two Nations agree, the Idioms of their Speech are the nearer; and every Body knows there is more Affinity between the *English* and *Italian* People, than there is *English* and the *French*, as to their Humours; and for that Reason, and for what I have said before, it is very difficult to translate *Spanish* into *French*; and I believe hardly possible to translate *French* into *Dutch*. The second Reason is, The *Italian* Language is the same now as it was some hundred of Years ago, so is the *Spanish*, not only as to the Phrase, but even as to the Words and Orthography; whereas the *French* Language has suffer'd more Changes this hundred Years past, since *Francis* the First, than the Fashions of their Cloths and Ribbons, in Phrase, Words, and Orthography: So that I am confident a *French* Man a hundred Years hence will no more understand an old Edition of *Froissard*'s History, than he will understand *Arabick*. I confess the *French* Arms, Mony and Intrigues have made their Language very universal of late, for this they are to be commended: It is an Accident, which they owe to the Greatness of their King, and their own Industry; and it may fall out hereafter to be otherwise. A third Reason is, as I said before, That the *French* being a Corruption of the *Latin*, *French*

Authors take a Liberty to borrow whatever Word they want from the *Latin*, without farther Ceremony, especially when they treat of Sciences. This the *English* do not do, but at second-hand from the *French*. It is Modish to Ape the *French* in every thing: Therefore, we not only naturalize their Words, but Words they steal from other Languages. I wish in this and several other things, we had a little more of the *Italian* and *Spanish* Humour, and did not chop and change our Language, as we do our Cloths, at the Pleasure of every *French* Taylor.

In translating *French* into *English*, most People are very cautious and unwilling to print a *French* Word at first out of a new Book, till Use has render'd it more familiar to us; and therefore it runs a little rough in *English*, to express one *French* Word by two or three of ours; and thus much, as to the Ease and Difficulty of Translating these Languages in general. But, as to the *French* in particular, it has as many Advantages of the *English*, as to the Sound, as ours has of the *French*, as to the Signification; which is another Argument of the different Genius of the two Nations. Almost all the Relatives, Articles, and Pronouns in the *French* Language, end in Vowels, and are written with two or three Letters. Many of their Words begin with Vowels; so, that when a Word after a Relative, Pronoun or Article, ends with a Vowel, and begins with another, they admit of their beloved Figure *Apostrophe*, and cut off the first Vowel. This they do to shun an ill Sound; and they are so

Musical

Muſical as to that, that they will go againſt all the Rules of Senſe and Grammar, rather than fail; as for Example, ſpeaking of a Man's Wife they ſay, *Son Fpouſe*; whereas in Grammar, it ought to be *Sa Epouſe*; but this would throw a *French* Man into a Fit of a Fever, to to hear one ſay, by way of Apoſtrophé *S' Epouſe*, as this makes their Language to run ſmoother, ſo by this they expreſs ſeveral Words very ſhortly, as, *qu'entend je?* in *Engliſh*, What do I hear? In this Example, three Words have the ſound but of one, for ſound prevails with them in the beginning, middle and end. Secondly, Their Words generally end in Vowels, or if they do not, they do not pronounce the Conſonant, for the moſt part, unleſs there be two together, or that the next Word begins with a Vowel. Thirdly, By the help of their Relatives, they can ſhortly, and with eaſe reſume a long preceeding Sentence, in two or three ſhort Words; theſe are the Advantages of the *French* Tongue, all which they borrow from the *Latin*. But as the *French* do not value a plain Suit without a Garniture, they are not ſatisfied with the Advantages they have, but confound their own Language with needleſs Repetitions and Tautologies; and by a certain Rhetorical Figure, peculiar to themſelves, imply twenty Lines, to expreſs what an *Engliſh* Man would ſay, with more Eaſe and Senſe in five; and this is the great Misfortune of tranſlating *French* into *Engliſh*: If one endeavours to make it *Engliſh* Standard, it is no Tranſlation. If one follows their Flouriſhes and Embroideries, it is worſe than *French* Tin-

sel. But these Defects are only comparatively, in respect of *English*: And I do not say this so much, to condemn the *French*, as to praise our own Mother-tongue, for what we think a Deformity, they may think a Perfection; as the *Negroes* of *Guinney* think us as ugly, as we think them. But to return to my present Translation.

I have endeavour'd to give you the true Meaning of the Author, and have kept as near his Words as was possible; I was necessitated to add a little in some places, otherwise the Book could not have been understood. I have used all along the *Latin* word *Axis*, which is *Axle-tree* in *English*, which I do not think so proper a Word in a Treatise of this nature; but 'tis what is generally understood by every Body. There is another Word in the two last Nights, which was very uneasie to me, and the more so, for that it was so often repeated, which is *Tourbillion*, which signifies commonly a *Whirl-wind*; but Monsier *Des Chartes* understands it in a more general Sense, and I call it a Whirling; the Author hath given a very good Definition of it, and I need say no more, but that I retain'd the Word unwillingly, in regard of what I have said in the beginning of this Preface.

I know a Character of the Book will be expected from me, and I am obliged to give it, to satisfie myself for being at the Pains to Translate it; but I wish with all my heart I could forbear it; for I have that Value for the ingenious *French* Author, that I am sorry I must write what some may understand to be a Satyr

against

against him. The Design of the Author is to treat of this part of Natural Philosophy in a more familiar Way than any other hath done, and to make every Body understand him: For this End, he introduceth a Woman of Quality as one of the Speakers in these five Discourses, whom he feigns never to have heard of any such thing as Philosophy before. How well he hath perform'd his Undertatking you will best judge when you have perused the Book: But if you would know before-hand my Thoughts, I must tell you freely, he hath failed in his Design; for endeavouring to render this part of Natural Philosophy familiar, he hath turn'd it into Ridicule; he hath pushed his wild Notion of the *Plurality of Worlds* to that height of Extravagancy, that he most certainly will confound those Readers, who have not Judgement and Wit to distinguish between what is truly solid (or, at least, probable) and what is trifling and airy: and there is no less Skill and Understanding required in this, than in comprehending the whole Subject he treats of. And for his Lady *Marquiese*, he makes her say a great many very silly things, tho' sometimes she makes Observations so learned, that the greatest Philosophers in *Europe* could make no better. His way of Arguing is extreamly fine, and his Examples and Comparisons are for the most part extraordinary, just, natural, and lofty, if he had not concluded with that of a *Rose*, which is very irregular. The whole Book is very unequal; the first, fourth, and the beginning of the fifth Discourses are incomparably the best. He attributes all to Nature,

ture, and ſays not a Word of God Almighty, from the beginning to the end; ſo that one would almoſt take him to be a Pagan. He endeavours chiefly two things; one is, that there are thouſands of Worlds inhabited by Animals, beſides our Earth, and hath urged this Fancy too far: I ſhall not preſume to defend his Opinion, but one may make a very good uſe of many things he hath expreſſed very finely, in endeavouring to aſſiſt his wild Fancy; for he gives a magnificent Idea of the Vaſtneſs of the Univerſe, and of the Almighty and Infinite Power of the Creator, to be comprehended by the meaneſt Capacity. This he proves judiciouſly, by the Appearances and Diſtances of the Planets and fixed Stars; and if he had let alone his learned Men, Philoſophical Tranſactions, and Teleſcopes in the Planet *Jupiter*, and his Inhabitants not only there, but in all the fixed Stars, and even in the *Milky-way*, and only ſtuck to the Greatneſs of the Univerſe, he had deſerved much more Praiſe.

The other thing he endeavours to defend and aſſert, is, The Syſtem of *Copernicus*. As to this, I cannot but take his part, as far as a Woman's Reaſoning can go. I ſhall not venture upon the Aſtronomical Part, but leave that to the Mathematicians; but becauſe I know, that when this Opinion of *Copernicus* (as to the Motion of the Earth, and the Sun's being fixed in the Center of the Univerſe, without any other Motion, but upon his own Axis) was firſt heard of in the World, thoſe who neither underſtood the old Syſtem of *Ptolomy*, nor the new one of *Copernicus*, ſaid, That this

this new Opinion was expressly contrary to the Holy Scriptures, and therefore not to be embraced; nay, it was condemned as Heretical upon the same account: After it had been examined by the best Mathematicians in *Europe*, and that they found it answer'd all the *Phænomena's* and Motions of the Spheres and Stars better than the System of *Ptolemy*; that it was plainer, and not so perplexing and confused as the old Opinion; several of these learned Men therefore embraced this; but those that held out, when they saw all Arguments against *Copernicus* would not do, they had recourse to what I said before, that this System was expressly against the Holy Scriptures. Amongst this Number is the learned Father *Tacquit*, a Jesuit; who, I am told, has writ a large Course of Mathematicks, and particularly, of Astronomy, which is deservedly much esteemed. In the end of this Treatise, he cites several Texts of Scripture; and particularly, the 19th *Psalm*, *And the Sun standing still at the Command of* Joshua. If I can make it appear, that this Text of Scripture is, at least, as much for *Copernicus* as *Ptolomy*, I hope it will not be unacceptable to my Readers: Therefore, with all due Reverence and Respect to the Word of God, I hope I may be allowed to say, That the Design of the Bible was not to instruct Mankind in Astronomy, Geometry, or Chronology, but in the Law of God, to lead us to Eternal Life; and the Spirit of God has been so condescending to our Weakness, that through the whole Bible, when any thing of that kind is mentioned, the Expressions are always

always turned to fit our Capacities, and to fit the common Acceptance, or Appearances of things to the Vulgar. As to Aſtronomy, I ſhall reſerve that to the laſt, and ſhall begin with Geometry; and though I could give many Inſtances of all three, yet I ſhall give but one or two at moſt. The Meaſure and Dimenſions of *Solomon*'s Molten-braſs Sea, in 1 *Kings* 7. 23. the words are theſe, *And he made a Molen Sea, ten Cubits from one brim to the other, it was round all about, and his height was five Cubits, and a Line of thirty Cubits did compaſs it round about:* That is to ſay, the Diameter of this Veſſel was a Third of its Circumference: This is indeed commonly underſtood to be ſo, but is far from a Geometrical Exactneſs, and will not hold to a Mathematical Demonſtration, as to the juſt Proportion between the Diameter and Circumference of a Circle. In the next place, as to Chronology, I could give many Inſtances out of the Bible, but ſhall only name two that are very apparent, and eaſie to be underſtood by the meaneſt Capacity: See 1 *Kings* 6. 1. the words are theſe, *And it came to paſs, in the four hundred and fourſcorth Year after the Children of Iſrael were come out of the Land of Egypt, in the fourth Year of Solomon's Reign over Iſrael, in the Month Zif, which is the ſecond Month, he began to build the Houſe of the Lord.* Compare this Text, and number of Years with *Acts* 13. 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22; which is the beginning of St. *Paul*'s Sermon to the *Jews* of *Antioch*, and the number of Years therein contained; the words are theſe: *The God of this People of* Iſrael *choſe our Fathers, and exalted the People*

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when they dwelt as Strangers in the Land of Egypt, *and with an high Hand brought he them out of it. And about the time of forty Years ſuffered he their Manners in the Wilderneſs. And when he had deſtroyed ſeven Nations in the Land of* Canaan, *he divided their Land to them by Lot. And after that, he gave unto them Judges, about the ſpace of four hundred and fifty Years, until* Samuel *the Prophet. And afterwards they deſired a King, and God gave them* Saul, *the Son of* Kiſh, *a Man of the Tribe of* Benjamin, *for the ſpace of forty Years. And when he had removed him, he raiſed up unto them* David *to be their King.*

King *David* the Prophet reigned ſeven Years in *Hebron*, and thirty three Years in *Jeruſalem*; and for this ſee 1 *Kings* 2. 11. To this you muſt add the firſt three Years of his Son *Solomon*, according to the Text I have cited, in 1 *Kings* 6. 1. Put all theſe Numbers together, which are contained in St. *Paul*'s Sermon at *Antioch*, with the Reign of King *David*, the firſt three Years of *Solomon*, and ſeven Years of *Joſhua*'s Government, before the Land was divided by Lot, which is expreſly ſet down in *Acts* 13. 19. the number of the Years will run thus: Forty Years in the Wilderneſs, the ſeven Years of *Joſhua*, before the dividing the Land by the Lot; from thence, till *Samuel*, four hundred and fifty Years; forty Years for the Reign of *Saul*, forty Years for the Reign of *David*, and the firſt three Years of *Solomon*; all theſe Numbers added together, make five hundred and eighty Years; which Computation differs an hundred Years from that in 1 *Kings* 6. 1. which is but four hundred and eighty. It

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is not my present Business to reconcile this Difference; but I can easily do it; if any Body think it worth their Pains to quarrel with my Boldness, I am able to defend my self.

The second Instance is, as to the Reign of King *Solomon*; for this, see 1 *Kings* 11. 42. where it is said, he reigned but forty Years over *Israel*. *Josephus* says expressly, in the third Chapter of his eighth Book of Antiquities, that King *Solomon* reigned eighty Years, and died at the Age of ninety four. I would not presume to name this famous Historian in Contradiction to the Holy Scriptures, if it were not easie to prove by the Scriptures, that *Solomon* reigned almost twice forty Years. The *Greek* Version of the Bible, commonly call'd the *Septuagint*, or seventy two Interpreters, has it most expressly in 2 *Kings* 2. But the first Book of *Kings*, according to our Translationin *English*, says, That *Soloman sat upon the Throne of his Father David, when he was twelve Years of Age.* But for Confirmation, be pleas'd to see 1 *Chron.* 22. 5. and 29. 1. where it is said, That *Solomon was but young and tender for so great a Work, as the building of the Temple. Rehoboam the Son of Solomon was forty one Years old, when he began to reign*; see 1 *Kings* 14. 21. How was it possible then that *Solomon* could beget a Son, when he was but a Child himself, or of a eleven Years of Age according to the *Septuagint*? This Difficulty did strangely surprize a Primitive Bishop, by Name, *Vitalis*, who proposed this Doubt to St. *Jerome*, who was strangely put to it to return an Answer; and the Learned Holy Father is forc'd, at last, to say, *That the Letter of*

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the Scripture does often kill, but the Spirit enlivens. The Difficulty is ſtill greater than what *Vitalis* propoſed to St. *Jerome* in his Epiſtle: *Rehoboam* was the Son of *Naamah* an *Amonitiſh* Stranger-woman, as you may ſee in 1 *Kings* 14. 13. Now it is clear, that *Solomon* did not abandon the Law of God, nor give himſelf to ſtrange Women till the end of his Reign, ſee 1 *Kings* 9. where he had ſo many ſtrange Wives and Concubines, beſides his lawful Queen, the King of *Egypt*'s Daughter; and I hope this will convince any rational Man, that the Scripture names only the firſt forty Years of the Reign of King *Solomon*, which was the time, wherein he did what was Right in the ſight of the Lord; which I think is Demonſtration, that the Holy Scripture was not deſign'd to teach Mankind Geometry, or inſtruct them in Chronology. The Learned *Anthony Godeau*, Lord and Biſhop of *Venice*, ſeems to have been ſenſible of this great Difficulty; for in his Learned Church-hiſtory, his Epitom from *Adam* to Jeſus Chriſt, writing the Life of *Solomon*, he ſays, *He was twenty three Years old when he began his Reign.* Upon what Grounds, or from what Authority I know not; but this agrees better with the Age of *Solomon*'s Son *Rehoboam*; but it doth not remove the Difficulty, ſo well as what I have ſaid.

I come now in the laſt place to perform what I undertook, which is to prove, That the Scripture was not deſign'd to teach us Aſtronony, no more than Geometry or Chronology: And to make it appear that the two Texts cited by Father *Tacquet*, *viz.* that of *Pſal.* 19.

4, 5, 6. and *Josh.* 10. 12, *&c.* are at least as much for *Copernicus* his System, as they are for *Ptolomy*'s. The Words of the 19th *Psalm* are, *In them hath he set a Tabernacle for the Sun, which is as a Bridegroom coming out of his Chamber; and rejoyces as a strong Man to run his Race*, &c.

That these Words are Allegorical is most plain. Does not the Word *Set* import Stability, Fixedness and Rest, as much as the Words *run his Race*, and *come forth of his Chamber*, do signifie Motion, or turning round? Do not the Words *Tabernacle* and *Chamber* express Places of Rest, and Stability? And why may not I safely believe, that this makes for the Opinion of *Copernicus*, as well for that of *Ptolomy*? For the Words of the Scriptures favour one Opinion as much as the other. The Texts of the Sun's standing still at the Command of *Joshua*, are yet plainer for *Copernicus*, in *Josh.* 10. and the latter part of *v.* 12. the Words are these: *Sun stand thou still on Gibeon, and thou Moon on the Valley of Ajalon*, &c.

The best Edition of the *English* Bible, which is printed in a small *Folio* by *Buck*, in *Cambridge*, has an Asterism at the Word *stand*, and renders it in the Margent, from the Hebrew, *Be thou silent*: If it be so in the Hebrew, *be thou silent* makes as much for the Motion of the Earth, according to *Copernicus*, as for the Motion of the Sun according to *Ptolomy*, but not to Criticize upon Words, consider this miraculous Passage, not only the Sun is commanded to stand still, but the Moon also, *And thou Moon on the Valley of Ajalon*. The reason the Sun was commanded to stand still, was to the end

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the Children of *Iſrael* might have Light to guide them, to deſtroy their Enemies. Now when by this Miracle they had the Light of the Sun, of what Advantage could the Moon be to them? Why was ſhe commanded to ſtand ſtill upon the Valley of *Ajalon?* Beſides, be pleaſed to conſider, the Holy Land is but a very little Country or Province: The Valley of *Ajalon* is very near *Gibeon*, where *Joſhua* ſpoke to both Sun and Moon together to ſtand ſtill above, in places ſo near each other, it is Demonſtration, that the Moon was at that time very near the Sun; and by conſequence was at that time either a Day or two before her Change, or a Day or two at moſt after New Moon; and then ſhe is nearer to the Body of the Sun, as to appearance, ſo could not aſſiſt the Children of *Iſrael* with Light, having ſo little of her own: It was then for ſome other reaſon that the Moon ſtood ſtill; and for ſome other reaſon that it is taken notice of in Holy Scripture. Both Syſtems agree that the Moon is the neareſt Planet to the Earth, and ſubſervient to it, to enlighten it, during the Night, in abſence of the Sun. Beſides this, the Moon has other ſtrange Effects, not only on the Earth it ſelf, but upon all the living Creatures that inhabit it; many of them are inviſible, and as yet unknown to Mankind; ſome of them are moſt apparent; and above all, her wonderful Influence over the Ebbing and Flowing of the Sea, at ſuch regular Times and Seaſons, if not interrupted by the accident of ſome Storm, or great Wind. We know of no Relation or

Correſponding between the Sun and Moon, unleſs it be what is common with all the reſt of the Planets, that the Moon receives her Light from the Sun, which ſhe reſtores again by Reflection. If the Sun did move, according to the Syſtem of *Ptolemy*, where was the neceſſity of the Moon's ſtanding ſtill? For if the Moon had gone on her Courſe, where was the loſs or diſorder in Nature? She having, as I demonſtrated before, ſo little Light, being ſo very near her Change, would have recovered her Loſs at the next Appearance of the Sun, and the Earth could have ſuffered nothing by the Accident; whereas the Earth moving at the ſame time, in an annual and diurnal Courſe, according to the Syſtem of *Copernicus*, would have occaſioned ſuch a Diſorder and Confuſion in Nature, that nothing leſs than two or three new Miracles, all as great as the firſt, could have ſet the World in Order again: The regular Ebbings and Flowings of the Sea muſt have been interrupted, as alſo the Appearing of the Sun in the Horizon, beſides many other Inconveniencies in Nature; as, the Eclipſes of the Sun and Moon, which are now ſo regular, that an Aſtronomer could tell you to a Minute, what Eclipſes will be for thouſands of Years to come, both of Sun and Moon; when, and in what Climates they will be viſible, and how long they will laſt, how many Degrees and Digits of thoſe two great Luminaries will be obſcured: So that I doubt not but when this ſtupendious Miracle was performed by the Almighty and Infinite Pow-

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er of God, his Omnipotent Arm did in an inſtant ſtop the Courſe of Nature, and the whole Frame of the Univerſe was at a ſtand, though the Sun and Moon be only named, being, to vulgar Appearance, the two great Luminaries that govern the Univerſe. This was the ſpace of a Day in Time, yet can be call'd no part of Time, ſince Time and Nature are always in motion, and this Day was a ſtop of that Courſe. What is there in all this wonderful ſtop of Time, that is not as ſtrong for the Syſtem of *Copernicus*, as for that of *Ptolemy?* And why does my Belief of the Motion of the Earth, and the Reſt of the Sun contradict the Holy Scriptures? Am not I as much obliged to believe that the Sun lodges in a Tabernacle? (as in *Pſalm* 19.) Are not all theſe Allegorical Sayings? In the abovenamed Edition of the *Engliſh* Bible of *Buck*'s at *Cambridge*, ſee *Iſa.* 8. 38. where the Shadow returned ten Degrees backwards, as a Sign of King *Hezekiah*'s Recovery, and there follow theſe Words, *And the Sun returned ten Degrees*; but on the Margin you will find it from the Hebrew, *The Shadow turned ten Degrees by the Sun*; and this is yet as much for *Copernicus* as *Ptolemy*. Whether God Almighty added ten Degrees or Hours to that Day, or by another kind of Miracle, made the Shadow to return upon the Dial of *Ahaz*, I will not preſume to determine; but ſtill you ſee the *Hebrew* is moſt agreeable to the new Syſtem of *Copernicus*.

Thus I hope I have performed my Undertaking, in making it appear, that the Holy

Scriptures, in things that are not material to the Salvation of Mankind, do altogether condeſcend to the vulgar Capacity; and that theſe two Texts of *Pſal.* 19. and *Joſh.* 10. are as much for *Copernicus* as againſt him. I hope none will think my Undertaking too bold, in making ſo much uſe of the Scripture, on ſuch an Occaſion: I have a Precedent, much eſteemed by all ingenious Men; that is, Mr. *Burnet*'s Book of *Paradiſe*, and *Antediluvian World*, which incroaches as much, if not more, on the Holy Scriptures. But I have another Reaſon for ſaying ſo much of the Scriptures at this time: We live in an Age, wherein many believe nothing contained in that Holy Book, others turn it into Ridicule: Some uſe it only for Miſchief, and as a Foundation and Ground for Rebellion: Some keep cloſe to the literal Sence; and others give the Word of God only that Meaning and Sence that pleaſes their own Humours, or ſuits beſt their preſent Purpoſe and Intereſts. As I quoted an Apiſtle of St. *Jerome* to *Vitalis* before, where that great Father ſays, That *the Letter kills, but the Spirit enlivens*; I think it is the Duty of all good Chriſtians to acquieſce in the Opinion and Decrees of the Church of Chriſt, in whom dwells the Spirit of God, which enlightens us to Matters of Religion and Faith; and as to other things contained in the Holy Scriptures relating to Aſtronomy, Geometry, Chronology, or other liberal Sciences, we leave thoſe Points to the Opinion of the Learned, who, by comparing the ſeveral Copies, Tranſlations, Verſions and Edi-

Editions of the Bible, are beſt able to reconcile any apparent Differences; and this with all Submiſſion to the Canons of general Councils, and Decrees of the Church. For the School-men agitate and delate many things of a higher Nature, than the ſtanding ſtill, or the Motion of the Sun or the Earth. And therefore, I hope my Readers will be ſo juſt as to think, I intend no Reflection on Religion by this Eſſay; which being no Matter of Faith, is free for every one to believe, or not believe, as they pleaſe. I have adventur'd to ſay nothing, but from good Authority: And as this is approved of by the World, I may hereafter venture to publiſh ſomewhat may be more uſeful to the Publick. I ſhall conclude therefore with ſome few Lines, as to my preſent Tranſlation.

I have laid the Scene at *Paris*, where the Original was writ; and have tranſlated the Book near the Words of the Author. I have made bold to correct a Fault of the *French* Copy, as to the heighth of our Air or Sphere of Activity of the Earth, which the *French* Copy makes twenty or thirty Leagues, I call it two or three, becauſe ſure this was a Fault of the Printer, and not a Miſtake of the Author. For Monſieur *Des Cartes*, and Monſieur *Rohalt*, both aſſert it to be but two or three Leagues. I thought *Paris* and St. *Denis* fitter to be made uſe of as Examples, to compare the Earth and Moon to, than *London* and *Greenwich*; becauſe St. *Denis* having ſeveral Steeples and Walls, is more like *Paris* than *Greenwich* is to *London*:

Greenwich has do Walls, and but one very low Steeple, not to be ſeen from the Monument without a Proſpective-glaſs. And I reſolv'd either to give you the *French* Book into *Engliſh*, or to give you the Subject quite changed and made my own; but having neither Health nor Leiſure for the laſt, I offer you the firſt, ſuch as it is.

F I N I S.

THE HISTORY OF ORACLES, AND THE CHEATS OF THE Pagan Priests.

Written in Latin by Dr. *Van-Dale.*

Made Engliſh by Mrs. *Behn.*

LONDON:

Printed by *W. O.* for *Sam. Briſcoe*, at the *Black-amoors-head*, in *Bow-ſtreet*, *Covent-garden.*
M DC XC IX.

UMI

To the Right Honourable,

JOHN, Lord *Vaughan*,

Baron of *Emlyn* and *Mollinger*,

EARL of *CARBERY*,

AND

Kt. of the Hon^able *Order of the Bath.*

My LORD,

THE extraordinary Figure your Lordſhip makes in the foremoſt Rank of our Nobility, is too viſible to eſcape the Obſervation of all Men; if Dignity was now again to be the Reward of Vertue, as it originally was, your Lordſhip has ſo many undoubted Claims to it, that are ſufficient to enoble the meaneſt Extraction; Your wonderful and univerſal Learning, your exquiſite Judgment and Senſe, which makes you the laſt Appeal of all Controverſies, where Judgment, Wit and Learning have any ſhare, will juſtifie my Aſſertion. But to have all theſe

Noble Qualities illuſtrated with an Ancient and Noble Stock, is a Merit that very few can boaſt, and only you in that degree of Excellence.

This I ſhou'd not dare to ſay from my ſelf, as incapable of comprehending Excellencies of which I am my ſelf unfurniſh'd, but as the Opinion of your Lordſhip's abſent Friends, which is always the moſt ſincere; and I have an undeniable Teſtimony of this from the Judgment of a Gentleman eminent for his Wit and Learning, as for his Reſpect and Friendſhip for your Lordſhip, whom I have heard ſay more in your Praiſe, my LORD, than I dare with my rude Pencil copy after him.

The learned and ingenious *Fontanelle* is the Author of this Book I moſt humbly offer to your Patronage, which, as himſelf confeſſes in the Preface, he took moſtly from the famous *Vandale*, a Dutch-man. The Original was large and tedious: Our Author has left out all that might ſwell the Bulk of his Book, without any mighty Improvement or Pleaſure to the Reader, and ſo has made this perhaps, tho' only a Copy, better than the Original. If the Author and Tranſlator have done what may meet your Lordſhip's Approbation, I'm confident they will both conclude

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they have both beſtow'd their Pains very agreeably, ſince by that they muſt be ſure of a certain Fame from their Performance.

This Edition falling to my Province, I thought I cou'd do no greater Honour to both, than to ſhelter them under ſo Glorious and Awful a Patronage: To which, my LORD, if I durſt, I wou'd fly my ſelf from thoſe Misfortunes that have too lately oppreſs'd me. And here, my LORD, I feel the moſt ſevere Influence of my Stars, that deny me Merit enough to hope it: But as Heaven looks with an equal Eye of Compaſſion on all that want its Protection, ſo I hope ſo very fair a Copy of that great Original, will pardon me, when I preſume to offer both my ſelf and this Book to your Lordſhip, and to ſubſcribe my ſelf, my LORD,

Your LORDSHIP'*s moſt obedient and moſt humble Servant,*

SAM. BRISCOE.

[*Place this Epiſtle Dedicatory next after the Title of the Hiſtory of the Oracles.*]

THE PREFACE TO THE Hiſtory of Oracles.

NOT *long ſince there fell into my Hands a ſmall Book written in* Latin, de Oraculis Ethnicorum, *or of the* Heathen Oracles, *compoſed by Mr.* Van-Dale, *Doctor of Phyſick, and printed in* Holland, *in which I found that the Author has ſtrenuouſly refuted the commonly received Opinion,* That the ancient *Oracles* were delivered by *Dæmons*, and that they ceaſed wholly at the coming of JESUS CHRIST. *The whole Work appeared to me to be full of Knowledge in Antiquity and profound Learning: Which gave me a great Curioſity to Tranſlate it, that the Ladies and thoſe Gentlemen, who do not much care to read* Latin, *might not be deprived of ſo agreeable and uſeful a Diſcourſe. But I reflect-*

reflected, that a Tranſlation of this Book (tho' excellent in its Original) would not be ſo good, if too cloſely turned into French: *For Mr.* Van-Dale *wrote only for the Learned, and had reaſon to neglect thoſe Ornaments and Softneſſes which They do not eſteem; he cites a great number of Paſſages very faithfully, and his Verſions are wonderful exact when he Tranſlates from the* Greek; *he enters alſo into a Diſcuſſion of many Points of Criticiſm, which, tho' they are not always neceſſary, yet they are always curious; and this he does, to gratifie the Learned, who care little for flouriſhing Reflections, Diſcourſes of Morality, or pleaſant Wit.*

Beſides, Mr. Van-Dale *makes no difficulty very often to interrupt the Thread of his Diſcourſe, and to introduce other things which preſent themſelves: And from one Digreſſion he ſometimes paſſes to another, and ſo perhaps to a third. And herein he does not amiſs, ſince thoſe for whom he writes, are fitted for the Fatigue of Reading, and this learned Diſorder does not at all embaraſs or perplex them. But thoſe, for whom I deſign this Tranſlation, would have been very ill accommodated, if I had taken this Method: The Ladies, and the major part of the Men of this Country, are indeed more pleaſed with the Graces and Turns of Expreſſion and Thought*

than

than with the moſt exact Enquiries and profoundeſt Arguments: And being very fond of Eaſe, they deſire to read Books written in a facile Method, that they may be the leſs obliged to a troubleſome Attention. For this Reaſon, I laid by the thoughts of Tranſlating, and thought it would be better, preſerving the Foundation and principal Matter of the Work, to give it altogether another Form. And I confeſs, that no Man can extend this Liberty farther than I have done; for I have changed the whole Diſpoſition of the Book, and have retrenched whatever appeared to me, either of too little Profit in it ſelf, or of too little Pleaſure to make amends for that little Profit. I have not only added all the Ornaments I could think of, but many things which prove or clear up what is in queſtion upon the ſame Subject, and the ſame Paſſages, which Mr. Van-Dale *furniſhed me withal. I argue ſometimes in a manner contrary to his, and I have not been ſcrupulous to inſert many Reaſons wholly my own: In fine, I have new caſt and modelled the whole Work, and have put it into the ſame Order as I ſhould have done at firſt (to have pleaſed my particular View) had I had ſo much Knowledge as Mr.* Van-Dale; *but, ſince I am far from it, I have borrowed his Learning, and ventured to make uſe of my own Wit and Fancy,*

Fancy, (such as it is,) to adorn it. Nor should I have fail'd to have pursued his Method, had I had to do with the same Persons as he had. And if it shall happen that this comes to his Knowledge, I beseech him to pardon the Liberty I have taken, since it will serve to show the Excellency of his Book: For certainly what belongs to him, will still appear extremely fine, though it have passed through my Hands.

I have lately learned two things, which have Relation to this Book: The first out of the Tracts called * Nouvelles, *&c. or,* News from the Common-wealth of Letters, *which is, that Mr.* Mæbius, *Chief of the Professors of Divinity at* Leipsick, *has undertaken to confute Mr.* Van-Dale. *He acknowledges indeed, that* Oracles *did not cease at the Coming of* JESUS CHRIST, *(which will be indisputable when we shall have examined that Question;) but he will by no means yield, that* Dæmons *were not the Authors of* Oracles. *So that he himself makes a very considerable Invasion on the common Opinion, in allowing* Oracles *to extend themselves beyond the time of the Coming of* CHRIST; *and it will be a great Argument that they were not delivered by* Dæmons, *but by the Cheats of the Priests, if the Son of God did not silence them. 'Tis cer-*

* For the Month of *June*, 1686.

certain, that according to the uſual Acceptation of theſe two Notions, what deſtroys the one extremely ſhakes the other, or rather quite ruins it: And this perhaps, after the reading of this Book, will be readily acknowledged to be ſo.

But what is more remarkable, is, that I found in the ſame Book, that one of Mr. Mæbius's *ſtrongeſt Reaſons againſt Mr.* Van-Dale, *was, that* GOD *forbad the* Iſraelites *to conſult Wizards and the Spirits of* Python, *whence he concludes that* Python, *that is to ſay the* Dæmons, *managed the* Oracles, *and that it was by their Aid that the Ghoſt of* Samuel *was made to appear. Mr.* Van-Dale *may anſwer what he pleaſes, but for my part, I declare, that under the Name of* Oracles, *I do not pretend to comprehend* Magick: *In which it is not to be diſputed but that* Dæmons *are concerned; nor is it comprehended in what we commonly underſtand by the word* [Oracle] *not even according to the Sence of the ancient* Heathens, *who on one ſide regarded* Oracles *with Reſpect, as a part of their Religion, and on the other Hand had a Horror for* Magick, *as well as we. To go and conſult a* Necromancer, *or ſome Witch of* Theſſaly, *like* Erictho *in* Lucan, *was not called, going to an* Oracle; *and if we mark it, this Diſtinction is true, even*

accor-

according to the common Opinion, which affirms that Oracles *ceased at the Coming of* CHRIST, *and yet no Man can pretend that Magick then ceased. So that the Objection of Mr.* Mæbius *makes nothing against me, if he take the word* [Oracle] *in its ordinary and natural Signification, as well ancient as modern.*

The second thing I have to speak of is, that I am advertised that the reverend Father Thomasin, *a Priest of the Oratory, famous for so many excellent Books, wherein he has joyned solid Piety to profound Learning, has taken from this Book the Honour of first broaching this Paradox, by treating* Oracles *as meer Knavery (in his Book called,* The Method of Study, and of Teaching the Poets to Christian Children.) *I confess I was a little troubled at this, but I pacified my self with reading the twenty first Chapter of the eleventh Book of this Method, where I found nothing relating to my Opinion, save only that in the nineteenth Article, there are a very few words to the following Sence:* The true Reason (says he) why silence was imposed on *Oracles*, was, because by the Invocation of the Divine Word, truth has enlightned the World, and spread abroad abundance of Light far different from what was before, by which Men are emancipated

ted from the Illuſions of Augurs and Aſtrologers, the Obſervation of the Entrails of Beaſts, and the greateſt part of *Oracles*: Which were indeed but Impoſtures, whereby Men deceived one another with obſcure Words that bore a double Sence: In fine, if there were *Oracles*, in which the Devil ſpoke, the coming of the *Incarnate Truth* condemned the Father of Lies to an eternal Silence. 'Tis however very certain that *Dæmons* were conſulted, whenever Men had recourſe to Inchantments and Magick, as *Lucan* reports of *Pompey* the Younger, and as the Scripture aſſures us concerning *Saul*. *I agree that in ſuch a great Treatiſe, which mentions* Oracles *but by the by (and that without any Deſign of ſearching into the depth of the Matter) it is enough to attribute the moſt part of* Oracles *to the Contrivances and Deceits of Men, and to make a Queſtion whether there were any of them at all, in which* Dæmons *were concerned, and to allow the* Dæmons *no further Imployment than comes within the compaſs of Incantations and Magick; and, in fine, to prove that* Oracles *ceas'd, not becauſe the Son of God impoſed Silence on 'em, all of a ſudden, but becauſe the moſt enlightned Wits were diſabuſed by the Publication of the Goſpel: Which ſtill ſuppoſes that thoſe Human Artifices*

fices could not be detected in a little time. However in my Opinion a Queſtion decided in ſo few words ought to be treated of a-new, and that in all its natural Extent, without any Man's being offended by the Repetition; for 'tis putting in Great, what the World has hitherto ſeen but only in Little; and ſo in little, that its Objects are ſcarce preceptible.

I know not whether it be permitted me to enlarge my Preface, by making a ſhort Obſervation upon the Stile I ſhall uſe, which is familiar, and after the manner of Converſing: And I imagine that I entertain my Reader ſo much the more pleaſingly, becauſe I muſt, as it were, diſpute with him: And the Matter which I have in Hand, being often capable enough of being turned into Ridicule, engaged me in a Manner of Writing far different from that of Sublime; ſince I am of Opinion that none ought to write loftily, but he that writes in Defence of himſelf, it is ſo little natural. I confeſs, that the low Stile is yet ſomething worſe, but there is a Medium of a very great Latitude; yet 'tis mighty hard to take that Pitch which is neceſſary, and to keep ſteady to it.

THE

THE HISTORY OF ORACLES.

MY Design is not to give you directly an History of *Oracles*; I only intend to argue against that common Opinion which attributes 'em to *Dæmons*, and will have 'em to ceaſe at the coming of Jeſus Chriſt. In doing this 'tis neceſſary that I run through the whole Hiſtory of *Oracles*, that I unfold their Originals, their Progreſs, the different Manners in which they were deliver'd; and laſtly, their Decay, with the ſame Exactneſs as if I were in theſe Matters purſuing the Natural and Hiſtorical Order.

It is not at all ſurprizing, that Philoſophers ſhou'd have ſo much trouble in finding out the Secrets of Nature, her Principles being ſo hidden that 'tis raſhneſs in Men to think to diſcover 'em. But when we have no more to do, but to enquire whether the *Oracles* were a

Trick and Artifice of the Heathen Priests, or not, and at what time they ceas'd, Where lies the Difficulty? Cannot we that are imposed on every Day, imagine how far other Men may have been Deceivers, or deceived? But especially when the whole matter turns upon the time when *Oracles* ceased, Where can the Difficulty be? There are many Books that treat of *Oracles*; let us see therefore in what time, or in what Age the last *Oracles*, of which we have any knowledge, were deliver'd.

Men are not willing to suffer the Decision of things to be too easie, and therefore they mingle their own Prejudices with Truths, and so create greater Perplexities than are naturally found therein; and those Scruples, which our selves frame, give us the most pain to untangle. And in my Opinion this Business of *Oracles* hath no considerable Difficulty in it, but what we our selves have raised. It is in its own Nature, a matter of Religion amongst the Pagans, and become so without any Necessity amongst Christians, and on both sides it is loaded with Prejudices which obscure the clearest Truths.

I confess that Prejudices are not in themselves common to a true as well as a false Religion; for they reign chiefly in the false, which is only the Contrivance of Humane Wit; but in the true (which is the Production of God alone) there wou'd none be ever found, if Humane Wit cou'd be prevented from intermedling and mixing something of its own with it; for all its new Inventions are but Prejudices without ground, and it is not able to add any thing

thing real or solid to the great Work of God. Nevertheless, these Prejudices that are in the true Religion, are, as I may say, so closely interwoven with it, that they have drawn that Respect to themselves which is only due to the true Religion; and we dare not find fault with the One, for fear of attacking at the same time something that is holy in the Other. I do not reproach this Excess of Religion in those that are capable of discerning, but rather praise it; yet whatever Commendations they may deserve, we cannot but confess, that a just *Medium* is much the safest Course; and that it is more reasonable to remove Error from Truth, than to venerate Error because it is mix'd with Truth. Christianity has been always able to stand of its self without false Proofs; but it is at present rendred more so than ever, by the Pains the great Men of this Age have taken to establish it on true Foundations with greater Power and Force than ever the Ancients did; and we ought to be fill'd with so just Confidence of our Religion, as to reject all false Advantages, tho' they may be useful to a weaker Party. Having laid this Foundation, I advance boldly to prove, That *Oracles*, of what nature soever, were not deliver'd by *Demons*, and that they did not cease at the coming of Jesus Christ. Each of which Points deserves a particular Discourse.

The First Discourse,

That Oracles were not given by Dæmons.

IT is certain, that there are *Dæmons*, evil *Genii*, and Spirits condemn'd to eternal Punishment. Religion teaches us that; and if so, then our Reason must tell us, that these *Dæmons* might have animated Statues, and delivered *Oracles*, if God had permitted them so to do. We are therefore only to inquire whether they had such Permission or not.

'Tis only then a Matter of Fact which is in dispute; and this Matter of Fact depending wholly on the Will of God, it is certain, that it would have been revealed to us, if the knowledge thereof were necessary. But the Holy Scriptures do not teach us any where, that *Oracles* were deliver'd by *Dæmons*; and therefore we are at liberty to chuse which side we will take in this matter; for it is of the number of those things that the Divine Wisdom has thought fit to leave to our own Decision.

Now it is agreed on by the whole World, that there was something supernatural in *Oracles*;

cles; the reason of which is easily found, as to what regards the present Age: For since it was believ'd in the first Ages of Christianity, that *Oracles* were deliver'd by *Damons*, this seems a sufficient cause for us to believe it now; for whatever was the Opinion of the Ancients, good or bad, it was always favourably received; and what they themselves cou'd not prove by sufficient Reasons, is in our Days prov'd by their Authority alone. If they foresaw this, they did very well not to give themselves the trouble of reasoning too nicely. But let us inquire after the Reasons which obliged the Primitive Christians to believe, that *Oracles* had something supernatural in 'em; and we shall afterwards try whether they were sound and solid, or not.

CHAP.

CHAP. I.

The first Reason why the Primitive Christians believed that Oracles *were delivered by* Dæmons; *and the surprizing Histories that were publish'd concerning* Oracles *and* Genii.

ANtiquity is full of abundance of wonderful Histories and *Oracles*, which, as it is believ'd, muſt needs be attributed to Spirits: I will relate ſome few Examples, which ſhall ſerve for a Taſte of what the reſt were:

All the World knows what happen'd to the Pilot *Thamus*: His Ship being one Evening near certain Iſlands in the *Ægean* Sea, the Winds were huſh'd on a ſudden, and the Waves ceas'd their motion; all the Paſſengers were awake, and the greateſt part of 'em paſſing their time in drinking one with another, when on a ſudden they heard a Voice, which came from the Iſlands, and call'd aloud, *Thamus*. *Thamus* ſuffer'd himſelf to be call'd thrice before he return'd an Anſwer, and then the Voice commanded him, that when he did arrive at a certain place, he ſhould cry out, *That the great* Pan *was dead*. There was not a Man in the Ship who was not ſeiz'd with Fear and Dread at theſe Words; and they all conſulted whether *Thamus* ought obey the Voice

or

or not; but *Thamus* resolv'd that if when they were arrived at the appointed place, there were Wind enough to Sail onwards, he would pass by without saying any thing; but if a Calm happen'd to keep him there, he then would acquit himself of the Order he had receiv'd. And so finding himself to be surpriz'd with a Calm in that very place, he cry'd out with all his force, *That the Great* Pan *was dead.* Scarce had he given over speaking, but they heard from every side Groans and Complaints as of a great Multitude surpriz'd and afflicted at this News. All those who were in the Ship were Witnesses of this Accident; the Fame of which spread it self in a little time, as far as *Rome*; and the Emperor *Tiberius* having a desire to see *Thamus* himself, assembled a great number of Pagan Priests to know of them who this great *Pan* was, and it was concluded, that he was the Son of *Mercury* and *Penelope*. Thus in *Plutarch*'s Dialogues (where he treats of the Cessation of *Oracles*) *Cleombrotus* tells this Story, and says he had it of *Epitherses* his Grammar-master, who was in the Ship with *Thamus* when this Wonder happen'd.

Thulis was a King of *Egypt*, whose Empire extended it self as far as the Ocean: It is he who (as they said) gave the Name of *Thule* to the Isle now called *Iseland*. His Empire reaching thither was of a large Extent, and the King puff'd up with Pride at his Success and Prosperity went to the *Oracle* of *Serapis*, and thus he spake to it; *Thou that art the God of Fire, and who governest the* *Suidas.*

Course of the Heavens, tell me the Truth: Was there ever, or will there ever be one so Puissant as my self?

The *Oracle* answer'd him thus:

First God, then the Word and Spirit, all——uniting in one, whose Power can never end. Go hence immediately, O Mortal, whose Life is always uncertain. And *Thulis* at his going thence had his Throat cut.

Eusebius has collected from the Writings of *Porphyrus* these following *Oracles:*

1. *Groan, ye* Tripodes, Apollo *leaves you; he is forced to leave you by a Celestial Light.* Jupiter *has been, is, and ever will be: Oh, great* Jupiter! *Alas! my famous* Oracles *are no more.*

2. *The Voice can return no more to the Priestess, she is condemn'd to Silence. Make such Sacrifices to* Apollo, *as are worthy of a God.*

3. *Unhappy Priest,* (said *Apollo* to one of his Priests) *interrogate me no more concerning the Holy Father, his only Son, nor the Spirit, which is the Soul of all things: It is this Spirit that chases me for ever from these Abodes.*

Suidas, Nicephorus, Cedrenus.

Augustus, now grown old, and designing to chuse a Successor, went to consult the *Oracle* of *Delphos*. The *Oracle* returned no Answer, altho' *Augustus* spared no Sacrifice; but in the end he drew from it this following:

The Hebrew Infant, to whom all the Gods pay Obedience, chases me hence and sends me into Hell. Therefore quit this Temple, without speaking any more.

It

It is easie to see, that upon the Credit of such like Histories, they ground their Opinion, who say, that *Demons* employed themselves in pronouncing *Oracles*. This great *Pan* (who died in the Reign of *Tiberius*, as well as Jesus Christ) is the Master and Prince of the *Demons*, whose Empire was ruined by the Death of a God so saving to the Universe: Or, if this Explanation do not please you, (for I hope we may without Impiety give different Solutions of the same thing, altho' it be of a religious Concern) this great *Pan* was Jesus Christ himself: Whose Death caused so general a Grief and Consternation among the *Demons*, who from that time could no more exercise their Tyranny over Mankind: Thus a way has been found out to give a double Account who this great *Pan* was.

Could the *Oracle* delivered to King *Thulis* (an *Oracle* so positive concerning the Holy Trinity) be a Humane Fiction? How could the Priest of *Serapis* have divined so great Mystery, unknown then to all the World, and even to the Jews themselves?

If these *Oracles* were delivered by Priests, who were Impostors, what could oblige them to discredit themselves, and publish the Cessation of their own gainful *Oracles?* Is it not visible, that God forced *Demons* to bear Witness to the Truth? Besides, why did the *Oracles* cease, if they were only deliver'd by Priests?

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

The second Reason why the Primitive Christians believed that Oracles *were supernatural; and the Agreement of this Opinion with the System of Christianity.*

THat there are *Damons* being once allowed by Christianity, it was natural and easie enough to attribute to them the Ability of performing any thing that is Great and Wonderful, and not to refuse them the Power of delivering *Oracles*, and effecting any other Pagan Miracles, which seemed to have need of their Assistance. And thus the Ancients saved themselves the trouble of entring into a strict Enquiry about Matters which would be tedious and difficult: For all that was suprizing and extraordinary, was without any more ado ascribed to these *Damons*: And this alone they thought a sufficient Confirmation of their Existence, and of the Religion it self that warranted it.

Moreover, It is certain, that about the time of the Birth of Jesus Christ, there is often mention made of the Cessation of *Oracles* even in Prophane Authors. Now, why this time rather than any other, was destinied for the Cessation of them is very easily made out, according to the System of the Christian Religion. God had chosen his People out of the Jewish Nation, and left the Empire of the rest of the World to *Damons* till the coming of his Son; but

but then, he deprived them of that Power, which before he permitted them to have: His Will then was, that all should submit themselves to Jesus Christ; and that nothing should hinder the Establishment of his Kingdom over all the World. There is such a sort of Happiness in this Thought, that I do not wonder it has made so great a Progress. This is one of those things to the truth of which we so easily accord, and which perswaded us, because we are willing to believe.

CHAP. III.

The third Reason of the Primitive Christians, taken from the Agreement of their Opinion with the Philosophy of Plato.

NEver any Philosophy was so *A-la-mode*, as that of *Plato* during the first Ages of the Church: The Pagans interested themselves amongst all the different Sects of Philosophers, but the Conformity which *Plato*'s was found to have with Religion, made almost all the knowing Christians of that Sect. Thence came the mighty Esteem they had of *Plato*, they looked upon him as a sort of Prophet who had fore-told many important Points of Christianity, especially that of the Holy Trinity; (which we cannot deny to be clearly enough contained in his Writings:) Nay, they went so far as to take his Works for Comments on the Scrip-

Scripture; and to conceive the Nature of the *Word*, as he conceived it. He represented God so elevated above his Creatures, that he did not believe that they were immediately made by his Hands; and therefore he put between them and him this *Word*, as a degree by which the Actions of God might pass down to them: The Christians had the like Idea of Jesus Christ: And this may perhaps be the Reason why no Heresie has been more generally received and maintained with greater Heat than *Arrianism*.

This *Platonism* then (which seems to Honour the Christian Religion by countenancing it) was very full of Notions about *Damons:* And thence they easily pass'd into that Opinion which the old Christians had of *Oracles*.

Plato said that *Damons* were of a middle Nature, between God and Man; that they were the aerial *Genii* appointed to hold Commerce, between God and us; that altho' they were near us, yet we cou'd not see them; that they penetrated into all our Thoughts; that they had a Love for the *Good*, and a Hatred for the *Bad*; and that it was for their Honour that such variety of Sacrifices, and so many different Ceremonies were appointed: But it does not at all appear, that *Plato* acknowledged any evil *Damons*, to which might be attributed the management of the Illusions of *Oracles*. *Plutarch*, notwithstanding, assures us, that *Plato* was not ignorant of them; and amongst the *Platonical* Philosophers, the thing is out of doubt. * *Eusebius* in his *Evangelical Preparations*, recites

* *Dialogues of the ceasing of Oracles*, Lib. 4, 5, 6.

cites a great number of Passages out of *Porphyrius*, where the Pagan Philosopher assures us, that evil *Daemons* are the Authors of Enchantments, Philtres and Witch-crafts; that they cheat our Eyes with Spectres, Fantoms and Apparitions; that Lying is essential to their Nature; that they raise in us the greatest part of our Passions; and that they have an Ambition to pass with us for Gods; that their aerial and spiritual Bodies are nourished with Suffumigations, and with the Blood and Fat of Sacrifices; and that 'tis only these that imploy themselves in giving *Oracles*, and to whom this Task so full of Fraud is assign'd: In short, at the Head of this Troop of evil *Daemons* he places *Hecate* and *Serapis*.

Jamblichus, another *Platonist*, has said as much. And the greatest part of these things being true, the Christians received them all with Joy, and have added to them besides a little of their own: As for example, That the *Daemons* stole from the Writings of the Prophets some Knowledge of things to come; and so got Honour by it in their *Oracles*. Tertullian in his Apologies.

This System of the ancient Christians had this Advantage, that it discovered to the Pagans by their own Principles, the Original of their false Worship, and the Source of those Errors which they always embraced. They were perswaded that there was something supernatural in their *Oracles*; and the Christians, who were always disputing against them, did not desire to confute this Opinion. Thus by *Daemons* (which both Parties believed to be con-

concerned in the *Oracles*, they explicated all that was supernatural in them. They acknowledged indeed that this sort of ordinary Miracles were wrought in the Pagan Religion; but then they ruined this Advantage again, by imputing them to such Authors as evil Spirits. And this way of convincing, was more short and easie, than to contradict the Miracle itself, by a long Train of Enquiries and Arguments. Thus I have given you the manner how that Opinion which the first Ages of the Church had of the Pagan *Oracles*, was grounded; I might to the three Reasons, which I have already brought, add a fourth of no less Authority perhaps than those; that is, That in the Supposition of *Oracles* being given by *Dæmons*, there is something miraculous: And if we consider the Humour of Mankind a little, we shall find how much we are taken with any thing that is miraculous. But I do not intend to enlarge my self on this Reflection; for those that think upon it, will easily believe me, and those that do not, will perhaps give it no Credit, notwithstanding all my Arguments.

Let us now examine the several Reasons which Men have had to believe *Oracles* to be supernatural.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

That the surprizing Histories of Oracles *ought to be suspected.*

IT is very difficult to give an Account of those Stories and *Oracles* which we have mentioned, without having Recourse to *Damons*. But the Question is, Whether they be true? Let us be assured of the Matter of Fact, before we trouble ourselves with enquiring into the Cause. It is true, that this Method is too slow and dull for the greatest part of Mankind, who run naturally to the Cause, and pass over the Truth of the Matter of Fact; but for my part, I will not be so ridiculous as to find out a Cause for what is not.

This kind of Misfortune happened so pleasantly at the end of the last Age, to some learned *Germans*, that I cannot forbear speaking of it: "In the Year 1593, there was a "Report, that the Teeth of a Child of *Silesia* of seven Years old, dropp'd out, and "that one of Gold came in the Place of one "of his great Teeth. *Horstius*, a Physician "in the University of *Helmstad*, wrote, in "the Year 1595, the History of this Tooth, "and pretends that it was partly natural, and "partly miraculous, and that it was sent from "God to this Infant, to comfort the Christians who were then afflicted by the Turks.

Now fansie to your self what a Consolation this was, and what this Tooth could signifie, either

either to the Christians or the Turks. In the same Year (that this Tooth might not want for Historians) one *Rolandus* wrote a Book of it; Two Years after, *Ingolstetenus*, another learned Man, wrote against the Opinion of *Rolandus* concerning this Golden Tooth; and *Rolandus* presently makes a learned Reply. Another great Man, named *Libavius*, collected all that had been said of this Tooth, to which he added his own Opinion. In fine their wanted nothing to so many famous Works, but only the Truth of its being a Golden Tooth. For when a Gold-smith had examined it, he found, that it was only a thin Plate of Gold fix'd to the Tooth with a great deal of Art. Thus they first went about to compile Books, and afterwards they consulted the Gold-smith.

Nothing is more natural than to do the same thing in all other cases. And I am not so convinc'd of our Ignorance by the things that are, and of which the Reasons are unknown, as by those which are not, and for which we yet find out Reasons. That is to say, as we want those Principles that lead us to Truth, so we have those which agree exceeding well with Error and Falsehood.

Some learned Physicians have found out the reason why places under Ground are hot in the Winter and cool in the Summer; and greater Physicians have since discover'd that they are not so.

Historical Enquiries are much more liable to this Error: For when we argue from what is said in History, what Assurances have we that these Historians have never been byassed, nor

nor credulous, nor misinform'd, nor negligent? 'Tis necessary therefore that we should look out for one, that has been an Eye-witness of all those things of which he writes, unconcern'd by Interest, and diligent: But especially when Men write of such Matters of Fact, as have a relation to Religion, it is very hard not to favour (according to the Party of which they are) a false Religion with those Advantages that are not due to it; or not to give a true one those false Assistances of which it has no need: And yet we may be assured that we can never add more Truth to what is true already, nor make that true which is false.

Some Christians in the first Age, for want of having been convinced of this Maxim, have suffer'd themselves, in favour of Christianity, to introduce Suppositions bold enough, which the sounder part of Christians have been fain afterwards to disown. This inconsiderate Zeal has produc'd a great number of Apocryphal Books, to which were given the Names of Pagan or Jewish Authors; for the Church, having to do with these two sorts of Enemies, what was more advantageous to her than to fight 'em with their own Weapons, by producing Books, which, tho' made as was pretended, by their own Party, were written nevertheless very much in favour of Christianity? But whilst they strained the Point too far, to draw from those Counterfeit Works some very great Benefit to their Religion, they gained none at all; for the Clearness of the manner in which they were written, betray'd them; and our Mysteries are therein so plainly unfold-

ed, that the Prophets of the Old and New Testament understood nothing in comparison of those Jewish and Pagan Authors. And which way soever Men turn themselves to save the Reputation of those Books, they will find in their too great Clearness a Difficulty not to be surmounted. If some Christians fathered spurious Books on Pagans and Jews, Hereticks found the way of doing the like on the Orthodox. There was nothing to be met with but false Gospels, false Epistles of the Apostles, and false Histories of their Lives; and nothing but an Effect of the Divine Providence could have separated the Truth from so many Apocryphal Works, as confounded it.

Some great Men of the Church have sometimes been deceived either by the spurious Works of Hereticks farthered upon the Orthodox, or by what the Christians father upon the Jews; but oftenest by the latter. For they seldom examine strictly enough that which seems favourable to Religion; the Heat with which they contest for so good a Cause, not giving them the leisure to make a good Choice of their Weapons. This is the reason that they have hapned sometimes to make use of the Books of the *Sibyls*, or of those of *Hermes Trismegistus*, King of *Egypt*.

We do not intend by this to weaken the Authority, or to lessen the Merit of those great Men. For after we shall have examin'd all the Errors, (into which perhaps they have fallen on some certain Subjects,) there will yet remain abundance of solid Reasonings, and very curious Discoveries, which are worthy of our highest

higheſt Admiration. And if, with the true Proofs of our Religion, they have left us others which may be ſuſpected, it is our part to receive that only which is legitimate; and to pardon their Zeal, who have furniſh'd us with more Proofs than there was any neceſſity for.

I am not at all ſurpriz'd that this ſame Zeal has convinced 'em of the truth of I know not how many *Oracles*, advantageous to their Religion, which paſſed for currant in the firſt Ages of the Church. The Authors of the Books of the *Sibyls*, and thoſe of *Hermes Triſmegiſtus*, were alſo probably the Authors of theſe *Oracles*; at leſt it was more eaſie to feign them, than to counterfeit intire Volumes. The Hiſtory of *Thamus* is originally Heathen, and yet *Euſebius* and other great Authors have given it the Reputation of being believ'd. It is immediately followed in *Plutarch* with a Relation ſo ridiculous, that it will be ſufficient wholly to diſcredit the other: For *Demetrius* ſays there, that the moſt part of the Iſlands near *England* are deſert, and conſecrated to *Dæmons* and Heroes; and that he, being ſent by the Emperor to diſcover theſe Iſlands, chanced to land upon one of thoſe that were peopled, and that, a little time after his arrival, there happen'd a Tempeſt and terrible Claps of Thunder and Lightning, which made the People of the Country conclude that ſome one of their Principal *Dæmons* was dead; becauſe their Deaths were always attended with ſomething ſtrange and horrible. To this *Demetrius* adds, That one of thoſe Iſlands was the Priſon of *Saturn*, who was kept there by *Briareus*, and was buri-

ed in a profound Sleep (which methinks should render the Custody of the Giant very needless) incompass'd with an infinite number of *Dæmons* lying at his feet as Slaves.

Has not *Demetrius* made a very curious Relation of this Voyage? And is it not pleasant to see such a Philosopher as *Plutarch* coldly relate to us such wonderful things? It is not without reason that *Herodotus* is esteemed the Father of History; and all the Greek Writers of that kind are on that account his Off-spring, and partake of his Genius. They have somewhat of Truth, but more of wonderful and amusing Stories. But let it be how it will, it were sufficient almost to refute the History of *Thamus* (tho' it had no other Defect) to have been found in the same Treatise with the *Dæmons* of *Demetrius*.

But besides this, it cannot receive a reasonable Interpretation. For if the great God *Pan* were a *Dæmon*, could not the *Dæmons* have sent one another an Account of one of their Deaths, without employing *Thamus* to that end? Have they no other way of informing one another of News? And, on the other side, can they be so imprudent as to discover to Men their Misfortunes, and the Weakness of their Natures? God compell'd 'em, perhaps, you will say. Then God had some design in doing so: But let us see what follow'd thereupon; there was no Person that was converted from Paganism by having heard of the Death of the great God *Pan*. It was declared that he was the Son of *Mercury* and *Penelope*, and that it was not he that was acknowledg'd in *Arcadia* for Supream God

God of all (as his Name imports) and therefore tho' the Voice had named him the Great *Pan*, yet he was uuderſtood to be but the Little *Pan*, whoſe Death was of no great Conſequence, and there did not appear any conſiderable Regret for it.

If this great *Pan* were Jeſus Chriſt, the *Dæmons* would not have told to Men News of a Death ſo much to their Advantage, unleſs God had compell'd them to it. But what's the Effect of all this? Did any one underſtand the Name of *Pan*, in its true Sence? *Plutarch* liv'd in the ſecond Age of the Church, and yet no Perſon then knew that *Pan* was Jeſus Chriſt, who died in *Judea*.

The Hiſtory of *Thulis* is related by *Suidas* (an Author who heaps up a great many things, perhaps ill enough choſen) his *Oracle* of *Serapis* is reproach'd with the ſame Fault, as the Books of the *Sibyls*; that is, of being too clear concerning our Myſteries. And farther, we are certain that this *Thulis*, King of *Egypt* was not one of the *Ptolomies*; and what then will become of the whole *Oracle*, if *Serapis* were a God firſt brought into *Egypt* by a *Ptolomy*, who ſent for him out of *Pontus*, as many learned Men pretend from very ſtrange Probabilities? At leaſt it is certain that *Herodotus*, who has written ſo plentifully about old *Egypt*, does not mention *Serapis*, and that *Tacitus* recounts at length how, and why one of the *Ptolomies* brought from *Pontus* the God *Serapis*, that was then known no where elſe.

The *Oracle*, ſaid to be given to *Auguſtus* con-

cerning the Hebrew Child, is by no means to be receiv'd. *Cedrenus* cites *Eusebius* for it; but at this day there is no such thing to be found there. It is not impossible that *Credrenus* should make a false Citation, or should cite some Work not rightly attributed to *Eusebius*: He has thought fit to relate, upon the Credit of certain counterfeit Histories of St. *Peter*, which pass'd for currant in his time, That *Simon* the *Magician* had at his Door a great Dog, which devour'd all those that his Master would not have enter; and that St. *Peter* coming thither to speak with *Simon*, commanded the Dog to go and tell his Master in Humane Language, That *Peter*, the Servant of God, would speak with him: The Dog went and performed that Command, to the great Amazement of such as were then with *Simon*. But *Simon*, to shew that he could do as much as St. *Peter*, bid the Dog go and tell him, That he might enter: which the Dog immediately did. Hence you may see what it is that the Greeks call Writing of History. *Cedrenus* lived in an ignorant Age, when the Liberty of writing Fables was joyned with the general Inclination of the Greeks towards 'em.

But tho' *Eusebius*, in some Work of his, which has not come down to us, had effectually spoke of the *Oracle* of *Augustus*, yet we find *Eusebius* himself is sometimes deceived; of which there are good Proofs. The first Defenders of Christianity, *Justin*, *Tertullian*, *Theophilus*, *Tatian*, would they have said nothing of an *Oracle* so much in Favour of their Religion?

gion? Had they ſo little Zeal as to neglect a thing of ſuch Advantage? but even * thoſe that give us this *Oracle*, ſpoil it by adding, That *Auguſtus* in his Return to *Rome*, built in the Capitol an Altar with this Inſcription, *This is the Altar of the only Son (or Eldeſt Son) of God.* Where had he the Idea of this only Son of God, of which the *Oracle* makes no mention? In ſhort, that which is moſt obſervable, is, that *Auguſtus* after the Voyage he made into *Greece*, nineteen Years before the Birth of Jeſus Chriſt, never returned to *Rome*; but allowing that he did, he was not then in an Humour to erect Altars to any God but himſelf: For he ſuffered not only the * *Aſian* Maids to raiſe Altars to him, and celebrate Holy Games in his Honour; but alſo at *Rome* the conſecrated one to *Fortune returning*, *Fortunæ reduci*; that was to ſay, to himſelf, and they were to keep the Day of his happy Return as a Feſtival.

* *Credenus, Suidas, Niceph.*

* *Tacitus, Dion-Caſſius.*

The *Oracles* which *Euſebius* relates out of *Porphyrius*, appear harder to make out than all the reſt; for *Euſebius* would not have charged *Porphyrius* with *Oracles* of which he made no mention, and *Porphyrius*, who was ſo addicted to Paganiſm, would not have cited falſe *Oracles* (concerning the Ceſſation of *Oracles* themſelves) to the Advantage of the Chriſtian Religion: For in this Caſe, it ſeems, that the Teſtimony of an Enemy has a great deal of Credit and Force.

But on the other ſide, *Porphyrius* was not ſo unskilful a Man, as to furniſh the Chriſtians with Weapons againſt Paganiſm, without being neceſſarily engaged to it by the conſequence

of ſome Reaſons, which does not in this matter appear to be his Caſe. If theſe *Oracles* had been alledged by the Chriſtians, and *Porphyrius* owning that they were effectually given, had denied the Conſequences drawn from them, it is certain that they would have then been much to be relied on.

But it is out of *Porphyrius* himſelf that the Chriſtians (as it appears by the Example of *Euſebius*) pretend to fetch theſe *Oracles*; it ſeems, that *Porphyrius* takes Pleaſure to ruine his own Religion, and to eſtabliſh another. The Truth is, this is ſuſpicious of it ſelf, and yet it becomes more ſo, by his puſhing the thing ſo far; for they tell us from him of I know not how many *Oracles* moſt clear and moſt poſitive, concerning the Perſon of Jeſus Chriſt, concerning his Reſurrection and Aſcenſion. In fine, the moſt reſolute, and knowing amongſt the Pagans hath loaded us with Proofs of Chriſtianity; we may well ſuſpect ſo great a Piece of Generoſity.

Euſebius believed it a very great Advantage to be able to place *Porphyrius* at the Head of a Multitude of *Oracles* ſo favourable to Religon; and he gives them us ſtripp'd of whatever accompanies them, in the Writings of *Porphyrius*. How do we know, but that he did refute them? According to the Intereſt of his Cauſe, he ought to have done it; and if he did not do it, certainly he had ſome hidden Intention.

It is to be ſuſpected, that *Porphyrius* was wicked enough to frame falſe *Oracles*, and preſent them to Chriſtians, with a deſign of making

king Sport with their Credulity, if they ſhould receive them for true, and endeavour to ſtrengthen their Religion by ſuch like Props: And then he would have drawn thence ſuch Conſequences as would be of greater Importance than theſe *Oracles*, and with this Inſtance have attacked the whole Religion. However, at the bottom this would have been but a frivolous Argument.

'Tis very certain, that this ſame *Porphyrius* (who furniſheth us with all theſe *Oracles*) held, (as we have ſeen) that they were delivered by lying Spirits; it may very well then be imagined, that he hath put into *Oracles* all the Myſteries of our Religion, endeavouring to deſtroy it by rendring it ſuſpected of Forgery, as depending on the Teſtimony of falſe Witneſſes: I know the Chriſtians did not take it ſo; yet ſeeing they could never prove by any Argument, that the *Dæmons* were ſometimes forced to ſpeak the Truth, *Porphyrius* was always in a condition to make uſe of his *Oracles* again them. And therefore (if we take the Matter right) their better way had been to have denied, that there were ever any *Oracles*, as we do at this preſent. This appears to me to be a ſufficient Reaſon, why *Porphyrius* was ſo prodigal of *Oracles*, that were ſo favourable to our Religion. But what would have been the Succeſs of the great Debate between the Chriſtians and Infidels, we can only conjecture; for all the written Pieces of their Diſputes are not come to our Hands. Thus in examining things a little cloſer than ordinary, we find that the *Oracles*, which were reckoned

ſuch

such Wonders, never were at all; of which, I shall not need to give any more Instances, all the rest being of the same Nature.

Chap. V.

That the common Opinion concerning Oracles *does not agree so well as 'tis imagin'd with the Christian Religion.*

THe silence of the Scriptures concerning these evil *Damons*, (which are pretended to be the Managers of *Oracles*) hath not only left us at liberty to believe nothing of 'em, but it obliges us to believe the contrary; for can it be possible that the Scriptures should not have instructed the Jews and Christians in a thing which it so extremely imported them to know, (and which they cou'd never have found out by their natural Reason) to the end that they might not be shaken in their own Religion, by seeing things so surprising in another. For I conceive that God spake not to Man, but to supply the weakness of his Understanding, which of it self was not sufficient to guide him; and that whatsoever he has not declar'd to him, is either of such a nature that he may learn it by himself, or else God does not think it necessary that he should know it. So if the *Oracles* had been deliver'd by evil *Damons*, God would have made it known to us, to have prevented us from believing that he himself deliver'd 'em, or that there was something Divine in false Religions. *Da-*

David reproached the Infidels with Gods that had Mouths and ſpake not, and wiſhes that their Adorers, for a Puniſhment, might become like thoſe they ador'd; but if theſe Gods had not only the uſe of Speech, but alſo the Knowledge of Things to come, I ſee no reaſon *David* had thus to reproach the Infidels; nor ought they to have been angry for having been reſembled to their Gods. When the Holy Fathers inveighed with ſo much reaſon againſt the Worſhip of Idols, they always argu'd from the Impotency of 'em; but if they had ſpoken, if they had predicted things to come, then they ought not to have treated them with ſuch Contempt on the account of their Impotency, but ſhould rather have diſabus'd the People, and have confeſs'd the wondrous Power that was in 'em: In fine, could they be ſo mightily miſtaken who ador'd what they believed was animated by a Divine Virtue, or at leaſt a Vertue more than Humane? 'Tis true, you'll ſay, that theſe *Dæmons* were Enemies of God; but how cou'd the Heathens Divine that? Becauſe *Dæmons* required Ceremonies that were barbarous and extravagant; the Pagans themſelves believ'd 'em fantaſtical and cruel, but nevertheleſs they believ'd 'em more powerful than Men; nor did they know that the true God offer'd 'em his Protection againſt them. They did for the moſt part ſubmit themſelves to their Gods as to dreaded Enemies who were to be appeaſed at any Price; nor had this Submiſſion and Fear been quite without Reaſon, if ſo be that in effect *Dæmons* did give ſome proof of their Power over Nature.

ture. In fine, Paganism (tho' a Worship abominable in the sight of God) would have been but an involuntary and excusable Error.

But you will say, if the crafty Priests made it their Business to impose upon the People, then Paganism was no more but a simple Error into which the Credulous fell, whilst their honest and downright Intention was to Honour a Superiour Being.

But the Case is much otherwise; for it behoves Men to Precaution themselves against Errors, into which other Men may lead 'em; but there is no possibility of fore-arming themselves against those Errors into which they may be led by *Genii* or *Dæmons*, which are above themselves. The light of my Reason is sufficient to examine whether a Statue speaks or does not, but in the moment that it does speak, nothing can perswade me against the Divinity which I attribute to it. In a word, God is oblig'd by the Laws of his Bounty to protect me from those Surprizes from which I cannot defend my self; but as for other things, it belongs to my Reason to do its Office.

We see also that when God permitted the *Dæmons* to work Prodigies, he at the same time confounded them by working Miracles far greater. *Pharaoh* might be deceived by the Magicians, but *Moses* was still more powerful than the Magicians of *Pharaoh*. The *Dæmons* never had more power, or did more surprizing things, than in the time of Jesus Christ and the Apostles. This hinders not, but that Paganism with Justice hath been always called the Worship of *Dæmons*. For in the first place, the

the Idea which is taken therein of the Divinity, does not at all agree with the true God, but with the Reprobate and eternally unhappy *Genii*.

Secondly, The Deſign of the Heathens was not ſo much to adore the firſt Being, which is the Source of all Good, but thoſe ill Beings of whoſe Anger and Caprice they ſtood in fear. In fine, the *Dæmons*, (who have without Contradiction the power of tempting Men and laying Snares for 'em) countenanced as much as ever they could the groſs Errors of the Pagans, and made 'em blind to Impoſtures, which were notoriouſly viſible. From hence it is ſaid that Paganiſm was not born up by the Miracles, but by the Artifices of *Dæmons*; which ſuppoſes that in whatever they did there was nothing of reality or truth, nor of ſuch force as effectually to make a Statue ſpeak.

Nevertheleſs, it may be that God has ſometimes permitted the *Dæmons* to animate Idols; but if this ever happen'd, God had his peculiar Reaſons for it, which are always worthy of profound Veneration; but, generally ſpeaking, there has never been any ſuch thing. God permitted the Devil to burn the Houſes of *Job*, and lay his Paſtures deſolate; to cauſe all his Oxen and Sheep to die; to ſtrike his Body with a thouſand Wounds; but it muſt not therefore be ſaid that the Devil is let looſe on all thoſe to whom ſuch Misfortunes happen. When there is a Diſcourſe about any Man's being ſick, or ruin'd, we never think that the Devil is concern'd in it. The Caſe of *Job* is a particular Caſe; we argue independantly of it,

it, and our general Reasoning never excludes the Exceptions that the Almighty Power of God can make in all things.

'Tis apparent then that the common Opinion concerning *Oracles*, does not very well agree with the Bounty of God, and that it discharges Paganism of the greatest part of the Extravagances and Abominations which the Holy Fathers always found in it. The Pagans might have said in their own Justification, That it was no Wonder, that they should obey those which animated Statues, and performed every Day a thousand extraordinary things; and therefore the Christians to take from them all Excuse, ought never to have yielded 'em this Point. If all the Pagan Religion were no other than the Cheats of Priests, Christians took advantage of the Excess of Ridiculousness into which the Pagans fell.

Besides, is there any great appearance that the Disputes between the Christians and Pagans was in that State, seeing *Porphyrius* confesses with so much Willingness, that the *Oracles* were delivered by evil *Dæmons?* Of these evil *Dæmons* he made a double use: He made use of 'em (as we have already seen) to render those *Oracles* unprofitable and disadvantageous to the Christian Religion, which the Christians thought were on their side; and besides he imputed all the Follies and Barbarities of an infinite number of Sacrifices, which without ceasing they reproach'd the Pagans withal, to these cunning and cruel *Genii*. We then attack *Porphyrius* even in his last Retrenchments, and assert the true Interest of Christianity, by under-

undertaking to prove that *Dæmons* were not the Authors of *Oracles.*

CHAP. VI.

That Dæmons *are not ſufficiently eſtabliſh'd by* Platoniſm.

IN the firſt Ages, Poetry and Philoſophy were the ſame thing, and all Wiſdom was contained in Verſe. Nor was Poetry more credited by this Alliance, but Philoſophy was leſs. *Homer* and *Heſiod* were the firſt Grecian Philoſophers; and thence it is that all other Philoſophers have had in very great Eſtimation whatever they ſaid, and have never cited them but with great Honour.

Homer very often confounds together the Gods and *Dæmons:* But *Heſiod* diſtinguiſhes four Species or Kinds of reaſonable Natures, viz. the *Gods*, *Dæmons*, the *Demy-Gods*, or *Heroes*, and *Men.* Nay, he goes farther yet, and notes the Duration of the Lives of *Dæmons:* For the Nymphs, of which he ſpeaks in the place I am going to cite, are theſe *Dæmons*, and *Plutarch* underſtands them ſo.

A Crow, (ſays *Heſiod*) *lives nine times as long as a Man, a Stag four times as long as a Crow, a Raven three times as long as a Stag, the Phœnix nine times as long as a Raven; and in fine, the Nymphs ten times as long as the Phœnix.* One would take this Calculation for no other than a meer Poetick Fancy, unworthy the Reflecti-

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ons of a Philoſopher, or the Imitation of a Poet; for there is in it neither Agreeableneſs nor Truth. But *Plutarch* is not of this Opinion; for he finds, that ſuppoſing the Life of Man to be ſeventy Years, (which is his ordinary Duration,) the *Dæmons* then ought to live ſix hundred and eighty thouſand, and four hundred Years: And not conceiving how any Experiment of this ſo long Life of the *Dæmons* can be made, he rather believes that *Heſiod* by the Age of Man, underſtands but one Year. The Interpretation is not very natural; but according to this Eſtimation, the Life of the *Dæmons* is not above nine thouſand ſeven hundred and twenty Years, and then *Plutarch* had not much trouble to find out how *Dæmons* could live ſo long. And beſides, he remarks in the number of nine thouſand ſeven hundred and twenty Years, certain *Pythagorean* Perfections, which render it altogether worthy to deſign the Term of the Lives of *Dæmons*. Such as theſe are the boaſted Reaſonings of Antiquity.

From the Poems of *Homer* and *Heſiod*, the *Dæmons* paſſed into the Phyloſophy of *Plato*, who can never be too much commended, ſince 'tis he, of all the Greeks, who has conceived the higheſt Idea of God; tho' even that plunged him in falſe Notions: For, becauſe God is infinitely elevated above Men, he believed that there ought to be placed between him and us, a kind of middle Beings, which ſhould cauſe a Communication of two Extremes ſo far diſtant, by the means of which, the Operations of the Deity might be brought down to us: *God* (ſays he) *reſembles a Triangle, which has three*

three Sides equal; the Dæmons *are like a Triangle that has but two Sides equal, and Men are like a Triangle which has all three Sides unequal.*

This Idea is well enough fansied, and there is nothing wanting but something of Solidity to support it.

But after all (may it be said) has not *Plato* reasoned justly? And do not we know for certain by the Holy Scriptures, that there are *Genii*, Ministers of the Will of God, and his Messengers to Men? Is it not wonderful that *Plato* should discover this, only by the Light of his Natural Reason?

I confess, that *Plato* has conjectured aright; nevertheless, I blame him for his Conjecture. Divine Revelation assures us of the Existence of Angels and *Dæmons*, but it is not within the Sphere of Humane Reason to assure us of it. He knows not what to make of the infinite Space which is between God and Man, and therefore he fills it with *Genii* and *Dæmons*: But with what shall that infinite Space be fill'd, which is between God and these *Genii* or *Dæmons* themselves? For the Distance between God and any Creature whatsoever, is infinite. And if the Actions and Will of God must traverse, as one may say, this infinite *Vacuum* to go to the *Dæmons*, they may as well reach even to Men, since they are farther off but by very few Degrees, which bear no Proportion to the first great Distance. When God treats with Men by the Ministry of Angels, 'tis not no be understood that Angels are necessary for this Communication (as *Plato* pretends;) God employs them for Reasons, into which Philoso-

phy can never penetrate, and which can never be perfectly known but by himself.

According to that Idea, which the Comparison of the Triangle gives us, we find that *Plato* framed this Notion of *Dæmons*, to the end we might mount from one Creature to another Creature more perfect, till at length we arriv'd at God himself. So that God would have but some degrees of Perfection more than the highest Creature; but it is visible, that as they are all infinitely Imperfect in respect of him, because they are all infinitely distant from him; so the Differences of Perfection, which are between the Creatures, vanish as soon as they are compared with God; for what elevates them one above another does not at all bear any Proportion to him.

And if we consult nothing but Human Reason, there is no need of Spirits to make the Actions of God communicable to Men, nor of placing between God and us any thing that approaches him, nearer than we do.

And perhaps *Plato* himself was not so sure of the Existence of his *Dæmons*, as the Platonists have since been. That which makes me suspect this, is, That he places Love in the number of the *Dæmons*, (for he often mixes Gallantry with Philosophy, and his Talent is not mean on Subjects of that Nature.) He says, That Love is the Son of the God of Riches, and the Goddess of Poverty: From his Father he holds his Greatness of Courage, his Elevation of Thought, his Inclination to give, his Prodigality and his Confidence in his Strength, his good Opinon of his own Merit, and Desire

to

to have always the Preference. But, on the other side, he holds from his Mother that Indigence, which makes him always asking, that Importunity with which he asks, that Timidity and Bashfulness, which hinders him often times from daring to ask, that Disposition which he has to Servitude, and that Fear of being despised, which he can never lose. This, in my Opinion, is one of the prettiest Fables that was ever made. It is pleasant to find *Plato* sometimes writing Amours as soft and agreeable as *Anacreon* could himself have done. This Description of the Pedegree of Love extremely well sets forth all the Fantasticalness of his Nature: But we know not what to make of *Dæmons*, if Love must pass for one.

There is no appearance that *Plato* understood this in a Natural and Philosophical Sence, nor that he could say, Love was a Being out of us, or extrinsecal, which inhabits the Air: Certainly, he means this only as a Gallantry, and then it must be permitted me to believe, that all his *Dæmons* are of the same kind with Love. And that, since he mingles Fables with his System, he cares not much, if the rest of his System pass for a Fable. Hitherto we have only answered the Reasons, that made Men believe *Oracles*, to have had something in them of Supernatural. Let us now begin more closely to attack this Opinion.

CHAP. VII.

That some grand Sects of the Pagan Philosophers, did not believe there was any thing Supernatural in Oracles.

IF in the midst of *Greece* it self, where all places resounded with their *Oracles*, we had maintained, that they were but Impostures, no one would have been astonished with the Boldness of the Paradox; and there would have been no need of taking any Measures, how to vend the Opinion in secret. For Philosophers were divided about the Subject of *Oracles*; the Platonists and Stoicks were for them, but the Cynicks, Peripateticks and Epicureans declared highly against them. The Wonders of the *Oracles* were not so great, but that half the wise Men of *Greece* were still at liberty to believe nothing of them; and this, notwithstanding the common Prejudices or Bigotry of the Grecians: Which is a very remarkable thing.

* *Eusebius* tells us of six hundred Heathen Authors who have writ against the *Oracles*: But of all these, in my Opinion, *Oenomaus*, (of whom he makes mention, and of whom he has preserved some Fragments) is one, the Loss of whose Works are to be the most lamented. There is a great deal of Pleasure to be found in those Fragments of his that remain where *Oenomaus*, full of his Cynical Liberty, argues upon every *Oracle* against the God who delivered it, and draws up an Accusation against him.

* Lib. 4. of his Evang. Preparations.

him. See how he treats the God of *Delphos*, who in his Answer to *Crœsus* had pronounced these Words:

Crœsus, *in passing the River* Halis, *shall destroy a great Empire.*

Which fell out accordingly; for *Crœsus* passing the River *Halis* attack'd *Cyrus*, who (as all the World knows) came thundring upon him, and divested him of his Kingdoms.

You boast, (says *Oenomaus* to *Apollo*) *in another* Oracle *delivered to* Crœsus, *that you know the Number of the Grains of the Sea-sand; and I suppose, you set a great Value upon your self, because you saw from* Delphos, *the Tortoise that* Crœsus *ordered to be boiled in* Lydia, *at that very instant; this is a precious Knowledge to be proud of! But when you were consulted, concerning the Success of the War between* Crœsus *and* Cyrus, *there you were at a stand. If you can divine what shall happen in time to come, to what purpose do you make use of a manner speaking which cannot be understood? Do you not foresee your self, that they will not be understood? If you do foresee it, you then take pleasure to make us your Sport; if you do not know it, let us inform you, that you ought to speak more clearly, and that you are not understood. I tell you also, if you have a mind to use an Equivocation, that the Greek words by which you express, That* Crœsus *shall destroy a great Empire, are not well chosen, and that they can signifie nothing else but a Victory of* Crœsus *over* Cyrus. *If there be a necessity that things must happen, wherefore dost thou amuse us with thy Ambiguities? What dost thou do at* Delphos, *(unhappily employ'd as thou art) to sing us useless Prophecies? to what purpose do we*

make thee so many Sacrifices? what Fury possesses us?

But *Oenomaus* is yet more out of humour with the *Oracle*, which *Apollo* deliver'd to the Athenians. When *Xerxes* fell upon *Greece* with all the Forces of *Asia*, the Pythian *Oracle* gave 'em for answer,

"That *Minerva*, Protectress of *Athens*, endeavour'd all manner of ways (but in vain) "to appease the Anger of *Jupiter*; but nevertheless *Jupiter*, in favour of his Daughter, "consented to suffer the Athenians to save "themselves in Walls of Wood; and that "*Salamine* shou'd see the Destruction of many "Children dear to their Mothers; either when "*Ceres* shou'd be scattered abroad, or when "she should be gathered in.

Upon this *Oenomaus* wholly loses his Respect for the God of *Delphos*:

This Combat between the Father and the Daughter, says he, *is very unhandsom for Gods. 'Tis very pretty there should be in Heaven such contrary Interests and Inclinations!* Jupiter *is angry with* Athens, *he brings down all the Forces of* Asia *against it; but if he could not have ruin'd it without 'em, if he had no more Thunder left, if he was reduc'd to borrow foreign Forces, how had he it then in his Power to make all the Forces of* Asia *come down against this Town? Yet after this he suffers 'em to save themselves in Walls of Wood; on whom then was his Anger to fall? What, on the Stones! Rare Diviner! You know not whom these Children shall be that* Salamine *shall see the destruction of, whether Greeks or Persians; it cannot be avoided but they must be either one or t'other Army; And do not you*

at least know, that we shall soon see you know nothing? You conceal the time of Battel under these Poetical Expressions, When *Ceres* shall be scatter'd, or when she shall be gather'd in. *You are willing to blind us with this pompous Language; but does not every body know, that a Naval Battel is never fought but either in Seed-time or Harvest; doubtless it will not be in Winter. But let what will happen, you will get your self off by the means of this* Jupiter, *whom* Minerva *endeavours to appease; if the Grecians lose the Battel,* Jupiter *is then inexorable; if they gain it, then* Jupiter *suffer'd himself to be appeas'd. And* (Apollo) *when you say, let 'em fly to Walls of Wood, you Counsel, you do not Divine. I, who know not what Divining is, cou'd have said as much as this, and cou'd have judg'd as well, that the Fury of the War wou'd fall upon* Athens; *and that since the Athenians had Ships, the best thing they cou'd do, was to abandon the Town and betake themselves to the Sea.*

Such was the Veneration that some great Sects of the Philosophers had for *Oracles*, and for those very Gods they thought the Authors of 'em. 'Tis very pleasant, that all the Pagan Religion was no more than this one Problem of Philosophy, it is necessary to know whether the Gods take care of Men, or not, before the Question can be answered, Whether we ought to adore 'em, or neglect 'em; the People have already decided it, and are for Adoration, and nothing is to be seen but Temples and Sacrifices; but great Sects of the Philosophers maintain publickly, that these Sacrifices, these Temples, these Adorations, are as so many fruitless and unprofitable things;

and that the Gods are so far from delighting in 'em, that they take no cognizance of 'em. There is scarce a Greek who does not consult the *Oracles* concerning his Affairs; but this does not prevent their being treated in three great Schools of Philosophy, as absolute Impostures.

Let me beg leave to carry this Reflection a little farther, which may serve to lay more open the Pagan Religion: The Grecians in general had a great deal of Wit, but they were very light, curious, unquiet, and uncapable of Moderation in any thing; and, to tell my whole Opinion of 'em, they had so much Wit, that their Reason suffer'd by it. The Romans had quite another Character; they were solid, serious, and industrious, they knew how to pursue a Design, and could foresee at a great distance the Consequences of it. I should not be surpris'd that the Grecians (without thinking of the result of things) shou'd impertinently treat *pro* and *con* of every thing; and at the same time that they are making Sacrifices, dispute whether or no these Sacrifices approach the Gods; and consult *Oracles* without being assur'd whether they are meer Illusions or not. Doubtless the Philosophers concern'd themselves so little in the Government, that they took no care not to shock Religion in their Disputes; and perhaps the People had not Faith enough in the Philosophers to abandon their Religion, or change any thing in it upon their word. In fine, the predominant Passion in the Greeks was to discourse on all Matters at any rate; yet doubtless it is more

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astonishing to find that the Romans, and those the ablest amongst them too, and who knew best of what consequence Religion was to Politicks, durst publish Works that did not only call their Religion in question, but also turn'd it into Ridicule. I speak of *Cicero*, who in his Books of Divination has spar'd nothing of what was most Sacred at *Rome*. After he had made it evident enough to his very Adversaries, how great a Folly 'twas to consult the Entrails of Beasts, he drives them at last to this Answer: That the Gods, who are Almighty, change these Entrails in the very moment of the Sacrifice, to the end that we shou'd by them know their Pleasure in things to come. This Answer was given by *Chrysippus*, by *Antipater* and *Possidonius*, all great Philosophers and chief of the Party of the Stoicks. *Ha! what say you?* cries *Cicero*: *the very old Women are not so credulous as you are. Can you believe* (says he) *that the same Calf has the Liver well-dispos'd, if chosen for the Sacrifice by one, and ill-dispos'd, if chosen by another? Can this Disposition of the Liver be chang'd in an instant, to accommodate it self to the Fortune of those that sacrifice? See you not, that it is Chance that makes the choice of Victims? Does not Experience tell you so? For it oftentimes happens that the Entrails of one Victim may foretel something that is unfortunate and terrible, and those which are immediately after sacrific'd foretel most happy Events. What then becomes of the Menaces of these first Entrails? What! are the Gods so soon appeas'd? But you'll reply, That in a Bull, which* Cæsar *was sacrificing, there was no Heart found; and since this Animal cou'd not live*

live without a Heart, it must of necessity be, that the Heart vanish'd just in the moment of the Sacrifice. Is it possible, that you shou'd have Sense enough to know, that this Bull cou'd not live without an Heart, and yet have not enough to perceive, that this Heart cou'd not vanish in a moment, I know not whither? And a little after he adds, *Believe me, you ruine all Playsicks by defending the Art of Sooth-sayers: for then it is not the ordinary Course of Nature that gives Birth and Death to all things: and there are some Bodies which come from nothing and shall return to nothing. What Naturalist ever held this Opinion?*

I cite this Passage of *Cicero's*, but as an Example of the extream Liberty with which he insulted over that Religion which he himself profess'd. In a thousand other places he shows no more Favour to Sacred Fowls, the Flights of Birds, and all the Miracles with which the Annals of the Chief Priest were fill'd. Why did they not Indict him for his Impiety? Why did not all the People regard him with Horror? Why did not all the College of Priests rise up against him? But we have reason to believe that among the Pagans, Religion was a Practice, the Speculation of which was very indifferent. They did as others did, but believ'd what they themselves pleas'd. This Principle is very extravagant; but the People who knew nothing of the Impertinency of it, were content with it; and the Philosophers submitted to it very willingly, because it gave them freedom enough.

So that we may see that all the Pagan Religion was meer Ceremony, in which the Mind bore

bore no part; The Gods are angry, their Thunder is ready to be diſcharg'd, how ſhall they be appeas'd? Muſt we repent us of the Crimes we have committed? Muſt we re-enter into the Paths of that natural Juſtice which ought to be among all Men? Not at all; we need only take a Calf of ſuch a Colour, calv'd at ſuch a time, and cut the Throat of it with ſuch a Knife, and this will diſarm the Wrath of all the Gods: Nay farther, it is permitted you to laugh at the Sacrifice, if you have a mind to it; 'twill go never the worſe with you.

Probably 'twas ſo alſo with the Oracles; every one believ'd, that wou'd; however they ceas'd not to conſult 'em. So great a force Cuſtom has over the Minds of Men, that there is no need of Reaſon to joyn with it.

CHAP. VIII.

That other Men, beſides Philoſophers, have had little Eſteem for Oracles.

HIſtories are full of *Oracles*, which were either deſpis'd by thoſe who receiv'd 'em, or alter'd according to their Fancy. * *Paſtias* a *Lydian*, and Subject of the *Perſians*, being fled to *Cume* a Greek Town, the *Perſians* ſent to have him deliver'd up; the *Cumeans* preſently conſult the *Oracles* of the *Branchides*, to know what they ought to do with him; the *Oracle* anſwered, That they ſhou'd deliver up

* Herodot. *Book the firſt.*

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Pactias. *Aristodicus*, one of the principal *Cumæans*, who was not of his mind, obtained, through his Credit, that they should send a second time to the *Oracle*, and caus'd himself to be made one of the Deputies; but the *Oracle* made the same answer it had done before. *Aristodicus*, unsatisfied with this, as he was walking about the Temple, endeavoured to fright away certain little Birds which were building their Nests there; whereupon he presently heard a Voice from the Sanctuary, crying, *Detestable Mortal, how dare you fright from this place, those who are under my Protection? And yet, great God,* (replied *Aristodicus*) *you order us to expel* Pactias, *who is under ours? Yes,* (answered the God) *I do order it, to the end that you who are an impious People, may be the sooner destroyed, and that you may come no more hither to importune me with your Questions.* It seems by this, that the God was press'd home, since he had recourse to Railing; but it appears also, that *Aristodicus* did not overmuch believe, that it was a God who gave these *Oracles*, because he went about to entrap him by the Comparison of the Birds; and after he had in effect trapp'd him, 'tis likely that he believ'd him less a God than he did before. The *Cumæans* themselves were not much perswaded of his being a Deity, since they believed a second Deputation might obtain a contrary Answer, or that at least the God might consider of what he had to say. By the way I observe, that *Aristodicus*, when he had laid his Snare for the God, could not but foresee, that they would not let him fright away the Birds from

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so holy a Sanctuary without saying any thing to him; and that the Priests were extreamly jealous of the Honour of their Temples.

The People of *Egina* * had ravag'd the Coast of *Attica*, and the Athenians prepar'd themselves for an Expedition amongst them; at what time there came an *Oracle* from *Delphos*, threatning 'em with utter Ruine in case they made War with those of *Egina*, within the compass of thirty Years; but when those thirty Years were past, they were only to build a Temple to *Æacus*, and to undertake the War, and then all things wou'd succeed well. The Athenians, who burnt with a Desire of Revenge, split the *Oracle* in half, and took notice of that part of it only, which related to the Temple of *Æacus*, which they built out of Hand; but as to the thirty Years, they slighted that, and applyed themselves immediately to attack the Ægineans, and obtained all the Advantages imaginable. This was not a particular Person, who had so little Regard for the Authority of *Oracles*, but a whole Commonwealth, and that a very superstitious one too.

* Herodot. *Lib.* 5.

It is not very easie, to tell what kind of Regard the Pagans had for their Religon: For we said a little while ago, that they contented themselves with the outward Respect, which their Philosophers paid to the *Oracles*; but this was not always so; for I am not certain, that *Socretes* refused to offer Incense to the Gods, or behaved himself like other People at the Publick Festivals; but this I am sure of, that the Rabble accused him of Atheism, tho' they could

could only guess at his Opinion in this Point; for he never openly explained himself. The People knew well enough what was taught publickly in the Schools of Philosophers; how then could they suffer Opinions, contrary to the established Worship (and often-time even against the Existence of the Gods) to be there maintained? At least, they knew perfectly well, what was play'd upon the Theaters; for those Shows were made for them: and it is sure the Gods were never treated with less Respect, than in the Comedies of *Aristophanes*. *Mercury* in his *Plutus* complains that Sight was restored to the God of Riches, who had till that time been blind, and that *Plutus* now beginning equally to favour all the World, the other Gods (to whom People no longer made Sacrifices to obtain Wealth) were starved for Hunger: And *Mercury* carries the Humour on so far, as to look out for some mean Imployment in a Citizen's House, that he might have Meat and Drink. *The Birds* of *Aristophanes* are also very bold. All the Comedy turns upon this, That a certain City of Birds, which was designed to be built in the Air, would interrupt the Trade and Correspondence that was carried on between the Gods and Men; and by rendering the Birds Masters of all, would reduce the Gods to the utmost Misery. I leave you to judge, if this be not mighty devout. Yet this was the same *Aristophanes*, who endeavoured to excite the Rabble against the pretended Impiety of *Socrates*: There is therefore something, which I know not how to express, that is often found in the Affairs of this World.

World. And it is apparent by these Examples, and may be made so by an Infinity of others, if there were occasion, that the People were sometimes in a Humour to hear with delight their Religion rallied upon, and turned into a Jest; and if they observed Ceremonies, it was only to free themselves from those Inconveniences which attend an open Neglect of them; but 'tis evident, that at the bottom, they had not overmuch Faith in them: and they had just the same Respect for *Oracles*: For most commonly, they consulted them, that they might have no occasion to consult them; and if the Answers were not accommodated to their Designs, they did not much trouble themselves to obey them; for perhaps, it was no constant Opinion even amongst the common People, that *Oracles* were delivered by a Divine Power.

After all this, it would be unnecessary to mention the Histories of those great Captains, who thought it no Crime, to reckon themselves above both *Oracles* and Auguries. And what is most remarkable, is, that this Disesteem of Religion was practised even in the first Ages of the Roman Commonwealth: In those times of happy Ignorance, when Men were so scrupulously fond of their Religion, and when (as *Titus Livius* says, in a place which I am going to cite) Philosophy, which taught Men to despise the Gods, was not yet known.

* *Papirius* made War with the Samnites, and in a certain conjuncture of time, when the Roman Army with an extreme Ardor, desired to come to a Battle, the

* *Liv. l.* 10.

the sacred Chickens (forsooth) must be consulted; but the Earnestness to fight was so general, that though the Chickens eat nothing at all, when they put them out of the Coop, yet those, who were appointed to observe the Augury, reported to the Consul, that they had eaten very well: Upon this, the Consul promised to his Soldiers both a Battel and Victory. But however secret this Augury was kept, the Deceit broke out at last, and there arose a great Contest amongst the Keepers of the Chickens, about the false Report that was made: The noise of which came to the Ears of *Papirius*, who said, That for his part, he had received a very favourable Augury, and that he was satisfied with it, and if what was told him were untrue, let those, whose Business it was to take the Augury, look to it; for all the Evil would fall upon their Heads. Immediately therefore he ordered, that those unhappy People, the Keepers of the sacred Chickens should be placed in the first Ranks, and so before the Signal of the Battel was given, an Arrow (from whence shot none knew) pierced that poor unlucky Keeper who had given a false account of the Augury; as soon as the Consul heard this News, he cried out aloud——— *The Gods are here present: The Criminal is punish'd: They have discharged all their Anger on him, who deserved it, and we have now all the reason in the World to hope the best.* Then immediately he caused the Signal to be given, and gained an intire Victory over the Samnites.

It is very apparent, that the Gods had a less share in the Death of this poor Keeper than

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Papirius; and that the General had a Deſign, by his Death, to encourage thoſe Soldiers, whom the Falſneſs of the Augury might have terrifi'd; for the Romans were acquainted with theſe Arts and Tricks in the times of their greateſt Simplicity.

It muſt be confeſſed then, that we ſhould be much in the Wrong, if we ſhould believe theſe Auguries and *Oracles*, which the Pagans themſelves did not believe. And if we will not think as meanly of them, as ſome Philoſophers, and ſome Generals of Armies did; yet let us at leaſt have ſuch thoughts of them, as the People themſelves ſometimes had.

But doubtleſs (may ſome object) all the Pagans did not deſpiſe *Oracles:* And ſome particular Perſons, that had no regard for them, are not ſufficient intirely to diſcredit them. And to the Authority of thoſe who did not believe them, we need do no more than oppoſe the Authority of thoſe that did.

But it may be anſwered, That theſe two Authorities are not of equal Strength; for the Teſtimony of thoſe who uphold a thing that is already eſtabliſhed, contributes not much to the ſupport of it; but the Teſtimony of thoſe who do not believe it, is of Force enough to deſtroy it; for thoſe who do believe a thing, may perhaps not know the Reaſons, that may be given againſt the belief of it; but thoſe who do not believe it, cannot chuſe but know, why others believe it.

It is quite contrary, when a new thing is to be introduced; for in that caſe, the Teſtimony of thoſe that believe it, carries more weight

with it, than the Testimony of those who do not believe it; for 'tis probably to be supposed, that those who believe it, must needs have examined it; and those who do not believe it, may perhaps not have considered of it.

I will not say, that either in the one or the other Case, the Authority of those who believe, or believe not, is a final Decision; but I will say, that without a regard be had to the Reasons on which the two Parties found themselves, sometimes the Authority of one seems more receivable, and sometimes that of the other. Upon the whole Matter, in quitting a common Opinion, or in receiving a new one, we make use of our Reason (whether it be good or bad;) but there is no need of making use of any to reject a new Opinion, or to take up one that is already common; for we have need of strength to resist a Torrent, but we need none to follow it.

And it avails not to the Credit of *Oracles*, that among those who believe, that there is something in 'em of divine and supernatural, there shou'd be found some Philosophers of great name, such as the Stoicks are; for when Philosophers are once prepossess'd with any thing, they are more incurable than the common People, and are as much blinded with Prejudices and false Reasons, with which they uphold their Opinion. The Stoicks in particular (as proud and Supercilious a Sect as they were) held some Opinions which deserv'd pity: How cou'd they chuse but believe *Oracles*, who believ'd Dreams? The great *Chrysippus* himself adopted some Points for Articles of his Faith, which

which had been more suitable for the Belief of some silly old Woman.

CHAP. IX.

That the Ancient Christians themselves did not very firmly believe that Oracles *were deliver'd by* Dæmons.

ALtho' the Learned Christians in the first Ages, were fond enough of asserting, that *Oracles* were deliver'd by *Dæmons*, yet they wou'd very often reproach the Heathens with their being impos'd upon by their Priests: Which thing was undoubtedly true, since they asserted it, even with the hazard of losing this System of *Dæmons*, which they esteemed so favourable to 'em.

Thus *Clement Alexandrinus* speaks in his Third Book of *Tapistries*,

Boast, if you will, of your Oracles, *full of Folly and Impertinence, of those of* Claros, *of* Apollo Pythius, *of* Didymus *of* Amphiarus, *and of* Amphilocus, *you may yet add your Augurs and Interpreters of Dreams and Prodigies. Show us in the Presence of* Apollo Pythius, *those Men who devined by Flower or by Barley, and those who have been so esteemed, because they spoke out of their Bellies. Let the Secrets of the* Ægyptian *Temples, and of the* Hetrurian *Necromancers remain still in Darkness, for they are certainly all but extravagant Impostures and Deceits, no better than meer*

Cheating at Dice: And the Goats which are kept for Devination, and the Ravens which are taught to deliver Oracles, *are but as the Assistance or Zanies of Mountebanks, who cozen all Mankind.*

Eusebius, in the Beginning of his fourth Book of Evangelical Preparations, proposes at large the best Reasons in the World to prove, that *Oracles* could be no other, than Impostures: And it is upon those very Reasons, that I pretend to support my self, when I come to treat of the Cheats of *Oracles* in particular.

Nevertheless, I must confess, that tho' *Eusebius* knew so very well how to prove, that *Oracles* could not be supernatural, yet he attributes them to *Dæmons*; and the Authority of a Man so well instructed with the Reasons on both sides, is a very great Encouragement to the Party which he embraces.

But it is to be noted, that after *Eusebius* had very well proved, that *Oracles* could be no other than the Impostures of Priests, he assures us (without either destroying or weakning those first Proofs) that for all this, they were delivered by *Dæmons*. But he ought to have cited some unsuspected *Oracle*, which had been delivered in such Circumstances, that although many others might be imputed to the Artifices of Priests, yet that could not. But *Eusebius* has done to such thing. This is, as if he should say, I clearly see, that all the *Oracles* can be no other than Cheats; but yet, I will not believe them to be so, because it serves my purpose, that the Devil should now and then enter into an *Oracle*.

This is a very lamentable kind of Reasoning.

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But I must confess, if *Eusebius* (in the Circumstances of the Times which he lived in) durst not have said openly, that *Oracles* were not the Works of *Dæmons*, it had been excusable; but then in seeming to maintain that they were so, he ought to have managed his Arguments in such a way, that he might have insinuated the contrary with the best Address he was capable of. But we are at liberty to guess at the Reasons, that guided *Eusebius* in this Matter, according to the Esteem we have of him: For my own part, I believe clearly, that he asserted these Oracular *Dæmons*, rather by way of Apology, and from a forced Respect he had for the common Opinion, than on any other Account.

There is a Passage of *Origen*, in his Seventh Book against *Celsus*, which sufficiently proves that he attributed *Oracles* to *Dæmons*, only to accommodate himself to the Times, and to the Disputes, which in that Age were between the Christians and the Pagans: *I might* (said he) *make use of the Authority of* Aristotle, *and the Peripateticks, to render the Pythian* Oracle *suspected: I could draw from* Epicurus *and those of his Sect, an Infinity of things, that would discredit* Oracles; *and I could easily make it appear, that the Greeks themselves made no great Account of them; but conceding that they were not Fictions, nor Impostures, let us examine the Case a little more carefully, and consider, whether there were any Necessity, that a God should have any Busines there, and if it were not more reasonable to believe, that they were managed by evil* Dæmons *and* Genii, *that were Enemies to Mankind.*

It is sufficiently evident, that *Origen* was inclined to believe of *Oracles*, as we do; but the

Pagans, who used them for a Proof of the Divinity of their Religion, had no Reason to consent, that they were but the Artifices of their Priests: So, that to gain a little upon the Pagans, there was a necessity of yielding to them, what they maintained with so much Obstinacy, and to let them see, that tho' there might be something of Supernatural in the *Oracles*, yet there was no reason to say, that a true Divinity was concerned in them; and so *Dæmons* were to be brought upon the Stage.

'Tis true, that it had been much better wholly to have excluded even these *Dæmons* from *Oracles*; and by that means, the greatest Blow would indeed have been given to the Pagan Religion that can be imagined. But all the World perhaps did not enter so deep into this Matter, and they thought they had done enough, when by the Hypothesis of *Dæmons*, (which solves the whole Business in two words,) they disparaged all those Miracles, which the Pagans could alledge for their false Worship.

This, it is probable, was the Cause, why in the first Ages of the Church, Men so generally embraced this Opinion concerning *Oracles*. For we see clearly enough into the Darkness of remote Antiquity, to discover, that Christians did not hold this Opinion so much for the Truth, which they found in it, as for the Advantages, which it gave them in their Disputes against Paganism: And could they be born again in the Age wherein we live, I doubt not, but that being then deliver'd, like us, from those strange Notions, that obliged them to that Hypothesis, they would have had

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(almoſt all of them) the ſame Diſeſteem of *Oracles*, as we have at this time.

Hitherto, we have only taken away the Prejudices that are contrary to our Opinion, and which are drawn, either from the Syſtem of the Chriſtian Religion, or elſe from Philoſophy, with the general Conſent of both Pagans and Chriſtians. We have anſwered all this, not only by making a ſimple Defence, but very often by ſtarting Objections; but now we ſhall make our Aſſaults with greater Vigour, and demonſtrate by all thoſe particular Circumſtances, which we can remark in *Oracles*, that they never ought to have been attributed to *Dæmons*.

CHAP. X.

That Oracles *were corrupted by Bribery.*

IT was ſo eaſie a matter to corrupt theſe *Oracles*, that it was very evident that they were managed by Men. The Pythian Prieſteſs *Philipiſes*, ſaid *Demoſthenes*, when he was complaining that the *Oracles* of *Delphos* were always conformable to the Intereſt of *Philip*.

* When *Cleomenes*, King of *Sparta*, was minded to dethrone *Demaratus*, the former King, on pretence that he was not the Son of *Ariſton* his Predeceſſor, and that *Ariſton* himſelf had complain'd that his Son was born a little too ſoon after his Marriage, the *Oracle* was conſulted on ſo difficult

* Herod. *Lib.* 6.

cult a Question; for the thing was of such a Nature, that it cou'd be decided only by the Gods. But *Cleomenes* himself went beforehand to engage the Chief Priestess of *Delphos*, and so she declar'd that *Demaratus* was not the Son of *Ariston*. The Cheat was sometime after discov'd, and the Priestess depriv'd of her Dignity; for they were bound to revenge this Dishonour done to their *Oracles*, and to endeavour to repair their lost Credit.

* Herod. *Lib.* 5. * During the time that *Hippias* was Tyrant of *Athens*, some Citizens whom he had banish'd, obtain'd of the Pythian Priestess, by the force of Mony, that when the *Lacedæmonians* shou'd come to consult her (no matter on what affairs) she should always tell 'em, they must deliver *Athens* from Tyrany. And the *Lacedæmonians*, to whom the same thing was always repeated, whatever they came about, believ'd at last, that the Gods wou'd never Pardon them, if they contemn'd their so frequent Orders; and thereupon they took up Arms against *Hippias*, tho' he were their Ally.

If the *Dæmons* delivered *Oracles*, they were always full of Complaisance to those Princes that were once become Redoubted; and 'tis to be noted that Hell had a very great regard for *Alexander* and *Agustus*. Some Historians tell us plainly that *Alexander* had a mind by his absolute Authority to make himself the Son of *Jupiter Ammon*, both for his Interest and the Honour of his Mother, who was suspected to have had a Gallant much less considerable than *Jupiter*: and they add, that before he went to the Temple, he caus'd the God to be adver-

tis'd

tis'd of his Will and Pleasure; and the God very honestly obeyed his Command. Other Authors hold, That the Priests found out of themselves this way of flattering *Alexander*. There is none but *Plutarch* that grounds this Divinity of *Alexander* on a Mistake of the Priest of *Ammon*, who saluting this King, and intending to say to him in Greek, *Oh my Son*, pronounc'd a σ for a ν, (for he was a Lybian, and knew not well how to pronounce the *Greek*;) and the Words with this Change signifie, *Oh Son of* Jupiter. And the whole Court fail'd not to construe this Mistake of the Priest, to the Advantage of *Alexander*; and without doubt the Priest himself made it pass for an Inspiration of the God who had directed his Tongue, and so by *Oracles* afterwards confirm'd his ill Pronunciation. This last manner of relating this History pleases me extreamly, for I love to find very little Originals give rise to mighty Things; this seems to me to be probable, and a Mockery worthy of sporting Fortune.

ὦ παῖ Ζεῦ for ὦ παῖ Διὸς.

* *Augustus* was so in Love with *Livia*, that he took her by force from her Husband, big with Child as she was; and so impatient was his Passion, that he would not deferr his Marriage till she was delivered, but the Action being something extraordinary, the *Oracle* was consulted about it; who knew well how to make its Court to so glorious a Monarch, and was not only content to approve the Marriage, but assur'd him, that Weddings never succeeded better, than when the Bride

* Pruden.

was

was already with Child. This ſeems to me a very ſtrange Maxim.

There were at *Sparta* but two Families, out of which they might chuſe their Kings. But *Lyſander*, one of the greateſt Men that ever *Sparta* bred, fram'd a Deſign to take away this Diſtinction, too advantagious for thoſe two Families, and too injurious to all the reſt; and to open a way to Royalty for all thoſe who had Merit enough to pretend to it: In order to this, he contriv'd ſo perplex'd a Plot, that I admire how a Man of Wit could hope to draw any Succeſs from it. *Plutarch* ſays very well, that it was like a Mathematical Demonſtration, to which no Man arrives but by tedious Methods. There was a Woman in *Pontus*, who pretended to be big with Child by *Apollo*; *Lyſander* caſt his Thoughts upon this Son of *Apollo*, intending to make uſe of him when he ſhou'd be born; (this it was to have a very great Foreſight) and he cauſes a Report to be ſpread abroad, that the Prieſts of *Delphos* had in their poſſeſſion very ancient *Oracles* which they were not permitted to read, becauſe *Apollo* had reſerv'd that Privilege for ſome one that ſhould come of his Blood, and who ſhould come to *Delphos* to juſtifie his Deſcent. The Child of the Woman at *Pontus* was to be this Son of *Apollo*; and it was contriv'd that amongſt thoſe myſterious *Oracles*, ſo cloſely conceal'd, there ſhould be one found out, which ſhould declare to the Spartans, that they ought to give the Crown to Deſert only, without having any regard to Families. So that now nothing remain'd but to ſhape up ſome *Oracles*;

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to get this Son of *Apollo* (who was called *Silenus*) into the Project, to make him come to *Delphos*, and to bribe the Prieſts. All this was done, which ſeems to me very ſurprizing; for what ſtrange Machines muſt they have made uſe of, for the accompliſhing ſo great a Deſign? *Silenus* comes to *Greece*, and prepares to make himſelf known at *Delphos* for the Son of *Apollo*; but, as ill luck would have it, one of *Lyſander*'s Creatures having ſome Terrors upon him; at laſt when he found himſelf embark'd in ſo dangerous an Affair, ſpoil'd all.

There is ſcarce a more remarkable Example to be found in all Hiſtory of the Corruption of *Oraces*; but in reporting it, I will not diſſemble a Truth, which my Author ſays nothing of; which is, that *Lyſander* had before endeavour'd to corrupt many other *Oracles*, but could not accompliſh it. *Dodona* refuſed to take his Money, *Jupiter Ammon* was inflexible, and even the Prieſts of the place ſent Deputies to *Sparta* to accuſe *Lyſander*; but by the force of his Credit he got himſelf clear of that Affair. The great Prieſteſs of *Delphos* denied to ſell him her Voice. And this makes me believe, that there were in *Delphos* two Colleges, which held no Communication one with another, the one of Prieſts the other of Prieſteſſes; for *Lyſander*, who could not corrupt the great Prieſteſs, could yet ſufficiently corrupt the Prieſts. The Prieſteſſes were thoſe only who deliver'd the *Oracles Viva voce*, and who, with a thouſand antick Motions and Grimaces, acted the Poſſeſs'd on the *Tripos*, and ſeemed to rage, with the Inſpirations of the God; but

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in all probability the Prieſts had a Ware-houſe of written Prophecies, of which they were the Maſters, the Diſpenſers, and the Interpreters.

It is not to be doubted, but that the Prieſts, for the Honour of their Trade, would ſeem very nice and ſcrupulous to thoſe who deſir'd to Bribe 'em, eſpecially when things were requir'd wherein there was no reaſon to hope for much Succeſs; ſuch as was the Novelty, which *Lyſander* had a deſign to introduce into the Government of *Sparta*: and perhaps the Faction of *Ageſilaus*, which was againſt that of *Lyſander*, was ſomewhat jealous of his Project, and had been before-hand with the *Oracles*. Nor is it to be imagin'd, that the Prieſts of *Ammon* would have taken the pains to have come from the fartheſt part of *Libia* to *Sparta*, to have accuſed ſo great a Man as *Lyſander*, if there had not been a very good Underſtanding between their *Oracles* and his Enemies, who encouraged them to accuſe him.

CHAP. XI.

Of the Erection of new Oracles.

THe *Oracles*, which were ſometimes erected anew, do as much weaken the Hypotheſis of *Demons*, as the *Oracles* that were corrupted by Bribery.

After the Death of *Ephæſtion*, *Alexander*, to comfort himſelf, would needs have it believed, that *Ephæſtion* was a God; to which, all his Cour-

Courtiers consented without any difficulty: And immediately, Temples were erected in many Cities to *Ephæstion*, Festivals were instituted to his Honour, Sacrifices were made to him, miraculous Cures were attributed to him, and in fine, (that nothing at all might be wanting) they made him deliver *Oracles*. *Lucian* says, that *Alexander*, who was at first astonished to see the Divinity of *Ephæston* have such Success, believed it himself at length to be true, and found a great deal of Pleasure, in thinking not only that he himself was a God, but that he had also the Power of making Gods.

Adrian committed the same Folly for the lovely *Antinous*: In Honour of whose Memory he built the City of *Antinopolis*, he consecrated Temples and Prophets to him (says St. *Jerome*:) Now there were no Prophets, but in those Temples where there were *Oracles*; and there is yet remaining this Greek Inscription:

To Antinous,

The Companion of the Gods of Egypt. M. Ulpius Appollonius's *Prophet.*

After this, we need not wonder, that *Augustus* also delivered *Oracles*, as we find it in *Prudentius*: And certainly *Augustus* was as fit to be worshipped as *Antinous* or *Ephæstion*, who according to all likelihood, owed their Divinity only to their Beauty.

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Without doubt, these new *Oracles* caused even those, who were the least capable of thinking, to make Reflections upon them. Was there not reason to believe, that these were of the same Nature with the Ancient ones? And to make a due Judgment on the beginnings of those of *Amphiaraus*, *Trophonius*, *Orpheus*, and of *Apollo* himself, they needed no more than to consider those of *Ephæstion*, *Antinous* and *Augustus*.

'Tis plain however, that they were not in like Credit with those of more ancient Dates, and that there is a vast difference between them; for they stinted the Gods of the new Edition to certain Answers, that were necessary for the flattering of Princes; but for any thing else, they were not seriously consulted.

For when Questions of Importance were to be asked, they went to *Delphos*. The ancient Tripodes had been in Possession of Futurity, time out of Mind; and the word of a good, sage, experienc'd God, was far more authentick than that of these Upstarts, who were less versed in the Trade. The Roman Emperors, whose Interest it was to advance and set a value on the Divinity of their Predecessors (since themselves claimed the same) would have endeavoured to have render'd the *Oracles* of the deified Emperors (such as *Augustus* was) more celebrated, if it had not been that the People, accustomed to their anicent *Oracles*, could not have the same Confidence in these; for I would willingly believe, that, what Inclination soever they had to the most ridiculous Superstitions, yet they laugh'd at these new *Oracles*, and in general,

neral, at all the Conſecrations of new Gods: For how could they poſſibly take the Eagle, which flew out of the flaming Funeral Pile of a Roman Emperor, to be the Soul of that Emperour, that was taking its Flight to Heaven?

How then came it to paſs, that People were deceived at the firſt Erection of Gods and *Oracles?* Thus it was, as I conjecture: As for the Gods, Paganiſm had only two principal ſorts of them, either Gods who were ſuppoſed to be eſſentially of a Divine Nature, or Gods which did not become ſo, till after they had been of a humane Nature firſt. The former ſort were declared Gods by the Learned, or by the Legiſlators with a multitude of Myſteries; and the People neither ſaw them, nor ever had ſeen them: The ſecond ſort (tho' the whole World knew that they had been Men, yet they) were made Gods by the Inclination of the People, in Memory of their Vertues. They framed to themſelves a very elevated Idea of the one ſort, becauſe they were above their View; and of the other, becauſe they loved them. But they could not have that Devotion for a Roman Emperour, who was only made a God by the Favour and Order of the Court, and not by the Love of the People, and who beſides this, was known ſo very lately to have been a Man.

As for the *Oracles*, their firſt Eſtabliſhment is not difficult to unfold: For, find me but half a dozen Perſons, whom I can perſwade that it is not the Sun that makes the Day, and I will not deſpair of prevailing with a whole Nation to Embrace the ſame Opinion: For how-

however ridiculous any thing ſeems at firſt, if you can but maintain it for ſome time, ſo that it gains the Authority of Antiquity, it is then ſufficiently proved.

There was on the top of *Parnaſſus* a Hole, out of which an Exhalation came, which was of ſuch a Nature, that it made Goats dance and caper, by fuming into their Heads; and perhaps ſome Body, whoſe Head was filled with this Exhalation became an Enthuſiaſt, fell a talking without knowing what he ſaid, and by chance ſpoke truth. Immediately, there was ſomething Divine fancied to be in this Exhalation, and that it contained the knowledge of Futurity; then they begin to approach this Hole with Veneration, and Ceremonies are by little and little introduced. Thus in all probability, the *Oracle* of *Delphos* was at firſt erected. And as it owed its Original to an Exhalation, which infected the Head, there was a neceſſity that the Pythian Prieſteſs ſhould be in a Fury, when ſhe was to propheſie; but in the greateſt part of the other *Oracles*, Fury was not practiced. Let but one *Oracle* be ſet up, and you need not doubt but a thouſand will follow the Example; for if the Gods can ſpeak in one, why ſhould they not do as well in others? The People ſtruck with the Wonder of the thing, and finding of what uſe it would be, and covetous of the Profit, which they expected from it, deſired nothing more than to ſee *Oracles* ſet up in every place; and in time, all theſe *Oracles* got the Advantage of Antiquity, which ſtood them in great ſtead. And it could not be expected, that the new ones ſhould have ſuch Succeſs, ſince

since they were established by Princes: whereas the People are most willing to believe, what they make themselves.

Add to all this, that at the time of the first Institution both of Gods and *Oracles*, Ignorance was much greater than it was afterwards. Philosophy was not then known in the World, and the most extravagant Superstitions had met with no contradiction from thence. 'Tis true, that those we call *the People* are never mighty knowing; yet the Dulness, with which they are always possess'd, receives some difference according to the Ages in which they live. But there are some Ages wherein all the World are the People, and those times without comparison are the most favourable for the introduction of Errors. 'Tis no wonder then, that the People had a less esteem for the new *Oracles*, than for the ancient ones; but this makes not the old *Oracles* any whit better than the new ones. Now either a *Dæmon* went to lodge in the Statue of *Ephæstion*, to deliver *Oracles* from thence (as soon as it pleas'd *Alexander* to erect one to him as to a God:) or if the Statue deliver'd *Oracles* without this *Dæmon*, then that of *Apollo Pythius* might do so as well. And it seems to me very strange and surprizing, that the Fancy of *Alexander* should be able to send a *Dæmon* to take possession of a Statue, which by that means only was to become an eternal occasion of Error to all Men.

CHAP. XII.

Of the Places where Oracles *were.*

WE shall now enter upon the History of those Artifices and Cheats, what the Priests practis'd: which contains many things of Antiquity very agreeable and particular.

Countries that were mountainous (and by consequence full of Holes, and Caverns) were always fullest of *Oracles*; such was *Bœotia*, which anciently, as *Plutarch* says, had a number of them. Where by the way you may observe that the *Bœotians* had the repute of being the foolishest Nation of the World; and therefore it was a fit Country for *Oracles*, being full of Blockheads and Caverns.

I cannot believe that the first Establishment of *Oracles* was a design'd Cheat; but that the People fell into some Superstition which gave 'em a beginning, and that afterwards *Men of Wit* made their advantages of 'em: For the Weakness of the People is oftentimes greater than could have been foreseen; and many times those that deceive 'em, think of nothing less, until they themselves give some opportunity for the Fraud. And my Opinion is, that *Oracles* were not therefore placed in *Bœotia*, because 'tis mountainous; but because the *Oracle* of *Delphos* had by chance its beginning there, after the manner which we have related, therefore others, that were made in Imitation of of that in the same Country, were situated also in

in the Caverns; the Conveniences of which for that purpose, were very well known to the Priests.

This Custom afterwards spread it self everywhere; for the Pretence of Divine Exhalations render'd these Caverns necessary: and besides Caverns of themselves effect one with a certain Horror, which does not a little advance Superstition; and in things that are only to make impressions on the Imaginations of Men, nothing is to be neglected. It may be also, that the situation of *Delphos* contributed to the making it be esteem'd as a holy Town; it was built on a small Level which was half way up the Mountain of *Parnassus*, and encompass'd with Precipices which fortify'd it without the help of Art: That part of the Mountain which was above it, had the resemblance of a Theater; and the Voice of Men, and the Sound of Trumpets was multiply'd by the Echoes of the Rocks. Do not you believe then, that they knew how to make even these Echoes of great use to 'em?

The Advantages of the Priests and the Majesty of the *Oracles*, do equally require these Caverns; for which reason there was no great number of these Prophetick Temples situated on Plains; but yet there were some, whose Defects the Priests knew well enough how to remedy, and instead of natural Caverns, to accommodate 'em with artificial ones, that is to say, what they call Sanctuaries, which were a sort of Caves where the Divinity perpetually resided, and where none but the Priests ever enter'd.

* Plutar. Dial. *that Oracles are not ceas'd.*

* When the Pythian Prieſteſs placed her ſelf upon the *Tripos*, it was in her Sanctuary, an obſcure place at ſome diſtance from a certain little Chamber, wherein thoſe who came to conſult the *Oracles* were to ſtand. The Entrance of this Sanctuary was all cover'd over with Boughs of Lawrel, by which means thoſe who had the liberty of approaching it, could make no Diſcoveries.

From whence do you think, proceeds the diverſity that is to be found in the Deſcription which the Ancients give of their *Oracles?* It is becauſe they never ſaw what paſs'd in the moſt ſacred Receſſes of their Temples.

For example, They agree not among themſelves about the *Oracle* of *Dodona*, and yet what could be better known to the Greeks? *Ariſtotle*, (as *Suidas* reports) writes, that at *Dodona* there were two Columns, upon one of which there was a Baſon of Braſs, and upon the other a Statue of a Child who held a Whip, the Cords of which being alſo of Braſs made a noiſe againſt the Baſon, when they were agitated by the Wind.

Demon (according to the ſame *Suidas*) ſays, that the *Oracle* of *Jupiter* at *Dodona* is all encompaſs'd with Baſons, of which, when any one is puſh'd againſt the next, the Motion is communicated all round to the reſt, and they make a Din, which continues for ſome time.

Others ſay, that there was a reſounding Oak, which ſhook its Branches and Leaves together, all the while the *Oracle* was conſulted; and its meaning was pronounced by the Prieſteſſes called *Dodonides*. It

It is plain from all this, that there was nothing certain but the Noise; which was to be heard from without; but not seeing the inward Sanctuary, where the *Oracle* resided, they only knew, but by Conjecture, and the fallacious Reports of the Priests what caus'd this Noise. Yet we find in History, that some few had the Privilege to enter into these Sanctuaries; but they were Persons of no less Quality than *Alexander* and *Vespasian*. *Strabo* reports from *Callisthenes*, that *Alexander* enter'd alone with the Priest into the Sanctuary of *Ammon*, and that all the rest heard the *Oracle* only from without.

Tacitus also relates, that *Vespasian*, when he was at *Alexandria*, (having already a Design upon the Empire) would needs consult the *Oracle* of *Serapis*; but before he enter'd, he made every body quit the Temple; and yet for all this, perhaps he did not enter into the Sanctuary. But the Instances of this Privilege are very rare; for my Author averrs, that he never knew of any other than these two; unless you will add what *Tacitus* says of *Titus*, to whom the Priest of *Paphian Venus* discovered in secret many great things, concerning the Designs which he had then in hand. But yet this Example proves less than that of *Vespasian*, that the Priests allow'd great Men the liberty of entring into the Sanctuary of their Temples. Doubtless one ought to have a great deal of Credit with the Priests, to oblige 'em to discover the *Arcana* of their Mysteries; but they did it only to Princes, whose Interest they knew it was to keep the Secret; and who,

in the Circumstances which they were then in, had some particular reason to raise and not less-sen the Reputation of *Oracles*.

In these dark Sanctuaries it was, that all the Machines of the Priests lay; and they enter'd into them by intricate Paths under Ground. *Rufinus* describes to us the Temple of *Serapis* full of covert Ways: and (to bring a Testimony yet stronger than his) do not the Holy Scriptures discover to us the Impostures of the Priests of *Belus*, who had a private Conveyance to enter secretly into his Temple, and to take away the Meat which was there offer'd to him? It seems to me, that this History alone ought to decide the whole Question in our favour; for we there have an account of one of the Miracles of Paganism, which was the most universally believ'd, how that the Gods took the pains to come and Eat the consecrated Meat, themselves. Do the Scriptures attribute this Prodigy to *Dæmons?* Not at all; but to the Priests, who were Impostors. And it is in this place alone that the Scriptures vouchsafe to give the description of a Pagan Miracle; and by not advertising us that the rest were not of the same nature, they give us plainly to understand that they were. After all, how much easier was it to perswade People that the Gods descended into Statues to speak to 'em, and give 'em wholesome Instructions, than that they came down to eat the Members of Goats and Sheep? And therefore surely if it was the Priests that eat, and not the Gods; by much stronger reason, it was they that pronounced the *Oracles* in their stead.

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The Cavities of the Sanctuary, increas'd the Voice, and caus'd rebounding Echoes, which imprinted a sort of awful Terror in all that approach'd it: you see also in all the Poets that the Pythian Priestesses strain'd their Voices, so much beyond the pitch of Nature, that they appear'd to be more than Humane. Perhaps too that sort of * Trumpet which multiplies the sound, was not then altogether unknown: and it may be Sir *Samuel Moreland*, has but reviv'd this Secret, which the Pagan Priests knew before him; tho' they chose rather to get Profit by concealing it, than Honour by publishing it. And Father *Kirker* assures us that *Alexander* had one of these Instruments, with which he made himself be heard by his whole Army at the same time. There is one little thing which I will not forget, because it serves to demonstrate the extream Application which the Priests had to Cheating. From the Sanctuary, or bottom of the Temple, there came out sometimes a very agreeable Vapour which fill'd all the place where the Consulters were: It was the arrival of the God, you must know, that perfum'd all. Judge then, if Men who carried on their Impostures so curiously as to descend to these Trifles, would neglect any thing that was essential.

* *Sir* Sam. Moreland's *Speaking Trumpet.*

CHAP. XIII.

Of the Distinctions of Days, and other Mysteries of Oracles.

THe Priests neglected not any kind of Precaution; and therefore they had certain Days on which no Man was permitted to consult the *Oracle*. This had a mysterious Air, which is still much practic'd in like Matters; but yet the chief Advantage which they drew from it, was, That they could put you off with this Pretext till another time, either if they had no mind to give you any Answer at all, or if they thought fit to have this time of silence for the taking their Measures and making their Preparatives.

On occasion of these pretended unlucky Days, there was deliver'd to *Alexander* one of the pleasantest *Oracles* that ever was. He went to *Delphos* to consult the God, and the Priestess, pretending that it was not then a lawful time to Interrogate, would not enter into the Temple. *Alexander*, who was very rough and impatient, took the Priestess by the Arm, and led her in by force; whereupon she cry'd out, *Ah, my Son, you are not to be resisted. I desire no more*, (says *Alexander*) *this* Oracle *is enough for me.*

But the Priests had got another Secret to gain time when they pleased: Before they would consult the *Oracles* they must Sacrifice; and if the Entrails of the Victim were not lucky,

ky, then the God was not in an Humour to answer; now none judged of the Victims but the Priests: and, for the most part (as it appears by many Examples) they were alone when they examin'd 'em: And often, to delay the time, they would make Men begin their Sacrifice a new, and bring a second Victim, tho' they had already offer'd one that had the finest Heart and Liver in the World.

What were call'd the Mysteries and secret Ceremonies of the Gods, were without doubt the best Artifices the Priests could invent to keep People in the Dark; and yet they could not so well hide the Juggle, but that the Cheat would be suspected by many Persons; and therefore they contrived among themselves to establish certain Mysteries, which should ingage those that were initiated into them, to an inviolable Secrecy.

'Tis true there were Mysteries in those Temples where there where no *Oracles*, but there were no *Oracles*, but what had Mysteries; as for Instance in that of *Delphos*: *Plutarch*, in his Dialogues, so often cited, says, That there was no Person in the Town of *Delphos*, nor in all that Country, that was not initiated into their Mysteries, and so every body had his Dependance on the Priests; and if any one had dared to have opened his Mouth against 'em, they presently cried out, *O the Atheist! O the impious Man!* and he would have drawn upon himself, by his plain Dealing, such Inconveniences as he could never have got quit of. But yet, if there had been no such Mysteries, the Inhabitants of *Delphos*, would have been always

ways obliged to have conceal'd the Knavery of their Priests; for *Delphos* was a City which had no other Revenue but that of its Temple, and was maintain'd only by its *Oracle*; but for all that, the Priests were not contented till they had secured the People to themselves by a double Tie, and so they annexed Superstition to their Interest. And without doubt a Man who had spoken Ill of their *Oracles*, would have been wondrous well received in such a Town.

Those, who were initiated into their Mysteries, gave also further Security for their Discretion; for they were oblig'd to make a Confession to their Priests of all the most private Actions of their Lives: so that by this means they became Slaves to their Priests, that their own Secrets might be kept.

It was upon this sort of Confession that a Lacedæmonian, who was going to initiate himself into the Mysteries of *Samothrace*, spoke roundly thus to the Priest: *If I have committed any Crimes, surely the Gods are not ignorant of 'em.*

Another answer'd almost after the same manner: *Is it to you, or to God we ought to confess our Crimes? It is to God*, says the Priest. *Well then, retire thou*, answered the Lacedæmonian, *and I'll confess 'em to God.* These Lacedæmonians were not very full of the Spirit of Devotion, and I do not doubt but there might have been some Men wicked enough to go and make a false Confession, to get himself initiated into their Mysteries, and then afterwards to make a Discovery of all their Extravagancies, and publish the Cheats of the Priests.

I believe that this Misfortune may have happened, for tho' Prieſts uſed all poſſible means to prevent ſuch Diſcoveries: They obſerved narrowly what Perſons they were, with whom they had to do; and, I'll warrant you, the two Lacedæmonians, whom we have mentioned, were not admitted. Beſides, they declared the Epicureans incapable of being initiated into their Myſteries, becauſe they were a ſort of Men, who made it their Buſineſs to laugh at them; and I believe, they never delivered *Oracles* to them: Nor was it very difficult to know them; for all thoſe among the Greeks, who applied themſelves to Literature, made choice of ſome Sect of Philoſophy, or other, and took their Appellation from that Sect, almoſt as we do from a Country. For Example, there were three *Demetriuſes*, which were thus diſtinguiſhed; one was *Demetrius* the Cynick, the other, *Demetrius* the Stoick, and the third, *Demetrius* the Peripatetick. This Cuſtom of excluding the Epicureans from all Myſteries, was ſo general, and ſo neceſſary for the ſecuring of Sacred Things, that it was made uſe of by that grand Cheat, whoſe Life *Lucian* deſcribes ſo agreeably; I mean that *Alexander*, who fooled the Greeks ſo long a time with his Serpents: But he alſo added the Chriſtians to the Epicureans; for he thought one no better than the other: And before he began his Ceremonies, he always cried, *Let the Chriſtians be put out.* To whom the People anſwered in a kind of Chorus, *Let the Epicureans be put out alſo.* Nay, he did far worſe than all this; for ſeeing himſelf tormented by theſe two ſorts

of

of People, (who, tho' pushed by different Interests, yet conspired together to turn his Ceremonies into Ridicule) he declared that *Pontus* (where he then lived) was filled with wicked People, and that the God, whose Prophet he was, would speak no more, if they did not rid themselves of them; and upon this, they murdered all the Epicureans and the Christians.

Daphnean Apollo, in the Suburbs of *Antioch*, was in the same Uneasiness, when, in the time of *Julian* the Apostate, he answered all those, who asked him the Cause of his Silence, that they must lay the Blame on certain dead People, who were interred in the Neigbourhood. These dead People were Christian Martyrs, and among the rest, St. *Babilas*. Now the current Opinion is, that it was the Presence of these blessed dead Bodies, which deprived the *Damons* of the Power of speaking in the *Oracle*; but 'tis more probable, that the great concourse of Christians, which daily visited the Sepulchers of these Martyrs, incommoded the Priests of *Apollo*, who did not care that such clear-sighted Enemies should be Witnesses of their Actions; and therefore they endeavoured by this false *Oracle*, to obtain of the Pagan Emperor, that he would cause these Bodies, of which the God complained, to be cast out from thence.

But let us return to the Artifices of the Priests, of which the *Oracles* are full: And to comprehend in one Reflection alone, all those that can be made upon them, I would fain have some one tell me, why the *Damons* could not

not predict what was to come, unleſs they were in Holes, in Caverns and in obſcure Places? And why they did not animate a Statue, in ſome common Road, where four High-ways met, expoſed on all ſides to the View of the World? But it may perhaps be ſaid, that thoſe *Oracles*, which were given in anſwer to ſealed Letters, and thoſe that were delivered by Dreams, could not have been without *Demons*; but 'twill be very eaſie for us to ſhow, that they had nothing in them more wonderful and miraculous than the reſt.

CHAP. XIV.

Of Oracles *that were delivered in Anſwer to Sealed Letters.*

THe Prieſts were not ſo ſcrupulous in that Point, as not to unſeal the Letters that were brought them. The Cuſtom was to lay them upon the Altar: After which the Temple was to be ſhut; but the Prieſts knew very well how to enter, without being perceived. Or elſe, they put the Letters into the Hands of the Prieſts, that they might ſleep upon them, and receive in a Dream the Anſwer, which they were to return: And in both Caſes, they had the leiſure to open them privately. For the doing this, they had many ſecret Arts: Some of which we ſee practiſed by the falſe Prophet of *Lucian*. And they are to be ſeen in *Lucian* himſelf by any one, that hsa the

the Curiosity to know how the Letters of the Ancients were to be opened, without its being perceived that they were so.

Certainly, they made use of some of these Secrets, to open those Letters, that the Governour of *Cilicia* (of whom *Plutarch* speaks) had sent to the *Oracle* of *Mopsus*, which was at *Mallus*, a City of that Province. The Governour knew not what to think of the Gods; for he was possessed by the Epicureans with many Doubts, which they had put into his Head: So that, he was resolved, as *Plutarch* pleasantly observes, to send a Spie among the Deities, to learn what he could of them: So he gave him a Letter very carefully sealed, to carry to the *Oracle* of *Mopsus*. This Envoy came, and, as the Custom was, laid his Letter upon the Altar, and himself slept in the Temple, where he saw in a Dream, a Man, very well made, who said to him, *Black*. He carried back this Answer to the Governour with his Letter sealed just as he sent it, to all appearance. The Answer seemed very ridiculous to the Epicureans, that were at Court; but himself was struck with Astonishment and Wonder at it; and opening his Letter before them, he showed them what he had written, which was this Question: *Shall I Sacrifice to you a white or a black Bullock?* After this Miracle, he was all his Life very much devoted to the God *Mopsus*. We will hereafter discover to you the Mystery of the Dream; but it is sufficient at present to tell you, that there is no doubt, but that the Letters were opened and sealed again with great Dexterity and Address,

for

for what neceſſity was there of ſending a Letter to the Temple, if a *Dæmon* was to make the Anſwer? And if it ſometimes happened ſo, that the Prieſts durſt not venture to open the Letter, then they endeavoured by their Cunning, to diſcover what Men came to the *Oracle* about; for they were commonly Perſons of Note, and who had ſome Deſign or Paſſion in their Heads, that was not unknow to the World. And the Prieſts had ſo much Converſation with thoſe that came to conſult, either at their Sacrifices, or during the Delays, that were made by the *Oracle*, before it would anſwer, that it was not difficult to draw from their own Mouths (or at leaſt to conjecture) what was the Cauſe of their Voyage: They made them offer one Sacrifice after another, till they had gotten ſome Light into their Affairs: They put them alſo into the Hands of certain little Officers of the Temple, who, (under pretence of ſhowing them the Antiquities, the Statues, the Paintings, and the Offerings,) managed the Matter ſo well, as to pump many things out of them concerning the Buſineſs which they came about. Theſe Antiquaries (like thoſe who live upon this Trade now in *Italy*) were in all the Temples that were any thing conſiderable. They knew by Heart all the Miracles that were done, they ſet forth to you the Power and Wonders of their God, and they recounted to you a long Story of every Preſent that was conſecrated to him. And therefore, *Lucian* ſays very pleaſantly, that all this ſort of Men lived and ſubſiſted on Fables; and that in *Greece*, they would have been very an-

angry to have been told truth, tho' it had cost them nothing. If those who came to consult the *Oracle*, would not tell all themselves, yet their Servants could not hold their Peace. You must know, that in an *Oracle*-Town, there were scarce any Persons but *Oracle*-Officers: Some were Prophets and Priests; others, Poets (who put into Verse the *Oracles*, which were delivered in Prose;) others, simple Interpreters; others, little Sacrificers, who killed the Victims, and examined their Intrails; others, Sellers of Perfumes and Incense, or of Beasts for the Sacrifices; others, Antiquaries: and in fine, all the rest were but Inn-keepers, whom the great resort of Strangers inriched. Now all these People were for the Interest of the *Oracle* and the God: And if by the means of the Servants belonging to these Strangers, they discovered any thing worth the knowing, you need not doubt but they soon advertized the Priests of it.

The false Prophet, *Alexander*, who had set up his *Oracle* in *Pontus*, had Correspondents even in *Rome* it self, who sent him an Account of the most secret Affairs of those who went to Consult him; by this means he could answer, without the Trick of opening their Letters. And these Correspondencies were doubtless not unknown to the Priests of *Apollo* of *Claros*, if it be true, that it was sufficient only to tell them the Names of those that consulted them. *Tacitus* speaks thus of them in his Second Book of Annals: Germanicus *went to consult* Apollo *of* Claros, *where a Woman does not deliver the* Oracles, *as at* Delphos; *but a Man*

cho

chosen out of certain Families, and who is almost always Miletus; *you need tell him only the Number and Names of them that come to consult him; and then he retires into a Grotto, and having taking some Water from a certain secret Fountain there, he answers you in Verse, to whatever you have in your Thoughts, though for the most part, he is a very ignorant Fellow.*

Here we may observe, that the *Oracle* of *Delphos* was committed to the management of a Woman, because she had nothing else to do there, but to make ridiculous and antick Gestures, and to act the being possessed and inspired; but because that of *Claros* had more Difficulty in it, therefore a Man only was to be intrusted with it. We may further remark, that the Ignorance of the Prophet, (which was indeed the greatest Wonder of the *Oracle*,) could not be very easily discovered; for the *Dæmon* of the *Oracle*, as much a *Dæmon* as he was, laid it down for an indispensible Rule, that they must bring him the Names of those who consulted him. But we are not come to that yet; it is sufficient to have shown how they could answer, not only to seal'd Letters, but also to simple Thoughts. It is true, they could not answer to the Thoughts of all the World: For what the Priest of *Claros* did for *Germanicus*, he could not do for a private Citizen of *Rome*.

Chap. XV.

Of Oracles *delivered in Dreams.*

THe Number of *Oracles* delivered in Dreams is very great; for this Way had more of Wonder in it than any other, and yet was not very difficult in the Practice. The moſt famous of all theſe *Oracles* was that of *Trophonius* in *Bœotia: Trophonius* was but a ſimple Heroe, but his *Oracle* was delivered with more Ceremonies than thoſe of any God.

Pauſanias himſelf, who had been to conſult it, and who had paſs'd through all its Ceremonies, has left us a very ample Deſcription of it: And I believe, that an exact Abridgment of his Relation will not be diſagreeable to the Reader.

Before any Body deſcended into the Den of *Trophonius*, they were obliged to paſs a certain number of Days in a kind of little Temple or Chapel call'd the Chapel of good Fortune, and of the good Genius. During this time they uſed Expiations of all ſorts; they abſtain'd from hot bathings; they waſh'd themſelves very often in the River *Hercinas*; they ſacrific'd to *Trophonius* and all his Family, to *Apollo*, to *Jupiter*, ſurnam'd the King, to *Saturn*, to *Juno*, to one *Ceres Europa*, who had been Nurſe to *Trophonius*; and they lived only upon the Fleſh of the Sacrifices. It is alſo more than probable that the Prieſts lived upon nothing elſe. The Entrails of all theſe Victims were to be examined,

amined, to see if *Trophonius* thought fit that the Consulters should descend into his Den; but if these had yielded all the most happy Omens in the World, yet it would not do; for the decisive Entrails were those of a certain Ram, which was to be sacrific'd last; and if they were favourable, then the Consulters were led in the Night to the River *Hercinas*, where two young Lads about thirteen or fourteen years Old, rubbed all their Bodies over with Oil; then they conducted them to the Source of the River, and there they made them drink of two sorts of Water; those of *Lethe*, which effaced out of their Minds all the prophane Thoughts which before possess'd 'em; and those of *Mnemosyne*, which had the Virtue to make them remember whatsoever they should see in the sacred Den. After all these Preparatives, they were shew'd the Statue of *Trophonius*, to which they made their Prayers; and then they were covered with Linnen Vests, which were girt about them with certain sacred Band-lets, and so at last they were admitted to the *Oracle*.

The *Oracle* stood upon a Mountain, and was encompassed with a Wall of white Stones, upon which Obelisks of Brass were erected: Within this Circle was a Cavern of the Figure of an Oven, cut out by Art, whose Entrance was so strait, that Men did not descend into it by Stairs but by little Ladders, and when they were come to the Bottom, they found another little Cavern, whose Entrance was yet straiter: Here they laid themselves down upon the Earth, and took into each Hand certain Compositions

of Honey which they were obliged to carry, and then they put their Feet within the opening of the little Cavern, and immediately they perceived themſelves pulled into it with much force and ſuddenneſs.

Then it was that things to come were declared to 'em; but not to all in the ſame manner; for ſome heard and did not ſee, and thoſe that ſaw where not to hear. After this they came out of the Den, creeping upon the Earth, as they entered in, with their Feet foremoſt: Immediately they were put into the Chair of *Mnemoſyne*, where they were asked what they had ſeen or heard; thence they were led into the Chapel of the good Genius, being ſtill quite amaiz'd and out of their Wits; but retrieving their Senſes by little and little, they began to be able to Laugh; for till then the Grandeur of the Myſteries, and the Divinity with which they were filled, had prevented it; though for my part I think one may well wonder how they could refrain ſo long.

Pauſanias tells us that there was one Man who enter'd into the Den of *Trophonius* and never came out again: This was a certain Spy that *Demetrius* ſent thither, to ſee if there were any thing in that Holy Place, worth the plundering. The Body of this unhappy Man was afterwards found a far off from thence; for 'tis to be ſuppos'd that he was caſt out of the ſacred Den by ſome more ſecret way than he enter'd into it.

It is very eaſie for us to make Reflections upon all this; for what leiſure and opportunity could the Prieſts want during all the Sacrifices which

which they obliged Men to make, to qualifie them for the entrance into this ſacred Den? For certainly *Trophonius* knew how to chooſe his Men, and would not receive every Body. How did all theſe Waſhings, Expiations, and Night-watchings, and theſe Paſſages into their ſtrait and obſcure Caverns, fill Mens Minds with Superſtition, Dread and Fear? How many Machines were at work in thoſe dark places? The Hiſtory of the Spy of *Demetrius* aſſures us, that there was no Security in the Den, for thoſe who came thither with malicious Intentions; and that beſides the ſacred Paſſage into it, which was known to all the World, the Den had another ſecret one, which was known only to the Prieſts. When Men were drawn in by their Feet, it was doubtleſs done by Cords, (tho' not perceiv'd;) for they could not put their Hands to feel what it was that drew 'em, becauſe they were embaraſs'd with thoſe Compoſitions of Honey, which they were oblig'd not to let go. And perhaps thoſe Caverns were full of Perfumes and Odour which ſtupefied the Brain: And the Waters of *Lethe* and *Mnemoſyne* were, alſo ('tis probably) prepar'd for the ſame effect. To ſay nothing of the frightful Sights and the Noiſes which they might be terrified withal; and when they came out from thence little better than diſtracted, they talk'd ſtrangely of what they had ſeen or heard; ſo that People taking advantage of their Diſorder, might collect what they pleas'd, and change it as they thought fitting, and in fine, interpret it as they liſted themſelves.

Add to all this, that there were some of those *Oracles* which were delivered in Dreams, where one must prepare one's self by fasting, as that of * *Amphiaraus* in *Attica*; and then if your Dream could not receive a clear Interpretation, they made you sleep again in the Temple, (at fresh Charges) and never fail'd to fill your Head with Fancies fit to make you Dream of Gods and extraordinary things: And for the most part, you were to sleep upon the Skins of Victims, which perhaps were rubb'd with a Drug which had some odd effect on the Brain.

* Philostatus, *Li.* 2. *Life of* Apollonius.

But when it was the Priests who sleeping upon the sealed Letters, had themselves the Prophetick Dreams, you may easily imagine, that those Dreams were not very difficult to unfold.

Indeed the Care, that the Pagan Priests took to hide their Impostures, seems to have been greater than it needed to have been; for if People were credulous and stupid enough to content themselves with the Dreams of the Priests, and to give credit to them, then there was no necessity, to suffer them to dream in the Temples: And the Priest might have reserved this Privilege to themselves alone, without any Contradiction. For considering what sort of People they were, whom they had to do withal, it was too much Honour for them, to be cheated with Precaution and Address.

There was in *Achaia* * an *Oracle* of *Mercury*, which was delivered in this manner: After many Ceremonies,

* *Pausanias.*

nies, they whiſpered the God in the Ear, and asked him what Queſtion they pleas'd, and afterwards they ſtopt their own Ears with their Hands, and the firſt Words which they heard after they were come out of the Temple, was taken to be the Anſwer of the God. And to the end that the Prieſts might more eaſily cauſe them to hear what they pleas'd, and the impoſture not be diſcover'd, this *Oracle* was always to be conſulted in the Night.

CHAP. XVI.

Of the Ambiguity of Oracles.

ONe of the greateſt Secrets of the *Oracles*, and one of the things which moſt of all aſſures us that they were managed by Men, is their Ambiguity, and the Art that was uſed to contrive ſuch Anſwers as would be ſuitable to any Event that was likely to happen.

* When *Alexander* fell ſick all of a ſudden at *Babylon*, ſome of the Principal of his Court went to paſs a Night in the Temple of *Serapis*, to inquire of that God, if it were not fit for 'em to bring their King thither to be cured by him. The God anſwer'd, that it was better for him to remain where he was. *Serapis* had reaſon; for if he had adviſed the bringing *Alexander* thither, and he had died by the way, or in the Temple itſelf, what would they not have ſaid? But if the King continued at *Babylon* and recover'd

* Arian, *Lib.* 7.

ver'd his Health there, what a mighty Glory would it have brought the *Oracle?* And if he died, it might be said to be the best that could befal him after the Conquests that he had made, which if he lived, he could neither augment nor preserve. And without doubt this last Interpretation was made for the Honour of *Serapis*, after *Alexander* was Dead.

Macrobius says, that when *Trajan* had a Design of Attacking the Parthians, he was desired to consult the *Oracle* of the City *Heliopolis* about it, whither the manner was only to send a sealed Letter. Now, tho' *Trajan* put no great Confidence in *Oracles*, yet he sent a sealed Letter thither, in which there was nothing written, and they sent him back a suitable Answer, that is, none at all. So that *Trajan* being now convinced of the Divinity of *Oracles*, sends another sealed Letter, in which he demands of the God, Whether he should finish the War, that he had undertaken, and return to *Rome*, or not? The God ordered, that they should take a Vine, which was one of the Offerings of the Temple, and cut it in pieces, and so carry it to *Trajan*. The Event, says *Macrobius*, was conformable to the *Oracle*; for *Trajan* dying in this War, his Bones, which were represented by the broken Vine, were carried to *Rome*.

All the World knew for certain that the Emperor designed to make War with the Parthians, and that this was the Business about which he consulted the *Oracle*: And, the *Oracle* was so cunning, as to return him an Allegorical Answer, and so general an one, that it could not

not fail of being true: For if *Trajan* had returned to *Rome*, either Victorious, but hurt, or having loſt ſome part of his Soldiers; or if he were Overcome, and his Army put to Flight; or if any Diviſion had been amongſt his Men; or if any Mutiny had happened amongſt the Parthians; or if any had happened at *Rome* in the Abſence of the Emperor; if the Parthians had been wholly conquered; or if they had been but partly worſted, or that they had been abandoned by ſome of their Allies, in any one of theſe caſes, this broken Vine miraculouſly had foretold all: And there was no queſtion, but ſome one of theſe would happen. And I believe the Bones of the Emperor that were carried to *Rome*, and by which they explained the *Oracle*, were, for all that, the only thing of which the *Oracle* never thought.

This Vine puts me in Mind of a kind of *Oracle* that accommodated itſelf to every thing, of which, as *Apuleus* tells us, the Prieſts of the Goddeſs of *Syria* were the Inventors. They made two Verſes, the Sence whereof was this:

Two Oxen yok'd together cut the Earth,
And make the Fields produce a fruitful Birth.

Now there was no Queſtion, which they could not Anſwer with theſe two Verſes. For if they were conſulted upon a Marriage, it was the ſame thing, *Oxen yoked together, and a fruitful Birth.* If they were conſulted about the Purchace of any Land, again, it was, *Yoked Oxen, and fruitful Fields.* If about a Journey; *the Oxen yoked together*, and ſo ready to go forth,

and

and the fruitful Fields promiſed a great Profit or Succeſs by the Journey. If one went to War, *theſe Oxen under the Yoke*, do clearly ſignifie, that you ſhall put your Enemies under the Yoke. Certainly, this Goddeſs of *Syria* did not love much Tatling, aud had found out the true Secret to ſatisfie all Queſtions with one ſingle Anſwer.

Thoſe, who received theſe ambiguous *Oracles*, took the pains very willingly to juſtifie them, by adjuſting the Succeſs and Prediction together. And oftentimes, that which had but one Sence (in the Intention of thoſe who delivered the *Oracle*,) was, after the Event, found to have two. For the Impoſtors might be ſecure, that their Honour would be preſerved with all the Care imaginable by thoſe very Perſons whom they abuſed. Thus, when the falſe Prophet *Alexander* was asked by *Rutilianus*, what Maſters he ſhould provide for his Son; he anſwered, that he ſhould let him have *Pythagoras*, and *Homer*. *Rutilianus* took it in the plain Sence, that he ſhould ſtudy Philoſophy and Humanity. But the young Man dying within a few Days after, they repreſented to *Rutilianus*, that the Prophet was very much miſtaken: But *Rutilianus* found out (with a very great deal of Subtilty) that the Death of his Son was foretold by the *Oracle*, becauſe it appointed *Pythagoras* and *Homer*, two dead Men, for his Tutors.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

The Cheats of the Oracles *manifestly discovered.*

BUt there is now no need of being any further solicitous to detect the Cunning of the Priests, by Subtilties spun almost as finely as their own; for they were fully and clearly discovered to the Eyes of the whole World, when the true Religion triumphed entirely over Paganism, under the Christian Emperors.

Theodoret says, that *Theophilus* Bishop of *Alexandria*, shewed the Inhabitants of that Town, the hollow Statues, into which the Priests privately crept to deliver their *Oracles*.

When by the Order of *Constantine* the Temple of *Æsculapius* in *Cilicia*, was pluck'd down, *they chased thence*, (says *Eusebius*, in the Life of this Emperor,) *not a God, nor a* Dæmon, *but the Cheat, that had so long deluded the People.* He adds, that in general, in the demolished Idols, they found no Gods at all, nor *Damons*, nor so much as a melancholy Shade or obscure Specter; but only some Hay, Straw, or Ordures, or the Bones of dead Men. It is from him, that we learn the History of *Theotechnus*, who set up in the City of *Antioch*, the Statue of *Jupiter, God of Friendship*; which questionless was contrived to deliver *Oracles*, since *Eusebius* says, that they were Prophets belonging to this God. *Theotechnus*, upon this Account got so great Credit, that *Maximin* made him Governour of

all

all the Province. But *Licinius* coming to *Antioch*, and suspecting the Imposture, caused the Priests and Prophets of this new *Jupiter*, to be tortured with the Rack; hereupon they confessed all, and both they and their Accomplices were put to a cruel Death, their Master *Theotechnus* suffering first. The same *Eusebius*, in the fourth Book of his Evangelical Preparations, says, that in his time, the most famous Prophets amongst the Pagans, and their most celebrated Divines, of whom some were Magistrates of their Cities, were compelled by Torments to discover the very Particulars of all the Cheats of the *Oracles*. If we were now to make out what the old Christians believed of them, all these Passages of *Eusebius*, in my Opinion, would decied the Question. They admitted *Dæmons* indeed in a certain general System, which served for their Disputes; but when they came to particular matters of Fact, they spoke little of them, or rather directly denied them.

I cannot believe, that we need any better Witnesses against the *Dæmons*, than the Pagan Priests themselves, by whose Confessions, the thing seems to me to be clearly made out. I will only therefore add one Chapter about their Lots; not to discover the Imposture of them, for that is comprehended in what we have already said of *Oracles* in general; and besides it will be sufficiently apparent of its self; but that I may not omit a Species of *Oracles* very famous in Antiquity.

CHAP. XVIII.

Of Lots.

LOts are the Effects of Chance, and, as it were, the *Oracles* of Fortune, by which ſhe decides all things: and they are the Inſtruments we make uſe of, to know what this Deciſion is.

Theſe Lots for the moſt part were a kind of Dice, whereon were ingraven certain Characters, or Words, the Explication of which was to be ſought for, in Tables made for that purpoſe. The manner of uſing theſe Lots was various: In ſome Temples they caſt them out of their Hands, in others they threw them out of an Urn; from whence comes this Proverb ſo common with the Greeks, *The Lot is caſt.*

The Game of Chance was always uſhered in by Sacrifices, and abundance of Ceremonies. The Prieſt, as 'tis probable, knew how to manage the Dice; but if they would not take that pains, they might e'en let 'em run as they would, ſince they were always Maſters of the Explanation.

* The Lacedæmonians went one Day to conſult the Lots of *Dodona*, upon a War that they were undertaking; for beſides the ſpeaking Oake, the Doves, the Baſons, and the *Oracles*, there were alſo Lots of *Dodona*. After the Ceremonies were paſt, juſt as they were going to caſt the Lots, with a great deal of Reſpect and Veneration,

* *Cicero de Divin. lib.* 1.

neration, a Monkey of the King of *Molossi*, being got into the Temple, threw down the Lots and the Urn; upon this the frighted Priestess told the Lacedæmonians that they ought not to think of conquering, but only how to save themselves. And all the Writers assure us, that the Lacedæmonians never received a more unlucky Presage.

The most famous Lots of all, were those of *Praneste* and *Antium*, two little Towns in *Italy*: At *Antium*, there were wonderful Statues that moved of themselves, (according to the Testimony of *Macrobius*, Book 1. Chap. 23.) whose different Motions, either served for Answers, or declared whether it was fitting to consult the Lots, or not.

And there is a Passage in *Cicero*'s Second Book of Divination, which tells us, that they consulted the Lots of *Praneste*, with the Consent of Fortune; which implies that the Statue of Fortune could nod with its Head, or give some other Signs of its Will and Pleasure.

We find also, that there were other Statues, which had this very same Faculty: *Diodorus Siculus* and *Quintus Curtius* say, that *Jupiter Hammon* was carried by fourscore Priests, in a kind of golden Chair of State, covered with a rich Canopy, from which hung abundance of silver Cups that made a jangling Noise, and that he was followed by a great Number of Women and Maids, who sung Hymns in the Language of their Country; And that this God, by some Motions or Signs that he made, instructed the Priests that carried him, which way he would have them go.

The

The God of *Heliopolis* in *Syria*, according to *Macrobius*, did as much: All the Difference was, that he would be carried by Men of the best Quality in the Province, and such as had a long time liv'd in perfect Continence, and had their Heads shaved.

Lucian, in his Treatise of the Goddess of *Syria* says, that he once saw a much more miraculous sort of *Apollo*, who, being carried on the shoulders of his Priests, took a fancy to leave them in the lurch below on the Earth, and to take a Walk by himself in the Skies. And that all this should be done in the sight of such a kind of Man as *Lucian*, is no small Wonder.

But I am so tired with discovering the Cheats of these Pagan Priests, (and am perswaded, my Reader is as weary of it as I am my self) that I will not spend any time in considering how it was, that they made their Puppets dance, and play'd all their juggling Tricks.

In the East, the Lots were Arrows, and to this Day the Turks and Arabians make use of them in the same manner. The Prophet *Ezekiel* says, that *Nebucadonosor* mingled his Arrows against *Ammon* and *Hierusalem*, and the Predicting Arrow flew towards *Hierusalem*; which decided the Question, against which People he should make War.

In *Greece* and *Italy*, they often drew the Lot from some famous Poet, as *Homer* or *Euripides*: And what first represented it self at the opening of the Book, was looked upon to be the Decree of Heaven. And History furnishes us with a thousand Examples of this kind.

'Tis

'Tis evident, that about two hundred Years after the Death of *Virgil*, they ſet a great Value on his Verſes, and began to believe them Prophetick, and to uſe them inſtead of the ancient Lots of *Præneſte*. * *Alexander Severus*, in particular, (at a time, when *Heliogabalus* was not much his Friend) received this Anſwer in the Temple of *Præneſte* out of *Virgil*,

* *Lampridius.*

——*Si qua fata aſpera rumpas,*
Tu Marcellus eris.

If you can vanquiſh Deſtiny,
The Great Marcellus *you ſhall be.*

Here my Author remembers, that *Rabelais* mentions the Virgilian Lot, which *Panurge* conſulted concerning his Marriage: And he judges that Place of the Book, as learned, as 'tis agreeable and full of fancy; he ſays, that the Whimſies and Follies of *Rabelais* are many times more to be eſteemed, than the moſt ſerious Diſcourſes of others. I would not forget this Elogy, becauſe 'tis a thing very ſingular to meet with, in the midſt of a Treatiſe of *Oracles* that is full of Knowledge and Erudition. 'Tis certain that *Rabelais* had a great deal of Wit and Reading, and a particular Art of Writing of Learned Things in a frolick and jeſting Way, and of relating a thouſand ridiculous and fantaſtical Stories, without being tireſome to his Reader. And 'tis a Misfortune that he liv'd not in an Age that would have oblig'd him to a Style more Gentleman-like and Inoffenſive.

Theſe

Theſe Lots were afterwards in uſe among Chriſtians; who conſulted the Holy Scriptures for that purpoſe, as the Pagans did their Poets. St. *Auguſtin*, in his 119th Epiſtle to *Januarius*, appears not wholly to diſapprove it, unleſs it be done for ſome wicked or vain end. *Gregory* of *Tours* tells us himſelf what his Practice was: He paſs'd ſeven days in Faſting and Prayer, afterwards he went to the Tomb of St. *Martin*, where he opened ſome Book of the Scripture as his Fancy led him, and took for the Anſwer of God, the firſt Paſſage which offer'd its ſelf to his view; and if this Paſſage made nothing for his Purpoſe, then he opened the Bible in another place.

Others took the firſt thing they heard ſung when they enter'd into the Church, for a Divine Preſage.

But who would believe that the Emperor * *Heraclius*, deliberating in what place he ſhould Winter his Army, ſhould determine it by this kind of Lot? He purify'd his Army during three Days, and afterwards open'd the Book of the Evangeliſts, and there found that *Albany* was mark'd out for his Winter-quarters. Was that an Affair of which a Man could reaſonably hope for a deciſion in the Scriptures? *Cedrenus.

At laſt indeed the Church has quite baniſhed this Superſtition, but it took up a great deal of time firſt: For when once our Minds are poſſeſs'd with an Error, 'tis a wonder if ever we will be undeceiv'd.

The End of the Firſt Diſcourſe.

The Second Diſcourſe,

That Oracles did not ceaſe at the coming of Jeſus Chriſt.

THe greateſt Difficulty that regards *Oracles* is now ſurmounted, ſince we have proved, that *Dæmons* were not at all concerned in them. And if this be true, then *Oracles* ſignifie ſo little to the Chriſtian Religion, that there will be no neceſſity to maintain, that they ceaſed preciſely at the coming of Jeſus Chriſt.

CHAP.

Chap. I.

The Weakneſs of thoſe Reaſons upon which the Opinion, that Oracles *ceaſed at the coming of Jeſus Chriſt, is founded.*

THat which made moſt Men believe that *Oracles* ceas'd at the coming of Jeſus Chriſt, was the Prediction of *Oracles* themſelves, which foretold their own Silence, and the Confeſſion of the Heathens that liv'd about the time of Jeſus Chriſt, who often ſpeak of their Ceſſation.

We have already ſhewn the Falſity of theſe pretended *Oracles*, in which a *Dæmon* that was ſtruck dumb, ſaid himſelf that he was ſtruck dumb; but theſe *Dæmons* were either feign'd by the over-great Zeal of the Chriſtians, or too eaſily receiv'd by their Credulity.

I will recite one of thoſe *Oracles* upon which *Euſebius* ſupports his Opinion, that they did ceaſe at the Birth of Jeſus Chriſt. 'Tis taken from *Porphyrus*; and *Euſebius* never fails of making all the advantage he can of the Teſtimony of this Enemy.

I will declare to you the truth concerning the Oracles *of* Delphos *and* Claros, (ſaid *Apollo* to his Prieſts) *In times paſt there came from the Boſom of the Earth an Infinity of* Oracles *and* Fountains, *and* Exhalations, *which inſpir'd People with Divine Furies; which the Earth, by the continual*

Changes which Time makes in it, has reimbibed and caus'd to enter into its ſelf, all thoſe Fountains, Exhalations *and* Oracles: *and there remains now no more but the Waters of* Mycale *in the* Didymean *Fields, and the* Oracles *of* Claros *and* Parnaſſus.

Upon this, *Euſebius* concludes in general, that all *Oracles* were then come to an end.

But 'tis certain that three of 'em at leaſt are to be excepted, according to this *Oracle* which he reports himſelf: But he takes notice only of thoſe words that make for his purpoſe, and troubles not himſelf with the reſt.

But beſides, does this *Oracle* of *Porphyrius* tell us, when the other *Oracles* ceas'd? not at all; tho' *Euſebius* will by all means have it underſtood to be at the time of the coming of Jeſus Chriſt. We may commend his Zeal, but his manner of Arguing does not at all deſerve our Praiſe.

Nay ſuppoſe that *Porphyrius*'s *Oracle* did ſpeak of the coming of Jeſus Chriſt, would it follow therefore that all *Oracles* then ceas'd, and that none remain'd? *Euſebius* perhaps imagin'd that this Exception ſignified little, and that it is ſufficient if the greateſt part of the *Oracles* did then ceaſe; but he is miſtaken, for if *Oracles* had been deliver'd by *Dæmons*, who by the Birth of Juſus Chriſt were condemn'd to eternal ſilence, then no *Dæmon* would have been excepted, or privileged. So that if there was but one *Dæmon* remaining after the Birth of Jeſus Chriſt, it would be ſufficient to prove that it was not His Birth that impoſed a perpetual ſilence upon *Oracles*. This is one of thoſe

thoſe Caſes, where the leaſt Exception ruins the general Propoſition.

But you may ſay perhaps, that *Dæmons* at the Birth of Jeſus Chriſt did ceaſe to deliver *Oracles*; but that yet *Oracles* continued ſtill for all that, becauſe the Prieſts counterfeited them.

This Suppoſition is without any foundation; for I can prove that *Oracles* continued four hundred Years after the Death of Chriſt, and there is no mention any where made of the leaſt difference obſerv'd between thoſe that were delivered after the Birth of Jeſus, and thoſe that were pronounced before it. And beſides, if the Prieſts could ſo dextrouſly put the cheat upon People during the ſpace of four hundred Years, why could they not continue to do it longer?

Of all the Pagan Authors that are in requeſt with thoſe who would make us believe that *Oracles* ceas'd at the coming of Jeſus Chriſt, *Plutarch* is the chief: He lived ſome hundreds of Years after Chriſt, and has written a Dialogue concerning the Ceſſation of *Oracles*. Many Men upon his Authority only, have taken up their Opinions, and eſpouſed their Party; and yet *Plutarch* poſitively excepts the *Oracle* of *Libadia*, (that is to ſay, of *Trophonius*) and of *Delphos*: where, as he ſays, anciently there was Imployment enough for two Prieſts, and ſometimes for three, but in his Days one ſerved the turn.

Beſides, he confeſſes, that the *Oracles* were fallen to decay in *Bœotia*, a Country, which had formerly been famous for producing a great number of them.

All this, 'tis true, proves the Ceſſation of ſome *Oracles*, and the Diminution of the Credit of others; but not the intire Ceſſation of all, which however there is an abſolute neceſſity for thoſe to prove, who maintain the common Opinion.

The *Oracle* of *Delphos* was not ſo mightily decay'd in *Plutarch*'s time; for he himſelf tells us in another Treatiſe, that the Temple of *Delphos* was then far more magnificent than ever it had been; that they had repaired the ancient Buildings which Time began to ruin, and that they had added others to it, which were altogether after the modern Mode; that there was a ſmall Town near *Delphos*, which increas'd daily by little and little, and had its Nouriſhment from the old City, like a little Tree that ſprings from the Foot of a great one; and that this little Town was become more conſiderable than it had been for a thouſand Years paſt. But even in this Dialogue, which treats of the Ceſſation of *Oracles*, *Demetrius* the Cicilian, one of the Interlocutors, ſays, that before he began his Voyage, the *Oracles* of *Amphilochus* and *Mopſus* were as flouriſhing as ever; but that ſince he came from thence he knew not how things ſtood with 'em. You ſee then what is to be found in favour of the Ceſſation of *Oracles* at the coming of Chriſt in this Treatiſe of *Plutarch*, to which a multitude of learned Men referr you for the Proof of it.

Here my Author pretends, that we are alſo fallen into a groſs Miſtake, concerning a Paſſage in the ſecond Book of Divinations: Where

Cicero

Cicero laughs at the *Oracle*, that was delivered by *Apollo* in Latin to *Pyrrhus*, who consulted him concerning the War he was going to make againſt the Romans. This *Oracle* had a double Meaning, ſo that it could not be underſtood, whether *Pyrrhus* ſhould overcome the Romans, or the Romans overcome *Pyrrhus*. The Equivocation is ſo peculiar to the Latin Phraſe, that one cannot well render it into Engliſh; for my part, I cannot tranſlate it better than thus:

I do pronounce, that Rome
Pyrrhus *ſhall overcome.*

But the Words of *Cicero*, concerning this *Oracle*, are theſe that follow:

In the firſt place, (ſays he) Apollo *never ſpoke Latin. In the ſecond place, The Greeks knew nothing of this* Oracle. *Thirdly*, Apollo *in the time of* Pyrrhus *had left off Rhiming. In fine, Altho' the* Æacides *(from which Family* Pyrrhus *was deſcended) were far from being Men of a fine Judgment, or of a piercing Wit, yet the Equivocation of the* Oracle *was ſo manifeſt, that* Pyrrhus *could not chuſe but perceive it. But why is it ſo long ſince any* Oracles *were delivered in this kind at* Delphos? *For this Reaſon it is, that now-a-days nothing is more deſpiſed than they are.*

It is on theſe laſt Words, that the Opinion is grounded, that *Oracles* were not delivered at *Delphos* in the time of *Cicero*.

But my Author ſays, that they are deceived, who think ſo, and that theſe Words, *Why are there no more* Oracles *delivered in this kind at* Del-

phos? plainly shew, that *Cicero* speaks only of *Oracles* in Verse; since he is discoursing in that place about one wrapp'd up in an Hexameter.

But I know not whether we ought to be altogether of my Author's Opinion; for observe how *Cicero* goes on: *When the Defenders of* Oracles *are hard put to it, they answer, That this Vertue in the Exhalation of the Earth, which inspired the Pythian Priestess, is evaporated with length of time. One would think, that they were talking of some Wine that was grown flat, and that had lost its Spirits; for what time can consume or dry up a Vertue all Divine? And what can be more Divine than an Exhalation from the Earth, which works such an Effect upon the Soul, as to give it both the Knowledge of Futurity, and the Power to express it self in Verse.*

It seems to me, that *Cicero* means, that the whole Vertue was intirely lost: Whereas he he would have acknowledged, that a good part of it had remained, if *Oracles* were still delivered at *Delphos*, tho' but in Prose. For no Man will say, that a Prophecy is nothing at all, unless it be in Verse?

I do not think, that they are so mightily mistaken, who take this Passage for an absolute Proof of the entire Cessation of *Oracles* at *Delphos*; but they do ill, who pretend to draw any Argument from thence, for attributing this Cessation to the Birth of Jesus Christ. For the *Oracle* ceased too soon for that, since it appears by this very Passage, that it ceased a long time before *Cicero*.

But

But for all this, the thing was not in truth as *Cicero* ſeems to underſtand it in this place; for he himſelf, in his firſt Book of Divinations, makes his Brother *Quintus*, who ſtands up for *Oracles*, to ſpeak in this manner: *I rely upon this Point, that the* Oracle *of* Delphos *had never been ſo famous, and had never received ſo many Offerings from Kings and all ſorts of People, if the Truth of its Predictions had not been acknowledged. Now indeed it is not ſo famous, becauſe its Predictions are leſs true: And ſo, on the other ſide, if they had not been once extremely true, it would never have been ſo mighty famous heretofore as it was.* But (which is yet a ſtronger Proof) *Cicero* himſelf (as *Plutarch* relates in his Life) did in his Youth conſult the *Oracle* of *Delphos*, concerning the Conduct he ought to keep in the World: And 'twas anſwered him, That he ſhould follow his *Genius*, rather than conform himſelf to the Opinion of the Vulgar. Now if it were not true, that *Cicero* conſulted the *Oracle* of *Delphos*, yet, at leaſt, this Story obliges us to grant, that in the time of *Cicero*, it was conſulted.

CHAP.

Chap. II.

Why the ancient Authors contradicted each other, very often, about the time of the Ceſſation of Oracles.

PErhaps it may be objected, How comes it to paſs then, that in the fifth Book of *Lucan*'s *Phaſalia*, we find this Account of the *Oracle* of *Delphos*? *The* Oracle *of* Delphos, *which has been ſilent ever ſince great Men were afraid of what was to come to paſs, and forbid that the Gods ſhould declare it, is the moſt conſiderable of all thoſe Favours of Heaven, which our Age has loſt.*

And a little after, Appius, *who was deſirous to know the Deſtiny of* Italy, *had the Boldneſs, to go and interrogate this Cavern, that had been mute ſo long; and to move the* Tripos, *that had been ſo long undiſturbed.* And that *Juvenal* ſays in a certain place, *Since the* Oracles *ſpeak no more at* Delphos——

In fine, Whence comes it, that among the Authors of the ſame Age, we find ſome, who ſay, the *Oracle* of *Delphos* ſpeaks no more; and others that ſay, he ſpeaks ſtill? And whence comes it, that the ſame Author ſometimes contradicts himſelf ſo often upon this Subject?

The Reaſon moſt certainly is, becauſe *Oracles* were neither in their ancient Reputation, nor yet were they abſolutely ruined: So that one may well ſay, that, in compariſon of what they

they had formerly been, they were nothing; but yet, for all that, they continued to be something still.

Besides, some *Oracles* were ruined for a certain time, and afterwards came into credit again; for *Oracles* were subject to several Adventures and Misfortunes: And we ought not to believe them annihilated from the time of their being mute; for they might afterwards assume a Voice again and speak.

Plutarch says, that in old time a Dragon came and lodg'd upon *Parnassus*, and caus'd the Delphick *Oracle* to be deserted, and that it was commonly believ'd, that Solitude invited the Dragon to that place; but that 'twas more probable, that he caus'd the Solitude, *Greece* being fill'd with Cities, *&c.*

You see that *Plutarch* speaks of a time very far distant back. So the *Oracle* had since its erection been once abandon'd already, and we are sure, that afterwards it was very well re-establish'd. But, after this, the Temple of *Delphos* underwent divers Misfortunes: It was plundered by a Thief descended from *Phlegias*, by the Army of *Xerxes*, by the *Phocenses*, by *Pyrrhus*, by *Nero*; and last of all, by the Christians under *Constantine*. All this did no great good to the *Oracle*, for the Priests were either massacred, or dispers'd, the Place was abandon'd, the Sacred Utensils were lost, and it must of necessity require great Charges, Care, and Time, to rig out these *Oracles* again fit for Holy Use.

All this then may be possible, that *Cicero* in his Youth consulted the *Oracle* of *Delphos*, that during

during the War between *Caſar* and *Pompey*, and in that general Diſorder of the Univerſe, the *Oracle* was mute, as *Lucan* will have it; and that after the end of this War, when *Cicero* writ his Book of Philoſophy, it might begin to be re-eſtabliſhed ſo much, as to make *Quintus* ſay it was ſtill in the World; and yet ſo little, that *Cicero* might ſuppoſe that it was not in being.

When *Dorimachus*, as *Polibius* reports, had burnt the *Portico* of the Temple of *Dodona*, had quite deſtroy'd the Sacred Place of the *Oracle*, and had pillag'd or ruin'd all the Offerings, an Author of that time might very well ſay, that the *Oracle* of *Dodona* ſpoke no more. But for all this, in the following Age, another Author might be found tranſmitting to Poſterity ſome of the Anſwers which it gave in his time.

CHAP. III.

The Hiſtory of the Duration of the Oracle *of* Delphos, *and ſome ancient* Oracles.

WE cannot better prove, that about the time of Jeſus Chriſt, to which the ſilence of the Delphick *Oracle* is ſo uſually referr'd, it did not altogether ceaſe, but was only interrupted, than by ſetting down all the different Occaſions that we find it took of ſpeaking ſince.

Sue-

Suetonius in the Life of *Nero* ſays, that he, conſulting the *Oracle* of *Delphos*, was warn'd to have a care of ſeventy three Years; and that thereupon *Nero* believ'd, he ſhould not die till that Age, and never thought of old *Galba*, who being ſeventy three Years old took his Empire from him: For he was ſo conceited of his long Life and good Fortune, that having loſt in a Ship-wrack things of a very great value, he bragg'd that the Fiſhes would bring 'em back to him again.

But certainly *Nero* either receiv'd from the *Oracle* of *Delphos* ſome other Anſwer that ſeem'd leſs favourable to him, or was diſcontented that he was deſtin'd to live no longer than ſeventy three Years, or elſe he would never have took from the Prieſts of *Delphos* the *Cirrhæan* Fields, to give them to his Soldiers. He alſo took from the Temple more than five hundred Statues, ſome of Men, and, ſome of Gods, but all of Braſs; and to prophane or for ever aboliſh the *Oracle*, he caus'd ſeveral Mens Throats to be cut at the very Mouth of the Sacred Cavern, where the Divine exhalation iſſued forth.

Dion Caſſius. Pauſanias.

That the *Oracle* after ſuch an Adventure as this, ſhould be mute till the Reign of *Domitian*, and, as *Juvenal* ſays, ſhould ſpeak no more, is not at all to be wonder'd at.

And yet 'tis impoſſible it could be altogether mute from the time of *Nero* to that of *Domitian*; for obſerve what *Philoſtratus* ſays in the Life of *Apollonius Tyanæus*, who came to the Court of *Domitian*: Apollonius *viſited all the* Oracles *of* Greece, *that of* Dodona, *that of* Del-

Delphos, *and that of* Amphiaraus. And in another place he speaks yet farther: *You may see* Apollo *of* Delphos *made illustrious by the* Oracles *which he delivers in the midst of* Greece; *he answers those who consult him, as you know very well your self, in very few words, and without accompanying his Answers with Prodigies; altho' it were very easie for him to make* Parnassus *tremble, to stop the Course of* Cephisus, *and to change the Waters of* Castalia *into Wine; but he tells the truth plainly, and does not amuse himself to make an unprofitable shew of his Power.* 'Tis very pleasant that *Philostratus* should expect to have the greater Value set upon this *Apollo*, because he was no great Worker of Miracles. But I think there lurks in this place some secret Poison against the Christians.

We formerly acquainted you, that in the time of *Plutarch*, who lived under *Trajan*, this *Oracle* was yet in being, but reduc'd to one single Priestess, tho' in elder times it had two or three. Under *Adrian*, *Dion Chrysostom* says, that he consulted the *Oracle* of *Delphos*, and relates one of its Answers, which seem'd to him to be very intricate, and which was so indeed.

Under the *Antonini*, *Lucian* says, that a Priest of *Tyana*, went to demand of the false Prophet *Alexander*, if the *Oracles* that were deliver'd then at *Didymi*, at *Claros*, and at *Delphos*, were indeed the Answers of *Apollo*, or Impostures. *Alexander*, who had a regard for these *Oracles*, which were so like his own, answered the Priest, that it was a Secret not fit for him to know. But when this wise Priest demanded what he should be after his Death, he was answered, boldly,

boldly, *Thou ſhalt be a* Camel, *then a* Horſe, *then a* Philoſopher, *and at laſt a* Prophet *as great as* Alexander.

After the *Antonini*, three Emperors diſputed the Empire, *Severus Septimus*, *Peſcennius Niger*, and *Clodius Albinus*. Delphos *was conſulted*, ſays *Spartianus*, *to know which would be beſt for the Commonwealth*; *and the* Oracle *anſwered in Verſe*, *The Black is the beſt*, *the African is good*, *but the White is the worſt of all*. By the Black was meant *Peſcennius Niger*; by the *African*, *Severus Septimus*, who was of *Africa*; and by the *White*, *Clodius Albinus*. It was ask'd afterwards, *Who ſhould remain Maſter of the Empire*; and it was anſwer'd, *The Blood of the White and the Black ſhall be ſpilt*, *and the African ſhall govern the World*. Then it was demanded, *How long time he ſhould govern?* and it was anſwered, *He ſhall ride on the Sea of* Italy *with twenty Ships*, *though with one Ship he may croſs the Sea*. By which it is meant that *Severus* ſhould reign twenty Years. Here the *Oracle* reſerv'd to it ſelf an obſcure Meaning, to have recourſe to in time of need. But yet in the times when *Delphos* was moſt flouriſhing, there were never better or more ſubſtantial *Oracles* than theſe.

We find nevertheleſs, that *Clemens Alexandrinus*, in his Exhortations to the Gentiles, which he compoſed, either under *Severus*, or about that time, ſays very plainly, that the Fountain of *Caſtalia*, which belonged to the *Oracle* of *Delphos*, and that of *Colophon* and all the other Prophetick Fountains, had at laſt, tho' it were late firſt, loſt their fabulous Vertues.

Per-

Perhaps in that time, these *Oracles* were fallen into one of those Silences, to which they were so subject by Intervals: Or perhaps, because they were no more in Reputation, *Clemens Alexandrinus* thought fit to say, they were totally silenced.

'Tis certain, that under *Constantius*, the Father of *Constantine*, and during the Youth of *Constantine*, *Delphos* was not yet ruined; since *Eusebius* writes in the Life of *Constantine*, that he said that there was then a Report, that *Apollo* had delivered an *Oracle*, not by the Mouth of a Priestess, but from the bottom of the obscure Cavern, which said--- *That the Just Men, who were upon Earth, were the cause that he could not speak truth.* A very pleasant Reason this! Besides, the *Oracle* of *Delphos* must then necessarily be in a very miserable condition, since it could not maintain one Priestess.

But this *Oracle* received a terrible Blow under *Constantine*, who commanded, or suffered, that *Delphos* should be pillaged. *Then*, says *Eusebius* in the Life of *Constantine*, *they produced in the open View of all the People, in the Publick Places of* Constantinople, *those Statues which the Errors of Men had caused to be so long time the Object of Veneration and Worship*; *here* Apollo Pythius, *there* Sminthius: *The* Tripodes *were exposed in the* Circus, *and the* Heliconian Muses *in the Palace, to the Railleries of all the World.*

But after all this, the *Oracle* of *Delphos* came into credit once again; for the Emperor * *Julian* sent to enquire of it, about the Expedition, that he was designing against the Persians. If the *Oracle* of *Delphos* did con-

* *Theodoret.*

continue any longer, we cannot however extend its Hiſtory farther; for there is no more ſpoken of it in any Author. But in all likelihood, that was the very time, when it became ſilent, and its laſt Words were addreſſed to the Emperor *Julian*, who was ſo zealous for Paganiſm. I cannot therefore well underſtand, how ſome great Men could put *Auguſtus* in the place of *Julian*, and boldly affirm, that the *Oracle* of *Delphos* ended with the Anſwer it delivered to *Auguſtus*, concerning the Hebrew Infant. Some * modern Authors, who thought *Oracles* worthy of a glorious End, ſince they made ſo great a Noiſe in the World, have contrived one very fit, to give them a Reputation. They found in *Sozomenus* and *Theodoretus*, that in the time of *Julian*, the Temple of *Apollo*, which was in the Suburbs of *Antioch*, called *Daphne*, was ſet on fire, no Body being able to diſcover the Author, or Cauſe of it; but the Pagans accuſed the Chriſtians of this Conflagration, and the Chriſtians attributed it to Thunder and Lightning thrown by the Hand of God. *Theodoretus* indeed ſays, That the Lightning fell upon this Temple, but *Sozomenus* ſays nothing at all of it. Now theſe modern Authors had a mind to trranſplant this Accident to the Temple of *Delphos*, which was indeed far diſtant from thence. And ſo they write, that by the juſt Vengeance of God, it was deſtroyed by Lightning, accompanied with a mighty Earth-quake. But there is no mention made of this great Trembling of the Earth, neither by *Sozomenus*, nor *Theodoret*, in

* *Melanthon. P. Peucer. Boiſſard Hoſpin.*

their Relation of the Fire of *Daphne*; though others added it, to keep the Thunder company, and to heighten the Prodigiousness of the Accident.

But it would be a very troublesome thing, to give you a History of the Duration of all the *Oracles*, after the Birth of Jesus Christ. It is sufficient to consider in what time we find, that some of the principal Ones spoke their last. But you must always remember, that it is not understood, that this was the very last Time they spoke, but that it was the last Occasion Authors had to tell us that they spoke.

Dion, who did not finish his History, till the Eighth Year of *Alexander Severus*, that is, in the 230th Year of Jesus Christ, says, that in his time *Amphilochus* delivered *Oracles* in Dreams: He tells us also, that there was in the City of *Apollonia* an *Oracle*, where things to come were foretold, by observing the Manner how the Fire took hold of the Incense, that was cast upon the Altar. But it was not permitted to ask this *Oracle* any Questions concerning Death or Marriage. These peevish Restrictions were sometimes founded upon the particular History of the God, who in his Lifetime perhaps had an Occasion given him of taking an Aversion to certain things: Though I am also of Opinion, that they might sometimes come from the ill Success, which those Answers had, that were delivered by the *Oracle*, concerning some particular Matters.

* *Zosimus.* * Under *Aurelius*, towards the Year of Christ 272, the Palmyrenians being revolted, consulted the *Oracle* of *Apollo*

Apollo Sarpedonius in *Cilicia*. They conſulted likewiſe that of *Venus* of *Apacha*; the Form of which was ſo very ſingular, that it deſerves to be mentioned here. *Apacha*, is a Place between *Heliopolis* and *Biblus*. Near the Temple of *Venus* is a Lake like a Cittern: And at certain Aſſemblies, that are held there at ſome particular Seaſons, there is to be ſeen a Fire in the Form of a Globe of Lamps: *And this Fire*, ſays *Zoſimus*, *has continued to be ſeen even in our Days*, that is to ſay, about the 400 Year of Jeſus Chriſt. Thoſe that offer, throw into the Lake the Preſent deſigned for the Goddeſs, of what ſort ſoever they be; if ſhe receives them, they ſink to the bottom; if ſhe receives them not, they ſwim on the Surface of the Water, though they be of Silver or Gold. In the Year before the Ruin of the Palmyrenians, their Preſents ſunk to the bottom, but the Year following every thing ſwam on the top.

* *Licinius*, having a Deſign to renew his War with *Conſtantine*, conſulted the *Oracle* of *Apollo Didymæus*, and had for Anſwer two Verſes of *Homer*, of which this is the Sence: *Unhappy old Man! It is not for thee to fight againſt young Men; thou haſt not Strength enough left, for old Age pulls thee down.* * *Zoſim.*

* A God, of no great Reputation, named *Beſas*, delivered *Oracles* in Anſwer to Letters at *Abydum*, a Town in the Confines of *Thebais*, under the Empire of *Conſtantius*. For there were ſent to this Emperor certain Letters, which had been left upon the Altar, in the Temple of *Beſas*; upon which he began to make a very * *Ammian. Marcellinus.*

rigorous Prosecution against those who had laid those Letters there; and cast into Prison, or sent to Banishment a great number of Persons, or else caused them to be cruelly tormented: Because by these Letters, they enquired after the Fate of the Empire, or concerning the Duration of the Reign of *Constantius*, or the Success of some Designs, which they were framing against him.

In fine, *Macrobius*, who lived under *Arcadius* and *Honorius*, Sons of *Theodosius*, speaks of the God of *Heliopolis* in *Syria*, and of his *Oracle*, and of the Lots of *Antium*, in Terms which positively prove that they were all remaining in his time.

But here we must observe, that it is of no absolute Necessity to our Design, that all these Histories should be true, or that these *Oracles* did really deliver those very Answers which are attributed to 'em; for the very counterfeiting of Answers, implies that the *Oracles* were in being when those Answers were pretended to be delivered by them; and 'tis most plain by the Histories, which so many Authors have written of 'em, that they did not believe that they were wholly silenc'd in their Days.

Chap. IV.

That Oracles *for the most part were abolish'd at the same time with Heathenism.*

Oracles for the most part ceas'd when Heathenism was abolish'd, which was not immediately after the coming of Jesus Christ. For *Constantine* himself demolished but a few Temples, and he was fain to make the horrid Crimes that were perpetrated there, his Pretence for pulling 'em down. On this Pretext he plucked down the Temple of * *Venus Alphacitis*, and that of † *Æsculapius* of *Ægæ* in *Cicilia*, in which there were *Oracles*. But yet he * prohibited Sacrificing to the Heathen Gods, and by that Edict began to make their Temples of no use. The Edicts of *Constantius* and of *Julian* (when *Constantius* had but newly declared him *Cæsar*) are still extant, wherein on pain of Death they forbid all sorts of Divination, not only Astrology, Interpretation of Dreams and Magick, but also foretelling by the flights of Birds, and by the entrails of Beasts; which gave a mighty shock to the Religion of the *Romans*. And indeed the Emperours had a particular Interest in prohibiting all kinds of Fortune-telling, because one or other was always inquiring about their Destiny, and especially to know who was to be the next Successor, who usually, upon the flat-

* *Zosimus.*

† *Eusebius.*

* *Theodoretus.*

tery of the Diviner, made a Revolt, and set up his own Claim to the Empire.

As there were many *Oracles* remaining, when *Julian* was proclaim'd Emperour, so he apply'd himself, as much as he could, to the Restauration of those that had been destroyed. For Example, That of the Suburbs of *Daphne* was destroyed by *Adrian*, * who when he was a private Man, having dipt a Leaf in the Castalian Spring, (for there was one of this Name at *Daphne* as well as at *Delphos*,) found when he took it out of the Water, a Narrative of what was to befal him, and Advice to think of obtaining the Empire. And therefore when he was afterwards made Emperour, lest the same *Oracle* should give the like Counsel to some Body else, he caus'd the sacred Spring to be choak'd up, by throwing a great quantity of Stones into it. There was a great deal of Ingratitude in this Procedure; but *Julian* * caus'd the Spring to be opened, the dead Bodies, which were buried near it, to be removed, and the place to be purified in the same manner as the Athenians had in former time purged the Island of *Delos*. But *Julian* went farther, and would needs be himself the Prophet of the Didymæan *Oracle*; for this he thought would be a means of bringing Prophecies into Credit again, which then lay under much Contempt. As he was Emperour he was (*Pontifex Maximus*, or) chiefest Priest; and tho' the Emperours had not been accustomed to make any great use of this Sacerdotal Dignity; yet he was resolved to make it more than an emp-

* *Sozomen.*

* Ammianus Marcellinus.

empty Title: And therefore we ſee that, in one of thoſe Letters of his, which are come to our view, in the Quality of *Pontifex Maximus* he ſuſpends a Pagan Prieſt for three Years from the exerciſe of his Sacred Function. And the Letter, which he wrote to *Arſaces*, *Pontifex* of *Galatia*, acquaints us with the Way which he took to make Paganiſm flouriſh again: He congratulates in the firſt place his own Felicity, in that his Zeal had produced ſuch great Effects in ſo ſhort a time; and then he declares his Judgment to be, that the beſt means for the re-eſtabliſhment of Heatheniſm, would be, to tranſplant the Vertues of Chriſtianity into it, ſuch as Charity towards Strangers, the Care of Burying the Dead decently, and that Sanctity of Life which the Chriſtians, as he ſays, counterfeited ſo well. He therefore commands that *Pontifex* to oblige the Prieſts of *Galatia*, either by Arguments or Threats, to live regularly, to abſtain from the publick Shows and Tipling-houſes; to quit all ſordid and infamous Imployments, to addict themſelves, with all their Family, only to the Service of the Gods, and to have a watchful Eye upon the Galileans, (ſo he ſcornfully calls the Chriſtians,) and to ſuppreſs their Impieties and Profanations. He obſerves, that it is a great Shame, that whilſt the Jews and Galileans maintain'd not only their own Poor, but ſuch as were Heathens too, the Pagans ſhould let their Poor ſtarve, and not remember that Hoſpitality and Liberality are Vertues ſo peculiar and proper to 'em, that *Homer* brings in *Eumæus* ſpeaking thus: *My Gueſt, if a Man of Quali-*

ty much inferiour to thine, had come hither, I must have entertain'd him; for all Men that are either Strangers or Poor come to us, as it were on an Errand from Jupiter; *and tho' I have but little to give, yet I give that little with Chearfulneſs.* Laſt of all, he ſets down what Diſtributions he appoints to be made each Year to the Poor of *Galatia*, and he bids the *Pontifex* take care that there be Hoſpitals built in each Town for the reception of Men of other Religions as well as Heathens. He thinks it not befitting the Dignity of the *Pontifex* to make frequent Viſits to the Governours at their Houſes, but that he rather write to 'em; nor will he have Prieſts go meet 'em, when they come to the Temples, the Prieſts may go to receive 'em as far as the Porch, but no farther. He alſo forbids the Governours on ſuch an occaſion to have their Guards marching before them, becauſe they are then to be conſidered only as private Perſons; but he gives the Soldiers leave to go in after them, if they will.

With this Care, and this Imitation of Chriſtianity, it is probable that *Julian* (if he had lived) would have put ſome ſtop to the Ruine of his Religion; but it pleaſed God to cut him off before he had Reigned two Years.

Jovian, who ſucceeded him, began to endeavour zealouſly the Deſtruction of Heatheniſm; but in the ſeven Months of his Reign it was not poſſible for him to make any great Progreſs.

Valens, who had the Eaſtern Empire, gave Liberty of Conſcience to all Men to worſhip what Gods they liſted, and was himſelf more inclin-

inclined to ſupport Arianiſm than Chriſtianity. * So that during his Reign Sacrifices were publickly made, and Men eat the fleſh of the Victims offered up to Idols. The Bacchanalian Myſteries were celebrated openly; they run up and down with their Thyrſi in their Hands; they tore Dogs in pieces, and committed all the other Extravagances which are ſuitable to that Devotion.

* Theod. *Lib.* 5.

Valentinian, his Brother, who had the Weſtern Empire, was more zealous for the Glory of Chriſtianity; but yet his Conduct was not ſo ſteady, as it ſhould have been. He had made a Law to forbid all ſorts of Nocturnal Ceremonies; whereupon *Prætextatus*, the Proconſul of *Greece*, repreſented to him, that if he took away from the Greeks thoſe Ceremonies, to which they were ſo mighty addicted, they would lead their Lives unpleaſantly. This prevailed with *Valintinian*, and he conſented, that notwithſtanding his Law, they might keep their old Cuſtoms. It is true, that we have this account from *Zoſimus* a Pagan Hiſtorian; and one may ſay, that he invented it, to make us believe that the Pagans were ſtill in ſome credit with the Emperors: But we anſwer, that *Zoſimus* conſidering the condition which his Religion was in, was more likely to have been in an humor of complaining of Severities that were not acted, than of pleaſing himſelf with the recital of a Favour that was never ſhown. But this is certain however, that there are old Inſcriptions at *Rome*, and in other Cities of *Italy*, by which it is manifeſt, that under the Reign of *Valentinian*, Perſons of great Quality celebrated the

the Sacrifices called Taurobolia and Criobolia, that is to say, The sprinkling of Bulls Blood and Rams Blood. Nay, by the great number of those Inscriptions one would be made to think that those Ceremonies were the principal ones in fashion, during the time of this *Valentinian*, and the two other Emiperors of the same Name.

Now they being the oddest and most singular of all the Heathen Rites, I suppose that a Description of 'em will not be irksome to the Reader. *Prudentius*, who perhaps had seen them, sets 'em down at length: There was a deep Pit digged, into which the Person, for whom the Ceremonies were performed, descended with Sacred Ribons and a Crown upon his Head, and in a Dress altogether Mysterious: Over the Pit they placed a Covering made of Planks pierced through with a great many Holes: Upon the Covering they brought a Bull adorned with a Garland of Flowers and little Plates of Gold hanging upon his Horns and Forehead. Then his throat was Cut with a Sacred Knife, and his Blood dropt down through the holes that were in the Planks into the Pit, whilest the Person that stood there received it with much Devotion, catching it on his Forehead, his Cheeks, his Arms, his Shoulders, and every part of his Body, and being industrious that not one drop should fall any where but on himself. At last out he came, a frightful Spectacle, all daub'd with Blood, and his Hair, Beard and Cloaths still dropping with it; but his Comfort was, that his Sins were all wash'd away, and he was regenerated to all Eter-

Eternity; For, as it appears by the Inſcription, this Sacrifice was to thoſe who celebrated it, a Myſtical and Eternal Regeneration. But unleſs it were renewed once in twenty Years, it would loſe its Force, and the Perpetuity of its Duration. And Women, as well as Men, were capable of this Regeneration; and thoſe, who were not at the Ceremony, might receive the Benefit of it by Aſſociation: Nay, which is moſt remarkable of all, whole Cities ſometimes performed it by Proxy or Deputation. This Sacrifice was now and then made for the Emperor's Health: And the Provinces made their Court to him by ſending ſome Perſons in their Name to bedawb himſelf with Bulls-blood, for the obtaining of a long and happy Life for the Emperor. All this may be proved out of the old Inſcriptions.

But now we come to *Theodoſius* and his Sons, who put a full Period to Pagan Superſtitions.

Theodoſius began firſt in *Egypt*, where he cauſed all the Temples to be ſhut up: At laſt he went ſo far as to demoliſh the Temple of *Serapis*, which was the moſt famous of 'em all. And as *Strabo* informs us, there was nothing more Glorious in the whole Heathen Religion than the Pilgrimages which were made to *Serapis*: *When the time*, ſays he, *of certain Feſtivals was near at Hand, it is hard to believe what a multitude of People went down the River from* Alexandria *to* Canopus, *where this Temple ſtood. Day and Night there was nothing to be ſeen, but Boats full of Men and Women, Singing and Dancing with all the liberty imaginable. At* Canopus *there were a vaſt number of Inns on the River ſide, which were of uſe for*

for the entertainment of the Passingers and accommodating them in their Divertisements. And therefore the Sophister *Eunapius*, who was a Pagan, seems to have had amighty Concern for the Temple of *Serapis*, and with Gall enough he describes its Destruction: Men *(says he)* that had never heard the sound of War, shew'd themselves mighty Valiant against the Stones of this Temple, but especially against the rich Offerings, which it was full of: And in those Holy Places they put Monks, a People *(says he)* infamous and useless; who, because they wear a black and slovenly Habit, arrogate to themselves a Tyrannical Authority over the Minds of Men; and instead of those Gods which the Light of our natural Reason discovers to us, they set up for Objects of our Adoration, the Heads of Malefactors who were executed for their Crimes, which they salt to preserve 'em from Corruption. Thus does this impious Wretch treat Monks and Relicks; and certainly the Liberty of those times was very great, when such Invectives were written against the Emperor's Religion. *Ruffinus* informs us, that the Temple of *Serapis* was found to be full of secret Passages, and Machines contrived for the Impostures of the Priests. He tells us, amongst other things, that on the East side of the Temple there was a little Window, through which, on a certain Day of the Year, the Sun-beams entring, fell just upon the Mouth of *Serapis:* At the same time, an Image of the Sun made of Iron was brought in, which being attracted by a great Load-stone fixed in the Cieling, ascended up to the Image of *Serapis*. Then they cried out, that the Sun saluted

luted their God: But when the Iron Image fell down again, and the Sun-beams went off from *Serapis*'s Mouth, they said, that the Sun, having finished his Complement, was retired, to go about his own Affairs.

After that *Theodosius* had defeated the Rebel *Eugenius*, he went to *Rome*, where still the Senate stood up for Paganism. Their chiefest Reason was, Because, for twelve hundred Years, *Rome* had thriven well enough with its Gods, from whom it had received all sorts of Prosperity. The Emperor made a Speech in the Senate-house, perswading them to embrace the Christian Religion; but they replied, That by Custom and Experience, they had found Paganism to be a good and convenient Religion; and if they change it for that of the Christians, they could not foresee what might be the Event. Was not this fine Theology, for the Roman Senate? *Theodosius* finding, that this was not the way to deal with them, told Them, That the publick Treasury was two much exhausted by making chargeable Sacrifices, and that he had Occasion to imploy that Money in paying his Armies. They replied, That their Sacrifices would not be acceptable, unless they were made at the Charge of the Publick. But that Inconvenience was no Argument with him: So he put an end to all Sacrifices and old Ceremonies. And *Zosimus* does not let slip the Occasion of observing, that from that time forwards all sorts of Misfortunes happened to the Roman Empire.

The same Author tells us, that when *Theodosius* made that Voyage to *Rome*, *Serena*, the Wife of

of *Stilicon*, entered into the Temple of the *Mother of the Gods*, to put ſome Affront upon her, and that ſhe made bold to convert to her own uſe a fair Neck-lace, which the Goddeſs wore: This an old Veſtal Virgin reproved her very ſharply for, and, as ſhe went out of the Temple, followed her, curſing her with a thouſand Imprecations. After which, ſays *Zoſimus*, the poor *Serena* was often frighted (both waking and ſleeping) with a certain Apparition, that threatned her with ſudden Death.

But the laſt Efforts of Paganiſm were thoſe made by *Symmachus*, to obtain of the Emperors, *Valentinian*, *Theodoſius*, and *Arcadius*, the Reeſtabliſhment of the Privileges of the Veſtals, and of the Altar of Victory in the Capitol; but all the World knows with what Vigour St. *Ambroſe* oppoſed him. Yet it appears by the very Proceedings in that Contention, that *Rome* did in thoſe Days retain a ſtrong Tincture of Paganiſm. For St. *Ambroſe* asks *Symmachus*, why the Pagans are not contented with having the Publick Places, Portico's and Baths filled with their Idols, and if nothing will ſerve their turns, unleſs the Altar of Victory be ſet up in the very Capitol, which is the Place of the whole City, whither moſt Chriſtians reſort? *That the Chriſtians*, ſays he, *may, whether they will or no, have the Smoak of the Sacrifices blown in their Eyes, the Muſick in their Ears, the Aſhes in their Throats, and the Incenſe in their Noſes.*

Nay, even when *Rome* was beſieged by *Alaricus*, in the Reign of *Honorius*, it was ſtill full of Idols. *Zoſimus* complains, that all things conſpiring to the Ruin of that unhappy City, the Gods

Gods were not only robbed of their Ornaments, but even ſome of thoſe that were of Gold or Silver were themſelves melted down; of which Number was the Goddeſs of Fortitude, which from that time forward wholly abandoned the Romans. Though this be a lucky Hit, yet *Zoſimus* will never make it paſs upon us for the true Cauſe of the taking of that City.

I am in in ſome ſuſpence, whether upon the Credit of this Author, we may admit the following Story to be true. *Honorius* forbad all Perſons that were not of the Chriſtian Religion, to appear at Court, with a Shoulder-belt, or to have any Military Command. *Generidus*, a Pagan and Barbarian too, but a Man of great Courage, who commanded the Troops that lay in *Dalmatia* and *Pannonia*, came no more into the Emperor's Preſence, laid aſide his Shoulder-belt, and forbore to exerciſe his Charge. *Honorius* one Day asked him, how it came to paſs, that he came not to Court in his Turn, as it was his Duty to do? To which he replied, That there was a Law made, that diſpoſſeſſed him of his Belt, and his Command. The Emperor told him, that Law was not for ſuch Men as he was; but he anſwered, that he could not take the Benefit of any Diſtinction that ſeparated him from thoſe who profeſſed the ſame Worſhip with himſelf. In effect, he would not undertake to Act again in his Command, till the Emperor himſelf, compelled to it by Neceſſity, repealed that Law. If this Story be true, then we may eaſily judge that *Honorius* contributed very little to the Downfal of the Heathen Religion.

But

But at laſt all Exerciſe of that Religion was prohibited on Pain of Death, by an Edict of the Emperour's, *Valentinian* the Third, and *Martian*, in the Year of Chriſt 451, and this was the laſt Blow given to that Superſtition. And yet we find, that thoſe very Emperours, who were ſo zealous for the Advancement of Chriſtianity, did, for all that, themſelves retain ſome Relicks of Heatheniſm, which ſerved to augment their Authority. As for Example, They ſtill took upon them the Title of *Pontifex Maximus*, that is to ſay, Chief Patriarch (as it were) of thoſe who divined by the Flights of Birds, and the Entrails of Beaſts, and of all the Colleges of Pagan Prieſts, and Supreme Head of all the ancient Romiſh Idolatry.

Zoſimus pretends that *Conſtantine* the Great, *Valentinian* and *Valens* willingly accepted from the Heathen Prieſts both the Title and Habit of that Dignity, which according to Cuſtom was preſented to them at their Acceſſion to the Empire; but that *Gratian* refuſed the Pontifical Office; which being related to the Prieſts, the principal amongſt them replied in a great heat: *Si Princeps non vult appellari Pontifex, admodum brevi Pontifex Maximus fiet.* The ſharpneſs of which Saying lies wholly in the Latin words, and it was grounded on the Revolt of *Maximus* againſt *Gratian* at that time, with a deſign to ſtrip him of the Empire.

But the old Inſcriptions ſtill remaining, are a Teſtimony of this Matter, more to be credited than *Zoſimus*. There we ſee the Title of *Pontifex Maximus* given to the Chriſtian Emperours, even in the ſixth Century. Two hundred

dred Years after Chriſtianity had aſcended the Throne, the * Emperor *Juſtin* amongſt his other Titles aſſumes that of *Pontifex Maximus* in an Inſcription, which he had cauſed to be made for the City of *Juſtinopolis* in *Iſtria*, which was called by his Name. * *Gruterus.*

To be one of the Gods of a falſe Religion was ſurely much worſe than to be the *Pontifex Maximus* of it. Now the Heathens erected the Roman Emperors into Gods: And well they might, ſeeing they made the City of *Rome* a Goddeſs. The Emperors, *Theodoſius* and *Arcadius*, tho' they were Chriſtians, permitted *Symmachus*, that great Defender of the Heathen Religion, to give them the Title of (*Veſtra Divinitas*, or) your Divinity: Which could be only taken in the Sence, and according to the Cuſtom of the Pagans. And in ſome Inſcriptions, which were ſet up in Honour of *Arcadius* and *Honorius*, theſe following Words are to be found: *Devotus Numini Majeſtatiq; eorum*; that is, *Devoted to their Divinity and Majeſty.*

But the Chriſtian Emperors went farther than the bare receiving of thoſe Titles; for they gave them to themſelves: As appears by the Conſtitutions (or Laws) of *Theodoſius*, *Valentinian*, *Honorius* and *Arcadius*; wherein they ſometimes call their Edicts, *Heavenly Statutes*, and *Divine* Oracles: And ſometimes they ſay expreſly, *The moſt happy Expedition of our Divinity*, &c.

It may be ſaid, that this was nothing but the Stile of the Court of *Chancery*; but it was

certainly an unjuſtifiable and ridiculous Stile under the Heathen Religion its ſelf, and a blaſphemous one under the Chriſtian. And therefore it is very wonderful, that ſuch like Extravagancies ſhould become ſo familiar and common a way of ſpeaking, that they were in every Bodies Mouth.

The Truth is, that Flattery, which Subjects are ſo apt to beſtow upon their Sovereigns, and the natural Fondneſs which Princes have for Praiſe, made the Cuſtom of uſing theſe Expreſſions, laſt longer than it ought to have done. I confeſs that the Flattery and the Fondneſs in this caſe were each of them very extraordinary in its kind: And it is no wonder, ſince they are things uncapable of being limited to any Bounds. That a Man ſhould be in earneſt when he gives another Man the Title of a God is hard to conceive, and yet the frequency takes of the Wonder; but that this Man ſhould accept the Title, and that with ſo much Eaſineſs, as by degrees to come to the giving of it to himſelf (and all this while have a right Notion of what is truly called God.) This, I ſay, is a thing that I know not how to give ſuch an Account of, as will ſave the Honour of Human Nature.

As for the Title of *Pontifex Maximus*, I do not ſee what was in it, that could flatter the Vanity of the Chriſtian Emperors into the making it ſo much their Intereſt to conſerve it: But, perhaps, they thought that it was of ſome uſe for the imprinting of a reſpectful Awe in the Minds of thoſe that were ſtill of the Heathen Religion: Or, it may be, they pleaſed them-

themſelves with the Supremacy over Chriſtians, which under the Ambiguity of that Title they aſſumed to themſelves. In effect, upon certain Occaſions they were Magiſterial enough in their uſe of it: And ſome Authors would perſwade us, that the Emperors quitted their Pretenſions to this Title, out of Reſpect to the Pope; who, it ſeems, began to be apprehenſive that they might make ill Uſes of it.

But it is not ſo ſurprizing by far, to ſee theſe Heathen Remains continue for ſome time in the Chriſtian Religion, as to ſee what was moſt barbarous, extravagant, and directly oppoſite to Reaſon and the common Intereſt of Mankind, keep ſuch firm footing, as to be the laſt that left the Field of all the Pagan Superſtitions, I mean, Human Sacrifices. That Religion was certainly very Fantaſtical and full of Variety; for it conſiſted of ſome things extremely frolick, and others no leſs mournful. In one place, the Ladies go to the Temples in a fit of Devotion, to offer their Favours to the firſt Comer: And in another place, the ſame Devotion cauſes the Throats of Men to be cut upon an Altar. Theſe deteſtable Sacrifices were practiſed by all Nations: The Grecians celebrated them, as well as the Scythians, tho' not ſo often; and the Romans (for all that they obliged the Carthaginians, in a Treaty of Peace concluded between them, not to Sacrifice their Children to *Saturn*, according to the Cuſtom derived from their Anceſtors, the Pheænicians, yet) did themſelves every Year offer up a Man to *Jupiter Latialis*. *Euſebius* cites *Porphyrius* for this, as a thing ſtill in Uſage

in his Days. *Lactantius* and *Prudentius*, the one in the beginning, and the other in the end of the fourth Age, are Evidences of the ſame thing, each of them for his own time. Theſe Ceremonies, that were ſo full of Horrour, laſted as long as the Superſtition of *Oracles*, which was only liable to the Reproach of Stupidity and fond Credulity.

CHAP. V.

That if Heatheniſm had not been aboliſh'd, yet Oracles *would have ceaſed; and the firſt particular Reaſon hereof.*

THe Downfal of Heatheniſm, when Chriſtianity triumphed over it, could do no leſs than involve *Oracles* in the common Ruine with its ſelf: But it may be farther aſcerted that Chriſtianity, even before it became the reigning Religion, was an irreſiſtible Enemy to *Oracles*; for the Chriſtians made it their Buſineſs to diſabuſe Mankind, and diſcover Impoſtures. And yet if the Chriſtian Religion had never been, *Oracles* would for other Reaſons have loſt their Credit by degrees, and at laſt have quite fail'd.

It was obſerv'd that they began to degenerate from the very time when they left off giving their Anſwers in Verſe. *Plutarch* has written a Tract expreſly to enquire about the reaſon of this Change, wherein (according to the

the faſhion of Greek Authors) he ſets down all that could be ſaid on this Subject, either true or falſe. Firſt he ſays, That the God who inſpires the Pythian Prieſteſs proportions himſelf to her Capacity, and does not anſwer in Verſe by her, unleſs ſhe have a natural Faculty that way; for the Prediction only belongs to *Apollo*, but the manner of Expreſſion to the Prieſteſs. Thus it is not the Fault of the Muſician, if he cannot make as good Melody with a Cittern as with a Lute; for the Property of the Inſtrument muſt be conſidered. Suppoſe, it had been the Cuſtom for the *Oracle* to deliver its Anſwers in writing, could we reaſonably deny that *Apollo* inſpired 'em, unleſs the Prieſteſs wrote 'em in a fair Hand. The Soul of the Propheteſs, when united to *Apollo*, is like an innocent Maid when ſhe is firſt Married, who is ignorant both of the Pleaſure and the Duty of her new Condition.

But why then did the Ancient Prieſteſſes always anſwer in Verſe? Were not they as pure and Virgin Souls, contracted to *Apollo?* To this *Plutarch* replies firſt of all, That even the ancient Prieſteſſes did now and then ſpeak in Proſe. And beſides this, in old times all People were born Poets; ſo that, as he tells us, they had no ſooner drank a little freely, but they made Verſes; they had no ſooner caſt their Eyes on a handſom Woman, but they were all Poſie, and their very common Diſcourſe fell naturally into Feet and Rhime: So that their Feaſts and their Courtſhips were the moſt delectable things in the World. But now this Poetick Genius has deſerted Man-

kind: and tho' our Passions be as ardent as those of our Ancestors, and we talk as much as they did, yet Love at present creeps in humble Prose. And even all the *Socrateses* and *Platoes*, who discoursed so much concerning that agreeable Passion, had not the least Skill in Poetry.

Now all this has too much Fancy and too little Truth in it, to deserve a serious Answer. But *Plutarch* gives us another Reason, which has something more of Probability; which is this, That the Ancients wrote always in Verse, whether they treated of Religion, Morality, Natural Philosophy or Astrology. *Orpheus* and *Hesiod*, whom every Body acknowledges for Poets, were Philosophers also; and *Parmenides*, *Xenophanes*, *Empedocles*, *Eudoxus*, and *Thales*, whom all Men own for Philosophers, were Poets too. It is very strange indeed that Poetry should be elder Brother to Prose, and that Men did not at first light upon the most natural and easie way of expressing their Thoughts; but it is very probable, that since all their Writings were as so many Precepts, they were shap'd into measured Lines, that they might be the more easily remembred, and therefore all their Laws and their Rules of Morality were in Verse. By this we may see that Poetry had a much more serious beginning than is usually imagin'd, and that the Muses have of late Days mightily deviated from their original Gravity. Who would imagine that the old Statutes should by right have been written in Metre, and *Chaucer*'s Tales in Prose? There was a necessity therefore, says *Plutarch*, that

ancient *Oracles* should be deliver'd in Verses, since all Matters of importance were so; for *Apollo* was then willing to follow the Mode of those Times, and when Prose came afterwards to be in use, he was for being in the Fashion still.

I am of the same Opinion my self, and believe that *Oracles* at first gave their Answers in Verse, both that they might be more easily remembred, and to comply with the Custom which had condemned Prose to be used only in trival Discourses. But History and Philosophy began to shake off those useless Chains about the Reign of *Cyrus*: For *Thales*, who lived at that time, was one of the last Poetick Philosophers; but *Apollo* continued to speak in Verse till about *Pyrrhus*'s Days, as *Cicero* informs us, which was about two hundred and thirty Years after *Cyrus*. Whence it appears, that Poetry being found suitable to the Dignity of *Oracles*, it was retain'd in Use at *Delphos*, as long as it was possible; till at last plain Prose getting the Victory, banish'd it quite from thence.

Plutarch could hardly be in earnest, when he said, That *Oracles* were therefore at last pronounced in Prose, because People began to require clearer Answers, and to be weary of the misterious Bombast of Verses. For whether it were the Gods, or but the Priests that spoke, I would fain know how Men durst accuse 'em of Obscurity.

But he has more Probability on his side, when he pretends, that Prophetick Versifying fell into Contempt, by being in use amongst those Fortune-tellers, who stroling about the High-ways, were consulted by the Rabble:

Now, the Priests who belonged to the Temples, scorn'd to use the same Customs in common with these Gypsies; for they thought themselves to be a nobler and graver sort of Fortune-tellers; which makes a mighty difference, I'll assure you, in this great Affair.

But *Plutarch* reserves his true Reason till last; which is, That in former times Men went to consult at *Delphos* only about Matters of the highest Consequence; as Wars, Building of Cities, Interest of Kings and Commonwealths; whereas now a-days, says he, every ordinary Person runs thither to ask the *Oracle*, If they shall Marry? If they shall buy a Slave? If they shall thrive by their Trade? and when a City sends thither, 'tis only to enquire, Whether their Lands will yield a good Crop, or their Cattle increase? These Questions deserve not the trouble of an Answer in Verse; for if *Apollo* should take that Pains, he would be like those Sophisters, who labour mightily to show their Learning, when there is no proper occasion for it.

But I come to that which was the most effectual Cause of the Ruine of *Oracles:* The Romans made themselves Masters of all *Greece*, and those Kindoms founded by *Alexander*'s Successors; and as soon as the Grecians had submitted to the Roman Yoke, from which they had no hopes of being ever free, they were no longer agitated with the continual Divisions and Quarels which had wont to harass those petty States, whose Interests were so mightily embroiled; for their common Masters made 'em all quiet, and Peace was the Product of their Sla ve-

Slavery. And I think, the Greeks had never happy Days till then; for they lived in a profound Tranquility, and in perfect Eaſe; they paſſed their time in their places of Exerciſe, in their Theatres, and in their Schools of Philoſophy. They had publick Sports, Comedies, Diſputations and Harangues; and for Men of their Genius, what could be deſired more? But all this afforded little buſineſs for *Oracles*, and there was very ſeldom any occaſion to importune the Delphian God. And it is very eaſie to imagine, that the Prieſts would not give themſelves the trouble of anſwering in Verſe, when they found their Trade fell off, and the Profit of it was not worth the while.

And as the Romans did the *Oracles* ſome prejudice by the Peace which they eſtabliſh'd in *Greece*, ſo they did them more by the ſlight Eſteem which they had of 'em themſelves: for their Folly did not lye in that way; they addicted themſelves only to the Books of the Sibyls, and to the Tuſcan Divinations, which were performed by the Obſervations of the Flights of Birds, and the Entrails of ſacrificed Beaſts. Now the Maxims and Opinions of the Victors, eaſily obtain amongſt the Conquered: and therefore it is no wonder that *Oracles*, being a Greek Invention, ſhould follow the Fate of *Greece*; and that as with her they flouriſh'd in Proſperity, ſo with her they loſt their ancient Glory.

But, for all this, we muſt acknowledge, that there were ſome *Oracles* in *Italy*. *Tiberius*, as *Suetonius* ſays, went to the *Oracle* of *Geryon* near *Padua*; where there was a certain Spring,

if

if we will believe *Claudian*, which reſtored Speech to the Dumb, and healed all ſorts of Diſeaſes. *Suetonius* ſays further, that *Tiberius* had once a mind to deſtroy all the *Oracles* that were near *Rome*; but he was prevented by the Miracle of the *Præneſtine* Lots, which, when they were brought up to *Rome* in a Box well lock'd and ſeal'd, were not to be found there; but when the Box was carried back to *Præneſte*, then they were found in it again.

To theſe Lots of *Præneſte* and thoſe of *Antium*, we muſt add the Lots of the * Temple of *Hercules* which was at *Tiber*.

* *Statius.*

Pliny the Younger thus deſcribes the *Oracle* of *Clitumnus*, the God of a certain River in *Umbria*: *The Temple is ancient and much revered; in it ſtands* Clitumnus *in a Roman Habit, and his Lots manifeſt his Preſence and the Power of his Divinity. Round about it, there are ſeveral little Chapels, in ſome of which there are Fountains and Springs: for* Clitumnus *is, as it were, the Father of many other little Rivers which joyn with its Streams. There is a Bridge which ſeparates the Sacred Part of theſe Waters from the Prophane. Above this Bridge Men may only go in Boats; but below it they may bathe themſelves in the River.* This is the only River of my acquaintance that was Oracular, for they had other Buſineſs to do than to turn Fortune-tellers.

But there were *Oracles* at *Rome* it ſelf. Had not *Æſculapius* one in his Temple which ſtood in an Iſland in the River *Tiber*? There has been found at *Rome* a piece of a Marble-table, wherein the Miracles of *Æſculapius* are engra-

ven

ven in Greek. One of the moſt conſiderable of which, is this that follows, tranſlated word for word from the Inſcription: *At the ſame time the* Oracle *made this Anſwer to a blind Man named* Caius: *He was bid go to the Sacred Altar, and Kneel down and Worſhip there; then to go from the Right-ſide to the Left, and lay his five Fingers upon the Altar, and afterwards clap his Hand upon his Eyes. After all this was done, the blind Man was reſtored to his Sight, as all the People were Witneſſes, and teſtified the Joy which they received in ſeeing ſuch mighty Wonders wrought in the Reign of our Emperor* Antoninus. The two other Cures are leſs miraculous; for one was of a Pleuriſie and the other of a loſs of Blood; (both of 'em very deſperate Diſeaſes without doubt) but the God preſcribed to the ſick Perſons ſome Pine-apples and Hony, with Wine and certain Aſhes; which were things that thoſe Men who are ſomething incredulous, will be apt to ſay are meerly Natural Remedies.

Theſe Inſcriptions, for all that they are in Greek, were certainly done at *Rome*; for the form of the Letters and the ſpelling, do not at all ſeem to be from the hand of ſome Grecian Sculptor. Beſides, tho' it be true, that the Romans made their Inſcriptions in Latin, yet they made ſome few in Greek, eſpecially when they had ſome particular reaſon for it. Now it is very probable, that no other Language but Greek was uſed in the Temple of *Æſculapius*, becauſe he was originally a Grecian God, and brought to *Rome* in that great Plague, of which every one knows the Story.

Thus

Thus we see that the *Oracle* of *Æsculapius* was not of a Roman Institution: and I doubt not, but that if it were an Enquiry worth the while, most of the Italian *Oracles* would be found to be of a Greek Original.

However it be, the smalness of the Number of the Italian *Oracles*, and even of those that were at *Rome* it self, makes but a very inconsiderable Exception to the generality of the Notion which we propose. *Æsculapius* dealt only in Physick, and concerned not himself in Matters of Government: and tho' he had a rare Knack at making blind Men see, yet I believe the Senate would have been loath to have depended upon his Advice in a Case even of the smallest importance. Private Persons amongst the Romans might give what Credit they listed to *Oracles*; but the State had little Faith in them. Thus the Sibyls Books and the Entrails of Beasts governed all. And so a vast number of Gods fell into Contempt, when People took notice that the Masters of the World would not vouchsafe to consult 'em.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

The second particular Cause of the Cessation of Oracles.

BUt I meet with a Difficulty in this Business, that I will not conceal: For if about the time of *Pyrrhus*, *Apollo* was reduced to Prose, this implies, that *Oracles* began then to grow into Discredit, and yet the Romans were not Masters of *Greece* till a long time after *Pyrrhus*; and between the Reign of *Pyrrhus* and the Romans Conquest of *Greece*, there were as many Wars and Commotions in that Country as ever, and by consequence as many important Subjects to consult the God of *Delphos* about.

This indeed is true; but we must also observe that about the time of *Alexander* the Great, a little before *Pyrrhus*'s Days, there appear'd in *Greece* certain great Sects of Philosophers, such as the Peripateticks and Epicureans, who made a Mock of *Oracles*. The Epicureans especially made Sport with the paltry Poetry that came from *Delphos*. For the Priests hammered out their Verses as well as they could, and they oftentimes committed Faults against the common Rules of *Prosodia*. Now those fleering Philosophers were mightily concerned that *Apollo*, the very God of Poetry should come so far behind *Homer*, who was but a meer Mortal, and was beholding to the same *Apollo* for his Inspirations.

It

It was to little purpose to excuse the matter, by saying, that the badness of the Verses was a kind of Testimony that they were made by a God, who nobly scorn'd to be tyed up to Rules and to be confined to the Beauty of a Style. For this made no impression upon the Philosophers; who, to turn his Answer into Ridicule, compared it to the Story of a Painter who being hired to draw the Picture of a Horse tumbling on his Back upon the Ground, drew one running full speed: and when he was told, that this was not such a Picture as was bespoke, he turned it upside down, and then ask'd if the Horse did not tumble upon his back now. Thus these Philosophers jeered such Persons, who by a way of arguing that would serve both ways, could equally prove that the Verses were made by a God, whether they were good or bad.

So that at length the Priests of *Delphos* being quite baffled with the Railleries of those learned Wits, renounced all Verses, at least as to the speaking them from the *Tripos*; for there were still some Poets maintain'd in the Temple, who at leisure turned into Verse, what the Divine Fury had inspired the Pithian Priestess withal in Prose. It was very pretty, that Men could not be contented to take the *Oracle* just as it came piping hot from the Mouth of their God. But perhaps, when they had come a great way for it, they thought it would look silly to to carry home an *Oracle* in Prose.

Nay the Gods, being willing to keep up the use of Verses as long as ever they could, did now and then stoop to borrow a line or two out

out of *Homer*; whose Poetry, it seems, was better than their own. Of this there are abundance of Examples; but, both this borrowing of Verses, and keeping Poets at standing Wages in their Temples, may well pass for good Arguments that the old natural Poetry of *Oracles* had mightily lost its Reputation.

But these great Sects of Philosophers, Enemies to *Oracles*, must needs have done them a more essential Prejudice than the bare reducing them to Prose: For questionless they opened the Eyes of a great many rational Persons, and even amongst the Populace they made the Infallibility of those things lye under more suspicion than it had done before. For when *Oracles* first crept out into the World, Philosophy had not yet appear'd.

CHAP. VII.

The laſt particular Cauſes of the Ceſſation of Oracles.

THe Cheats of *Oracles* were ſo groſs, that at laſt they were diſcovered by a thouſand ſeveral Accidents. I ſuppoſe that *Oracles* were at firſt entertained with Greedineſs and Joy, becauſe that nothing could be more convenient than to have Gods always ready at hand to anſwer every Queſtion that might be ſuggeſted by Uneaſineſs or Curioſity: And I fanſie, that it was with a great deal Reluctancy that People parted with this ſuppoſed Conveniency; and that *Oracles* would never have come to an end as long as Heatheniſm laſted, if they had not been the moſt impertinent Things in the World. But at laſt Men were forced to yield to their own Experiences and ſuffer themſelves to be diſabuſed.

To this the Prieſts gave no ſmall help by the extreme Impudence which they uſed in the Exerciſe of their falſe Miniſtry; for they thought that things were brought to ſuch a Point, that there was no Occaſion for any Circumſpection.

I ſay nothing of the Waggiſhneſs of the *Oracles*, which they ſometimes delivered: For example, * To a Man that came to ask of the Deity, *What he ſhould do to grow rich?* He anſwered very pleaſantly, *That he need do no more than get all the Land be-*

* *Athenæus.*

tween

tween Sycione *and* Corinth. And sometimes the Consulter would make free with the God. *Polemon*, sleeping in the Temple of *Æsculapius*, to learn of him how to cure his Gout, the God appeared to him and told him, *That he must abstain from cold Drink.* *Polemon* replied, *You would be puzled then, my good Friend, if you were consulted about an Ox?* But these were but the Gayeties and Frolicks of the Priests, who would sometimes both give and take a Jest.

But it was still more remarkable, that the Gods never failed to fall in love with the fair Ladies; for they must come and pass away the Nights in their Temples, tricked up for the purpose by their own Husbands, and furnished with Presents to make the God amends for his Pains. 'Tis not to be doubted, but that the Doors of the Temple were shut up in the sight of the whole World, but who could secure the Husbands against the Passages under Ground?

For my part, I do not question but such Intrigues were often practised. And *Herodotus* writes, that in the eighth and uppermost Story of that lofty Tower belonging to the Temple of *Belus* in *Babylon*, there was a magnificent Bed, where there lay every Night a pretty Woman selected by the God. The like was done at *Thebes* in *Egypt*: And when the Priestess of the *Oracle* of *Patara* in *Lycia* was to propheſie, she must first take a Night's Lodging all alone in the Temple, whither *Apollo* came (forsooth) *to inspire her.*

All these things were practised during the darkest Mists of Paganism, and in times when Heathen Ceremonies were not to be contra-

dicted; but in the view of the very Christians themselves *Saturn* of *Alexandria* had such Women brought in the Night to his Temple, as he thought fit to chuse by the Mouth of his Priest *Tyrannus*. Many Women had received this Honour with a great deal of devout Respect, and none of them made any Complaints of *Saturn*, tho' he was the oldest and the least Gallant of all the Gods. But at last there was one, who having had her Night's Lodging in the Temple, considered with her self, that nothing had passed there, but what mortal Man was capable of performing, and *Tyrannus* could have done himself: And so she acquainted her Husband with her Suspicion, who hereupon accused *Tyrannus*. The unhappy Priest confessed all; and the Lord knows what a Scandal this gave to the Inhabitants of *Alexandria*.

Thus the Wickedness of the Priests, their Insolence, and several Chances that had discovered their Cheats, and the Obscurity, Uncertainty and Falseness of their Answers would at last have quite ruined the Reputation of *Oracles*, and entirely abolished them, even if Heathenism had not been come to a Period. But the thing became more unavoidable by the Addition of other Foreign Reasons: Such as first the Raillery of the Grecian Philosophers; then the little Use the Romans had always of them; and last of all the Christians utter Detestation of them, and putting a full End to them and Paganism together.

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TO

Richard Norton,

OF

Southwick in *Hantſhire*, Eſquire.

Honour'd SIR,

EMinent Wit, Sir, no more than Eminent Beauty, can eſcape the Trouble and Preſumption of Addreſſes; and that which can ſtrike every body with Wonder, can never avoid the Praiſe which naturally flows from that Wonder: And Heaven is forc'd to hear the Addreſſes as well as Praiſes of the Poor as Rich, of the Ignorant as Learned, and takes, nay rewards, the officious, tho' perhaps impertinent Zeal of its leaſt qualify'd Devotees. Wherefore, Sir, tho' your Merits meet with the Applauſe of the Learned and Witty, yet your Generoſity will judge favourably of the untaught Zeal of an humbler Admirer, ſince what I do your eminent Vertues compel. The Beautiful will

per-

permit the moſt deſpicable of their Admirers to love them, tho' they never intend to make him happy, as unworthy their Care, but they will not be angry at the fatal Effect of their own Eyes.

But what I want in my ſelf, Sir, to merit your Regard, I hope my Authoreſs will in ſome meaſure ſupply, ſo far at leaſt to leſſen my Preſumption in prefixing your Name to a Poſthumous Piece of hers, whom all the Men of Wit, that were her Contemporaries, look'd on as the Wonder of her Sex; and in none of her Performances has ſhe ſhew'd ſo great a Maſtery as in her Novels, where Nature always prevails; and if they are not true, they are ſo like it, that they do the buſineſs every jot as well.

This I hope, Sir, will induce you to pardon my Preſumption in dedicating this Novel to you, and declaring my ſelf, Sir,

Your moſt obedient
and moſt humble Servant,

S. Briscoe.

*** *Place this Epiſtle Dedicatory next after the Title of the* Blind Lady.

THE

Unfortunate Bride:

OR, THE

The Blind Lady a Beauty.

Frankwit and *Wildvill* were two young Gentlemen of very conſiderable Fortunes, both born in *Staffordſhire*, and during their minority, both educated together, by which opportunity they contracted a very inviolable Friendſhip, a Friendſhip which grew up with them; and though it was remarkably known to every body elſe, they knew it not themſelves; they never made profeſſion of it in words, but actions; ſo true a warmth their fires could boaſt, as needed not the effuſion of their breath to make it live. *Wildvill* was of the richeſt Family, but *Frankwit* of the nobleſt; *Wildvil* was admired for outward qualifications, as ſtrength, and manly proportions, *Frankwit* for a much ſofter beauty, for his inward endowments, pleaſing in his converſation, of

a free, and moving air, humble in his behaviour, and if he had any pride, it was but juſt enough to ſhew that he did not affect humility, his mind bowed with a motion as unconſtrained as his body, nor did he force this virtue in the leaſt, but he allowed it only; ſo aimable he was, that every Virgin that had Eyes, knew too ſhe had a Heart, and knew as ſurely ſhe ſhould loſe it. His *Cupid* could not be reputed blind, he never ſhot for him, but he was ſure to wound. As every other Nymph admired him, ſo he was dear to all the Tuneful Siſters, the Muſes were fired with him as much as their own radiant God *Apollo*; not their loved Springs and Fountains were ſo grateful to their eyes as he, him they eſteemed their *Helicon* and *Parnaſſus* too; in ſhort, when ever he pleaſed, he could enjoy them all. Thus he enamour'd the whole FemaleSex, butamongſt all the ſighing captives of his Eyes, *Belvira* only boaſted charms to move him, her parents lived near his, and even from their Childhood they felt mutual Love, as if their Eyes at their firſt meeting had ſtruck out ſuch glances as had kindled into am'rous flame. And now *Belvira* in her fourteenth year, (when the freſh ſpring of young virginity began to caſt more lively bloomings in her Cheeks, and ſofter longings in her Eyes) by her indulgent Father's care was ſent to *London* to a Friend, her Mother being lately dead: When, as if fortune ordered it ſo, *Frankwit*'s Father took a journey to the other World,

World, to let his Son the better enjoy the pleaſures and delights of this: the young Lover now with all imaginable haſte interred his Father, nor did he ſhed ſo many Tears for his loſs as might in the leaſt quench the Fires, which he received from his *Belvira*'s Eyes, but (maſter of ſeventeen hundred pounds a year, which his Father left him) with all the Wings of Love he flys to *London*, and ſollicits *Belvira* with ſuch fervency, that it might be thought he meant Deaths Torch ſhould kindle *Hymen*'s; and now as ſoon as he arrives at his Journeys end, he goes to pay a viſit to the fair Miſtreſs of his Soul, and aſſures her, that tho he was abſent from her, yet ſhe was ſtill with him; and that all the Road he Travell'd her beauteous Image danced before him, and like the raviſhed Prophet, he ſaw his Deity in every Buſh; in ſhort, he paid her conſtant viſits, the Sun ne're roſe, or ſet, but ſtill he ſaw it in her company, and every minute of the day he counted by his ſighs ſo inceſſantly he importuned her that ſhe could no longer hold out, and was pleaſed in the ſurrender of her heart, ſince it was he was Conqueror, and therefore felt a triumph in her yielding; their Flames now joyned, grew more and more, glowed in their Cheeks, and lightened in their glances; eager they looked, as there were pulſes beating in their Eyes; and all endearing, at laſt ſhe vowed, that *Frankwit* living ſhe would ne're be any other mans; thus they paſt on ſome time, while every

day rowled over fair. Heaven ſhowed an aſpect all ſerene, and the Sun ſeemed to ſmile at what was done; he ſtill careſſed his charmer with an innocence becoming his ſincerity, he lived upon her tender breath, and basked in the bright luſtre of her Eyes, with pride, and ſecret joy.

He ſaw his Rivals languiſh for that bliſs, thoſe charms, thoſe rapturous and extatick tranſports which he engroſſed alone. But now ſome eighteen months (ſome ages in a lovers Kalendar) winged with delights, and fair *Belvira* now grown fit for riper joys, knows hardly how ſhe can deny her preſſing lover and herſelf to crown their vows, and joyn their hands as well as hearts. All this while the young Gallant waſh'd himſelf clean of that ſhining dirt, his Gold; he fancied little of Heaven dwelt in his yellow Angels, but let them fly away as it were on their own Golden wings, he only valued the ſmiling Babies in *Belvira*'s Eyes. His generoſity was boundleſs as his Love, for no man ever truly loved that was not generous. He thought his Eſtate like his paſſion, was a ſort of a Pontick Ocean, it could never know an Ebb: but now he found it could be fathom'd, and that the Tide was turning, therefore he ſollicits with more impatience, the conſummation of their joys, that both might go like Martyrs from their flames immediately to Heaven; and now at laſt it was agreed between them that they ſhould both be one, but not without ſome reluctancy on the female

male ſide, for 'tis the humour of our Sex, to deny moſt eagerly thoſe grants to Lovers, for which moſt tenderly we ſigh: ſo contradictory are we to our ſelves, as if the Deity had made us with a ſeeming reluctancy to his own deſigns, placing as much diſcords in our minds, as there is harmony in our faces. We are a ſort of aiery Clouds, whoſe Lightning flaſh out one way, and the Thunder another. Our words and thoughts can ne're agree. So, this young charming Lady thought her deſires could live in their own longings, like Miſers wealth-devouring Eyes; and e're ſhe conſented to her Lover, prepared him firſt with ſpeaking looks, and then with a fore-running ſigh, applyed to the dear charmer thus: *Frankwit, I am afraid to venture the Matrimonal bondage, it may make you think your ſelf too much confined, in being only free to one.* Ah! my dear *Belvira*, he replyed, that one, like Manna, has the taſte of all, why ſhould I be diſpleaſed to be confined to Paradice, when it was the curſe of our forefathers to be ſet at large, tho they had the whole World to roam in: You have, my Love, ubiquitary charms, and you are all in all, in every part. *Ay but*, reply'd *Belviria, we are all like perfumes, and too continual ſmelling makes us ſeem to have loſt our Sweets, I'll be judged by my Couſin* Celeſia *here, if it be not better to live ſtill in mutual love, without the laſt Enjoyment.* (I had forgot to tell my Reader that *Celeſia* was an heireſs, the only child of a rich *Turkey* Merchant, who when he dyed left

her fifty thouſand pound in Money, and ſome Eſtate in Land; but, poor creature, ſhe was blind to all theſe riches, having been born without the uſe of ſight, though in all other reſpects charming to a wonder.) *Indeed, ſays* Celeſia, (for ſhe ſaw clearly in her mind) *I admire you ſhould ask my judgment in ſuch a caſe, where I have never had the leaſt experience; but I believe it is but a ſickly ſoul which cannot nouriſh its Off-ſpring of deſires without preying upon the body.* Believe me, reply'd *Frankwit*, I bewail your want of ſight, and I could almoſt wiſh you my own eyes for a moment, to view your charming Couſin, where you would ſee ſuch Beauties as are too dazzling to be long beheld; and if too daringly you gazed, you would feel the misfortune of the loſs of ſight, much greater than the want on't; and you would acknowledge, that in too preſumptuouſly ſeeing, you would be blinder then, than now unhappily you are.

Ah! I muſt confeſs, reply'd Belvira, *my poor dear Couſin is blind, for I fancy ſhe bears too great an eſteem for* Frankwit, *and only longs for ſight to look on him.* Indeed, reply'd *Celeſia*, I would be glad to ſee *Frankwit*, for I fancy he's as dazzling as he but now deſcrib'd his Miſtreſs, and if I fancy I ſee him, ſure I do ſee him, for ſight is fancy, is it not? or do you feel my Couſin with your Eyes? *This is indeed, a charming blindneſs, reply'd* Frankwit, *and the fancy of your ſight excels the certainty of ours; ſtrange! that there ſhould be ſuch glances even in*

blindneſs.

blindneſs? You, fair Maid, require not Eyes to conquer, if your night has ſuch Stars, what Sunſhine would your day of ſight have, if ever you ſhould ſee? I fear thoſe Stars you talk of, ſaid *Belvira*, have ſome influence on you, and by the compaſs you ſail by now, I gueſs you are ſteering to my Couſin. She is indeed charming enough to have been another Off-ſpring of bright *Venus*, blind like her Brother *Cupid*. *That* Cupid, *reply'd* Celeſia, *I am afraid has ſhot me, for methinks I would not have you marry* Frankwit, *but rather live as you do without the leaſt Enjoyment, for methinks if he were marry'd, he would be more out of my ſight than he already is.* Ah! Madam, return'd *Frankwit*, love is no Cameleon, it cannot feed on Air alone. *No but, rejoyn'd* Celeſia, *you Lovers that are not blind like love itſelf, have am'rous looks to feed on.* Ah! believe it, ſaid *Belvira*, 'tis better *Frankwit*, not to loſe Paradice by too much knowledge; Marriage-enjoyment does but wake you from your ſweet golden Dreams: Pleaſure is but a Dream, dear *Frankwit*, but a Dream, and to be waken'd. *Ah! Deareſt, but unkind* Belvira, *anſwer'd* Frankwit, *ſure there's no waking from delight, in being lull'd on thoſe ſoft Breaſts of thine.* Alas! (reply'd the Bride to be) it is that very lulling wakes you; Women enjoy'd, are like Romances read, or Raree-ſhows once ſeen, meer tricks of the ſlight of hand, which, when found out, you only wonder at your ſelves for wondering ſo before at them. 'Tis expecta-

tion

tion endears the bleſſing; heaven would not be heaven, could we tell what 'tis. When the Plot's out you have done with the Play, and when the laſt Act's done, you ſee the Curtain drawn with great indifferency. *O my* Belvira, *anſwered* Frankwit, *that expectation were indeed a Monſter which enjoyment could not ſatisfy; I ſhould take no pleaſure* he rejoin'd, *running from hill to hill, like Children chaſing that Sun which I could never catch.* O thou ſhalt have it then, that Sun of Love, reply'd *Belvira*, fir'd by this complaint, and gently ruſh'd into his arms, (rejoyning,) ſo *Phœbus* ruſhes radiant, and unſullied into a gilded Cloud. *Well then, my dear* Belvira, anſwer'd Frankwit, *be aſſured I ſhall be ever yours, as you are mine; fear not you ſhall never draw Bills of love upon me ſo faſt as I ſhall wait in readineſs to pay them; but now I talk of Bills, I muſt retire into* Cambridgeſhire, *where I have a ſmall concern as yet unmortgaged, I will return thence with a brace of thouſand pounds within a week at fartheſt, with which our Nuptials by their celebration ſhall be worthy of our love. And then, my Life, my Soul, we ſhall be joyn'd, never to part again.* This tender expreſſion mov'd *Belvira* to ſhed ſome few tears, and poor *Celeſia* thought herſelf moſt unhappy that ſhe had not eyes to weep with too; but if ſhe had, ſuch was the greatneſs of her grief, that ſure ſhe would have ſoon grown blind with weeping. In ſhort, after a great many ſoft vows, and promiſes of an inviolable faith, they parted with a pompous ſort of pleaſing woe; their

concern

fore, and wonderfully pleas'd with his humour of writing in Verſe, reſolv'd not to be at all behind-hand with him, and ſo writ as follows.

My dear Charmer,

YOu knew before what power your love could boaſt,
But now your conſtant faith confirms me moſt.
Abſent ſincerity the beſt aſſures,
Love may do much, but faith much more allures,
For now your conſtancy has bound me yours.
I find, methinks, in Verſe ſome pleaſure too,
I cannot want a Muſe, who write to you.
Ah! ſoon return, return, my charming dear,
Heav'n knows how much we mourn your abſence here:
My poor *Celeſia* now would charm your ſoul,
Her eyes, once blind, do now divinely rowl.
An aged Matron has by charms unknown,
Given her clear ſight as perfect as thy own.
And yet, beyond her eyes, ſhe values thee,
'Tis for thy ſake alone ſhe's glad to ſee.
She begg'd me, pray remember her to you,
That is a task which now I gladly do.
Gladly, ſince ſo I only recommend
A dear relation, and a dearer friend,
Ne're ſhall my love ——— but here my note muſt end.

Your ever true Belvira.

When

When this Letter was written, it was ſtrait ſhown to *Celeſia*, who lookt upon any thing that belong'd to *Frankwit* with rejoycing glances; ſo eagerly ſhe perus'd it, that her tender eyes beginning to water, ſhe cry'd out, (fancying ſhe ſaw the words dance before her view) Ah! Couſin, Couſin, your Letter is running away, ſure it can't go itſelf to *Frankwit*? A great deal of other pleaſing innocent things ſhe ſaid, but ſtill her eyes flow'd more bright with luſtrous beams, as if they were to ſhine out; now all that glancing radiancy which had been ſo long kept ſecret, and as if, as ſoon as the cloud of blindneſs once was broke, nothing but lightnings were to flaſh for ever after. Thus in mutual diſcourſe they ſpent their hours, while *Frankwit* was now raviſhed with the receipt of this charming anſwer of *Belvira*'s, and bleſt his own eyes which diſcovered to him the much welcome news of fair *Celeſia*'s. Often he reads the Letter o're and o're, but there his fate lay hid, for 'twas that very fondneſs proved his ruin. He lodg'd at a Couſin's Houſe of his, and there, (it being a private family) lodged likewiſe a Blackamoor Lady, then a Widow; a whimſical Knight had taken a fancy to enjoy her; *enjoy her did I ſay? enjoy the Devil in the fleſh at once?* I know not how it was, but he would fain have been a bed with her, but ſhe not conſenting on unlawful terms, *(but ſure all terms are with her unlawful)* the Knight ſoon marry'd her,

as

as if there were not hell enough in Matrimony, but he muſt wed the Devil too. The Knight a little after died, and left this Lady of his (whom I ſhall call *Moorea*) an Eſtate of ſix thouſand pounds *per Ann.* Now this *Moorea* obſerved the joyous *Frankwit* with an eager look, her Eyes ſeemed like Stars of the firſt magnitude glaring in the night; ſhe greatly importuned him to diſcover the occaſion of his tranſport, but he denying it, (as 'tis the humour of our Sex) made her the more inquiſitive; and being jealous that it was from a Miſtreſs, employ'd her Maid to ſteal it, and if ſhe found it ſuch to bring it her; accordingly it ſucceeded, for *Frankwit* having drank hard with ſome of the Gentlemen of that Shire, found himſelf indiſpoſed, and ſoon went to Bed, having put the Letter in his pocket: The Maid therefore to *Moorea* contrived that all the other Servants ſhould be out of the way, that ſhe might plauſibly officiate in the warming the bed of the indiſpoſed Lover, but likely, had it not been ſo, ſhe had warmed it by his intreaties in a more natural manner; he being in bed in an inner Room, ſhe ſlips out the Letter from his pocket, carries it to her Miſtreſs to read, and ſo reſtores it whence ſhe had it; in the morning the poor Lover wakened in a violent Fever, burning with a fire more hot than that of Love. In ſhort, he continued ſick a conſiderable while, all which time the Lady *Moorea* conſtantly viſited him, and he as unwillingly ſaw her (poor Gen-

Gentleman) as he would have ſeen a Parſon; for as the latter would have perſwaded, ſo the former ſcared him to Repentance. In the mean while, during his ſickneſs, ſeveral Letters were ſent to him by his Dear *Belvira*, and *Celeſia* too, (then learning to write) had made a ſhift to give him a line or two in Poſtſcript with her Couſin, but all was intercepted by the jealouſy of the Black *Moorea*, black in her mind, and dark, as well as in her body. *Frankwit* too writ ſeveral Letters as he was able, complaining of her unkindneſs, thoſe likewiſe were all ſtopt by the ſame Blackmoor Devil. At laſt, it happened that *Wildvill*, (who I told my Reader was *Frankwit*'s friend) came to *London*, his Father likewiſe dead, and now Maſter of a very plentiful fortune, he reſolves to marry, and paying a viſit to *Belvira*, enquires of her, concerning *Frankwit*, ſhe all in mourning for the loſs, told him his friend was dead. Ah! *Wildvill*, he is dead, ſaid ſhe, and died not mine, a Blackmoor Lady had bewitched him from me; I received a Letter lately which informed me all; there was no name ſubſcribed to it, but it intimated, that it was written at the requeſt of dying *Frankwit*. Oh! I am ſorry at my ſoul, ſaid *Wildvill*, for I loved him with the beſt, the deareſt friendſhip; no doubt then, rejoyned he, 'tis Witchcraft indeed that could make him falſe to you; what delight could he take in a Blackmoor Lady, tho ſhe had received him at once with a ſoul as open as

her

her longing arms, and with her Petticoat put off her modesty. Gods! How could he change a whole *Field argent* into downright *Sables*. 'Twas done, returned *Celesia*, with no small blot, I fancy to the Female Scutcheon. In short, after some more discourse, but very sorrowful, *Wildvill* takes his leave, extreamly taken with the fair *Belvira*, more beauteous in her cloud of woe; he paid her afterwards frequent visits, and found her wonder for the odd inconstancy of *Frankwit*, greater than her sorrow, since he dy'd so unworthy of her. *Wildvill* attack'd her with all the force of vig'rous love, and she (as she thought) fully convinc'd of *Frankwit*'s death, urg'd by the fury and impatience of her new ardent Lover, soon surrender'd, and the day of their Nuptials now arriv'd, their hands were joyn'd. In the mean time *Frankwit*, (for he still liv'd) knew nothing of the injury the base *Moorea* practic'd, knew not that 'twas thro her private order, that the fore-mention'd account of his falshood and his death was sent; but impatient to see his Dear *Belvira*, tho yet extremely weak, rid post to *London*, and that very day arriv'd there, immediately after the Nuptials of his Mistress and his Friend were celebrated. I was at this time in *Cambridge*, and having some small acquaintance with this Blackamoor Lady, and sitting in her Room that evening, after *Frankwit*'s departure thence, in *Moorea*'s absence, saw inadvertently a bundle of Papers,

which she had gathered up, as I suppose, to burn, since now they grew but useless, she having no farther hopes of him; I fancy'd I knew the hand, and thence my curiosity only led me to see the name, and finding *Belvira* subscrib'd, I began to gues there was some foul play in hand, *Belvira* being my particularly intimate acquaintance: I read one of them, and finding the contents, convey'd them all secretly out with me, as I thought, in point of justice I was bound, and sent them to *Belvira* by that night's Post; so that they came to her hands soon after the miuute of her Marriage, with an account how, and by what means I came to light on them. No doubt but they exceedingly surpriz'd her: but Oh! Much more she grew amaz'd immediately after, to see the poor, and now unhappy *Frankwit*, who privately had enquir'd for her below, being received as a stranger, who said he had some urgent business with her in a back Chamber below-stairs. What Tongue, what Pen can express the mournful sorrow of this Scene: At first they both stood dumb, and almost senseless; she took him for the Ghost of *Frankwit*; he looked so pale, new risen from his sickness, he (for he had heard at his entrance in the House, that his *Belvira* marry'd *Wildvil*) stood in a maze, and like a Ghost indeed, wanted the power to speak, till spoken to the first. At last, he draws his Sword, designing there to fall upon it in her presence; she then imagining it his Ghost

Ghoſt too ſure, and come to kill her, ſhrieks out and ſwoons; he ran immediately to her, and catch'd her in his arms, and while he ſtrove to revive and bring her to herſelf, tho that he thought could never now be done, ſince ſhe was marry'd, *Wildvill* miſſing his Bride, and hearing the loud ſhriek, came running down, and entring the Room, ſees his Bride lye claſpt in *Frankwit*'s arms, Ha! Traytor! He crys out, drawing his Sword with an impatient fury, have you kept that Strumpet all this while, curſt *Frankwit*, and now think fit to put your damn'd caſt Miſtreſs upon me; could not you forbear her neither ev'n on my wedding day? Abominable Wretch! Thus ſaying, he made a full paſs at *Frankwit*, and run him thro the left arm, and quite thro the Body of the poor *Belvira*; that thruſt immediately made her ſtart, tho *Frankwit*'s endeavours all before were uſeleſs. Strange! that her death reviv'd her! for ah! ſhe felt that now ſhe only liv'd to dye! ſtriving thro wild amazement to run from ſuch a Scene of horror, as her apprehenſions ſhew'd her; down ſhe dropt, and *Frankwit* ſeeing her fall, (all friendſhip diſannull'd by ſuch a chain of injuries) draws, fights with, and ſtabs his own lov'd *Wildvill*. Ah! who can expreſs the horror and diſtraction of this fatal miſunderſtanding! the Houſe was alarm'd, and in came poor *Celeſia*, running in confuſion juſt as *Frankwit* was offring to kill himſelf, to dye with a falſe friend, and perjur'd Miſtreſs,

for he ſuppos'd them ſuch. Poor *Celeſia* now bemoan'd her unhappineſs of ſight, and wiſh'd ſhe again were blind. *Wildvill* dy'd immediately, and *Belvira* only ſurviv'd him long enough to unfold all their moſt unhappy fate, deſiring *Frankwit* with her dying breath, if ever he lov'd her, (and now ſhe ſaid that ſhe deſerv'd his love, ſince ſhe had convinc'd him that ſhe was not falſe) to marry her poor dear *Celeſia*, and love her tenderly for her *Belvira*'s ſake; leaving her, being her neareſt Relation, all her fortune, and he, much dearer than it all, to be added to her own; ſo joyning his and *Celeſia*'s Hands, ſhe pour'd her laſt breath upon his Lips, and ſaid, Dear *Frankwit*, *Frankwit*, I dye yours. With tears and wondrous ſorrow he promis'd to obey her Will, and in ſome months after her interrment, he perform'd his promiſe.

FINIS.

THE
Unfortunate Happy Lady.
A True
HISTORY.

By Mrs. *A. BEHN.*

LONDON:

Printed for *Samuel Briſcoe*, in *Charles-Street, Covent-Garden*, 1698.

THE

Unfortunate Happy Lady.

A TRUE

HISTORY

LONDON:

Printed for Samuel Baker, in Chancery-Lane, near Fleet-Street. 1698.

TO

EDWARD COOK,

of *Norfolk*, Esquire.

Honour'd SIR,

IF so considerable a Name as Mrs. Behn's *did not justifie my Choice of your Patronage, Sir, for the following Novel, I might perhaps be thought too presumptuous, in sheltring the* Unhappy Fortunate *under your Name: But being secur'd by her establish'd Reputation from injuring yours, I gave way to that Desire I had to shew my self in the Number of your Admirers. For there being a sort of Merit in admiring Merit, every one that has the least Ambition, wou'd desire to shew himself Master of that Desert.*

Your Vertues as well as Fortunes are too conspicuous not to be observ'd by all; your Affability, Generosity, Goodness are what give Hope to your Inferiours, and Comfort and

Sa-

The Epiſtle Dedicatory.

Satisfaction to your Equals, and Admiration to all: For 'tis ſeldom that Fortune alone can draw our Hearts tho' it draw our Eyes, but when embelliſh'd with ſuch Qualifications it makes the Poſſeſſour truly Great and Happy, as well as Rich.

'Tis well, Sir, I am no Panegerist, I ſhou'd elſe, on ſo engaging a Theme, be apt to forget the Violence I did your Modeſty, in the Satisfaction I found in the Contemplation of your Excellencies: But I leave that Task to happier Pens, and content my ſelf with the generous Ambition of what my Stars deny me, and only beg leave to ſubſcribe my ſelf, Sir,

Your moſt obedient
and devoted Servant,

SAM. BRISCOE.

** *Place this Epiſtle Dedicatory next after the Title of the* Unhappy Fortunate Lady.

THE

Unfortunate Happy Lady.

A

True Hiſtory.

I Cannot omit giving the world an account, of the uncommon villany of a Gentleman of a good Family in *England* practic'd upon his Siſter, which was atteſted to me by one who liv'd in the Family, and from whom I had the whole truth of the Story. I ſhall conceal the unhappy Gentleman's own, under the borrow'd names of Sir *William Wilding*, who ſucceeded his Father Sir *Edward*, in an Eſtate of near 4000 *l.* a year, inheriting all that belong'd to him, except his Virtues. 'Tis true, he was oblig'd to pay his only Siſter a Portion of 6000 *l.* which he might very eaſily have done out of his Patrimony in a little time, the Eſtate being not in the leaſt incumbred. But the death of his good Father gave a looſe to the extravagance of his Inclinations, which till then was hardly obſervable. The firſt

discovery he made of his Humour, was in the extraordinary rich Equipage he prepar'd for his Journey to *London*, which was much greater than his fair and plentiful Fortune cou'd maintain, nor were his expences any way inferiour to the figure he made here in Town; insomuch, that in less than a twelve month, he was forc'd to return to his seat in the Country, to Mortgage a part of his Estate of a thousand pounds a year, to satisfy the debts he had already contracted in his profuse Treats, Gaming and Women, which in a few weeks he effected, to the great affliction of his Sister *Philadelphia*, a young Lady of excellent Beauty, Education, and Virtue; who, fore-seeing the utter ruin of the Estate, if not timely prevented, daily begg'd of him, with Prayers and Tears, that might have mov'd a *Scythian* or wild *Arab*, or indeed, any thing but him, to pay her her portion. To which however, he seemingly consented, and promis'd to take her to Town with him, and there give her all the satisfaction she could expect: And having dipp'd some paltry Acres of Land, deeper than ever Heaven dipp'd 'em in Rain, he was as good as his word, and brought her to Town with him, where he told her he would place her with an ancient Lady with whom he had contracted a friendship at his first coming to *London*; adding, that she was a Lady of incomparable Morals, and of a matchless Life and Conversation. *Philadelphia* took him in the best sense, and was very

very deſirous to be planted in the ſame Houſe with her, hoping ſhe might grow to as great a perfection in ſuch excellent qualifications, as ſhe imagined 'em. About four days thetefore after they had been in Town, ſhe ſollicits her Brother to wait on that Lady with her: He reply'd, that it is abſolutely neceſſary and convenient that I ſhould firſt acquaint her with my deſign, and beg that ſhe will be pleas'd to take you into her care, and this ſhall be my chief buſineſs to day: Accordingly, that very hour he went to the Lady *Beldams*, his reverend and honourable Acquaintance, whom he prepar'd for the reception of his Siſter, who he told her was a caſt Miſtreſs of his, and deſir'd her aſſiſtance to prevent the trouble and charge, which ſhe knew ſuch Cattle would bring upon young Gentlemen of plentiful Eſtates. To morrow morning about eleven, I'll leave her with your Ladyſhip, who, I doubt not, will give her a wholeſome Leſſon or two before night, and your reward is certain. My Son, (return'd ſhe) I know the greatneſs of your Spirit, the heat of your temper has both warm'd and inflam'd me! I joy to ſee you in Town again — Ah! That I could but re-call one twenty years for your ſake!—Well——no matter.—— I won't forget your inſtructions, nor my duty to morrow: In the mean time, I'll drink your health in a Bottle of Sherry or two. O! Cry your Mercy, good my Lady *Beldam*, (ſaid the young Debauchee) I had like to have

have forfeited my title to your Care, in not remembring to leave your an obligation. There are three Guinea's, which I hope will plead for me till to morrow.——So——Your Ladyſhip's Servant humbly kiſſes your hand. Your Honours moſt Obedient Servant, moſt gratefully acknowledges your favours.——Your humble Servant, Good Sir *William*, added ſhe, ſeeing him leave her in haſte.

Never were three perſons better pleas'd for a time than this unnatural man, his ſweet innocent Siſter, and the Lady *Beldam*; upon his return to *Philadelphia*, who could not reſt that night, for thinking on the happineſs ſhe was going to enjoy in the converſation of ſo virtuous a Lady as her Brothers Acquaintance, to whom ſhe was in hopes that ſhe might diſcover her deareſt thoughts and complain of Sir *William*'s extravagance and unkindneſs, without running the hazzard of being betray'd; and at the ſame time, reaſonably expect from ſo pious a Lady all the aſſiſtance within her capacity. On the other ſide, her Brother hugg'd himſelf in the proſpect he had of getting rid of his own Siſter, and the payment of 6000 *l.* for the ſumm of forty or fifty Guineas, by the help and diſcretion of this ſage Matron; who, for her part, by this time, had reckon'd up, and promis'd to herſelf an advantage of at leaſt three hundred pounds, one way or other by this bargain.

About ten the next morning, Sir *William* took Coach with his Siſter, for the old Lady's

dy's Enchanted Caſtle, taking only one Trunk of hers with 'em for the preſent, promiſing her to ſend her other things to her the next day. The young Lady was very joyfully and reſpectfully received by her Brother's venerable acquaintance, who was mightily charm'd with her Youth and Beauty. A Bottle of the beſt was then ſtrait brought in, and not long after a very ſplendid Entertainment for Breakfaſt: The Furniture was all very modiſh and rich, and the Attendance was ſuitable. Nor was the Lady *Beldam*'s Converſation leſs oliging and modeſt, than Sir *William*'s diſcourſe had given *Philadelphia* occaſion to expect. After they had eaten and drank what they thought convenient, the reverend old Lady led 'em out of the Parlour to ſhew 'em the Houſe, every Room of which they found anſwerably furniſh'd to that whence they came. At laſt, ſhe led 'em into a very pleaſant Chamber, richly hung, and curiouſly adorn'd with the Pictures of ſeveral beautiful young Ladies, wherein there was a Bed which might have been worthy the reception of a Dutcheſs: This, Madam, (ſaid ſhe) is your Apartment, with the Anti-chamber, and little Withdrawing-room. Alas, Madam! (return'd the dear innocent unthinking Lady) you ſet too great a value on your ſervant; but I rather think your Ladyſhip deſigns me this Honour for the ſake of Sir *William*, who has had the happineſs of your acquaintance for ſome months: Something

for

for Sir *William*, (return'd the venerable Lady *Beldam*) but much more for your Ladyſhips own, as you will have occaſion to find hereafter. I ſhall ſtudy to deſerve your Favours and Friendſhip, Madam, reply'd *Philadelphia*: I hope you will, Madam, ſaid the barbarous man. But my buſineſs now calls me hence; to morrow at Dinner I will return to you, and order the reſt of your things to be brought with me. In the mean while (purſu'd the Traytor, kiſſing his Siſter, as he thought and hop'd, the laſt time) be as chearful as you can, my Dear! and expect all you can wiſh from me. A thouſand thanks, my deareſt Brother, return'd ſhe, with tears in her Eyes: and Madam, (ſaid he to his old miſchievous Confederate, giving her a very rich Purſe which held 50 Guineas) be pleas'd to accept this trifle, as an humble acknowledgement of the great favour you do this Lady, and the care of her, which you promiſe; and I'm ſure ſhe cannot want. — So once more, (added he) my Dear! And Madam! I am your humble ſervant, *Juſqu' a Revoir*, and went out bowing. Heavens bleſs my dear Brother! (cry'd *Philadelphia*) your Honours moſt Faithful and Obedient Servant, ſaid the venerable *Beldam*.

No ſooner was the treacherous Brother gone, than the old Lady taking *Philadelphia* by the hand, led her into the Parlour; where ſhe began to her to this effect. *If I miſtake not, Madam, you were pleas'd to call Sir* William

William *Brother once or twice of late in Converſation: Pray be pleas'd to ſatisfy my Curioſity ſo far, as to inform me in the truth of this matter? Is it really ſo or not? Philadelphia* reply'd bluſhing, your Ladyſhip ſtrangely ſurprizes me with this Queſtion: For, I thought it had been paſt your doubt that it is ſo. Did not he let you know ſo much himſelf? I humbly beg your pardon, Madam, (return'd the true Off-ſpring of old Mother *Eve*) that I have ſo viſibly diſturb'd you by my Curioſity: But, indeed, Madam, Sir *William* did not ſay your Ladyſhip was his Siſter, when he gave me charge of you, as of the neareſt and deareſt Friend he had in the world. Now our Father and Mother are dead, (ſaid the ſweet Innocent) who never had more Children than us two, who can be a nearer or dearer Friend unto me, than my Brother Sir *William*, or than I his Siſter to him? None? certainly, you'll excuſe me, Madam, (anſwer'd t'other) a Wife or Miſtreſs may. A Wife indeed, (return'd the beautiful Innocent) has the pre-eminence, and perhaps, a Miſtreſs too, if honourably lov'd and ſought for in Marriage: But (ſhe continu'd) I can aſſure your Ladyſhip that he has not a Wife; nor did I ever hear he had a Miſtreſs yet. Love in youth (ſaid old Venerable) is very fearful of diſcovery. I have known, Madam, a great many fine young Gentlemen and Ladies, who have conceal'd their violent paſſions and greater affection, under the notion and appellation of Brother and

Siſter,

Sister. And your Ladyship imagins Sir *William* and I do so? reply'd *Philadelphia*, by way of question. 'Twere no imprudence, if you did, Madam, return'd old Lady *Beldam*, with all the subtilty she had learn'd from the Serpent. Alas, Madam! (reply'd she) there is nothing like secrecy in Love: 'Tis the very Life and Soul of it! I have been young my self, and have known it by Experience. But all this, Madam, (interrupted *Philadelphia*, something nettl'd at her discourse) all this can't convince me, that I am not the true and only Sister both by Father and Mother of Sir *William Wilding*; however he wou'd impose upon your Ladyship, for what ends, indeed, I know not, unless (unhappily, which Heaven forbid!) He designs to gain your Ladyships assistance in defeating me of the Portion left me by my Father: But (she continu'd with tears) I have too great an assurance of your virtue, to fear that you will consent to so wicked a Practice. You may be confident, Madam, (said t'other) I never will. And, supposing that he were capable of perpetrating so base an act of himself, yet if your Ladyship will be guided and directed by me, I will shew you the means of living happy and great, without your Portion, or your Brothers help; so much I am charm'd with your Beauty and Innocence.

But, pray Madam, (pursu'd she) what is your Portion? And what makes you doubt your Brother's kindness? *Philadelphia* then told

told her how much her Brother was to pay her, and gave her an account of his Extravagancies, as far as ſhe knew 'em; to which t'other was no ſtranger; and (doubtleſs) cou'd have put a period to her ſorrows with her life, had ſhe given her as perfect a relation of his Riotous and Vicious practices, as ſhe was capable of: but ſhe had farther buſineſs with her Life, and, in ſhort, bid her be of good comfort, and lay all her care on her; and then ſhe cou'd not miſs of continual happineſs. The ſweet Lady took all her promiſes for ſterling, and kiſſing her Impious hand, humbly return'd her thanks. Not long after they went to dinner; and in the afternoon three or four young Ladys came to viſit the Right Reverend the Lady *Beldam*; who told her new Gueſt, that theſe were all her Relations, and no leſs than her own Siſter's Children. The Diſcourſe among 'em was general and very modeſt, which laſted for ſome hours: For, our ſex ſeldom wants matter of tattle. But, whether their Tongues were then miraculouſly wearied, or that they were tir'd with one continu'd ſcene of place, I won't pretend to determine: But they left the Parlour for the Garden, where after about half an hour's walk, there was a very fine Diſert of Sweetmeats and Fruits brought into one of the Arbours. *Cherbetts*, *Ros Solis*, rich and ſmall Wines, with Tea, Chocolate, *&c.* compleated the old Lady's Treat; the pleaſure of which was much heighten'd by the Voices of two of her

Ladyſhips

Ladyſhips Sham-Neices, who ſung very charmingly. The dear, ſweet Creature, thought ſhe had happily got into the company of Angels: But (alas!) they were Angels that had fall'n more than once. She had heard talk of Nunneries, and having never been out of her own Country till within four or five days, ſhe had certainly concluded ſhe had been in one of thoſe Religious-houſes now, had ſhe but heard a Bell ring, and ſeen 'em kneel to Prayers, and make uſe of their Beads, as ſhe had been told thoſe happy people do. However it was, ſhe was extreamly pleas'd with the place and company. So nearly do's Hell counterfeit Heaven ſometimes. At laſt, ſaid one of the white Devils, wou'd my dear *Tommy* were here! O, Sifter! (cry'd another) you won't be long without your wiſh: For my Husband and he went out together, and both promis'd to be here after the Play. Is my Brother Sir *Francis* with him there? (ask'd the firſt) yes, (anſwer'd a third) Sir *Thomas* and Sir *Francis* took Coach from St. *James*'s, about two hours ſince: we ſhall be excellent company when they come, ſaid a fourth; I hope they'll bring the Fiddlers with 'em, added the firſt: Don't you love Muſick, Madam? (ask'd the old Lady *Beldam*) Sometimes, Madam (reply'd *Philadelphia*) but now I am out o' tune my ſelf. A little harmleſs mirth will chear your drooping Spirits, my dear, (return'd t'other, taking her by the hand) Come! theſe are all my Relations,

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as I told you Madam; and ſo conſequently are their Husbands. Are theſe Ladys all Marry'd, Madam? *Philadelphia* ask'd. All, all, my dear Soul! (reply'd the inſinuating Mother of Iniquity;) and thou ſhalt have a Husband too, e're long. Alas Madam! (return'd the fair Innocent) I have no Merit, nor Money: Beſides, I never yet could love ſo well as to make choice of one man before another.

How long have you liv'd then, Madam? (ask'd the Lady *Beldam*) too long by almoſt ſixteen years, (reply'd *Philadelphia*) had Heaven ſeen good. This converſation laſted till word was brought that Sir *Francis* and Sir *Thomas*, with two other Gentlemen were juſt lighted at the Gate: which ſo diſcompos'd the fair Innocent, that trembling, ſhe begg'd leave to retire to her Chamber. To which, after ſome perſwaſion to the contrary, the venerable *Beldam* waited on her. For, theſe were none of the Sparks to whom *Philadelphia* was deſign'd to be ſacrific'd. In her retirement, the beautiful dear Creature had the ſatisfaction of venting her grief in Tears, and addreſſing her ſelf to Heaven, on which only ſhe truſted, notwithſtanding all the fair promiſes of her reverend Hoſteſs; ſhe had not been retir'd above an hour, e're a ſhe-attendant waited on her, to know if ſhe wanted any thing, and what ſhe wou'd pleaſe to have for her ſupper; if ſhe wou'd not give her Lady the honor of her company below? To which ſhe return'd, that ſhe wou'd

not ſup, and that ſhe wanted nothing but reſt, which ſhe wou'd preſently ſeek in bed. This anſwer brought up the officious old Lady her ſelf; who, by all means wou'd needs ſee her undreſs'd, for other reaſons more than a bare Compliment; which ſhe perform'd with a great deal of Ceremony, and a diligence that ſeem'd more than double. For ſhe had then the opportunity of obſerving the delicacy of her Skin, the fine turn of her Limbs, and the richneſs of her Night-dreſs, part of the furniture of her Trunk. Aſſoon as ſhe had cover'd her ſelf, ſhe kiſs'd and wiſh'd her a good repoſe. The dear ſoul, as innocent and white as her Linnen, return'd her thanks, and addreſs'd her ſelf to ſleep; out of which ſhe was waken'd by a loud Conſort of Muſick, in leſs than two hours time, which continu'd till long after midnight. This occaſion'd ſtrange and doubtful thoughts in her, tho' ſhe was altogether ſo unskill'd in theſe myſteries, that ſhe cou'd not gueſs the right meaning. She apprehended, that (poſſibly) her Brother had a Miſtreſs, from the Lady *Beldam*'s diſcourſe, and that this was their place of Aſſignation: ſuſpecting too, that either Sir *Francis*, or Sir *Thomas*, of whom ſhe had heard not long before, was Sir *William*, her Brother. The Muſick and all the noiſe in the houſe ceas'd about four a clock in the morning; when ſhe again fell into a ſleep that took away the ſenſe of her ſorrows, and doubts till nine; when ſhe was

again

again viſited from her Lady, by the ſame ſhe-attendant, to know how ſhe had reſted, and if ſhe wou'd pleaſe to command her any ſervice. *Philadelphia* reply'd, That ſhe had reſted very well moſt part of the morning, and that ſhe wanted nothing, but to know how her Lady had ſlept, and whether ſhe were in health, unleſs it were the ſight of her Brother. The Servant return'd with this anſwer to her Lady, while *Philadelphia* made ſhift to riſe, and begin to dreſs without an aſſiſtant; but ſhe had hardly put on any thing more than her Night-gown, e're the Lady *Beldam* her ſelf came in her *Diſhabille*, to aſſure her of her Brother's company with 'em at Dinuer, exactly at one a clock; and finding *Philadelphia* doing the office of a Waiting-woman to her ſelf, call'd up the ſame Servant, and in a great heat (in which however ſhe took care to make uſe of none of her familiar deviliſh dialect) ask'd the reaſon that ſhe durſt leave the Lady when ſhe was riſing. The wench trembling, reply'd, That indeed the Lady did not let her know that ſhe had any thoughts of riſing. Well then (ſaid her ſeeming offended Lady) ſtir not from her now, I charge you, till ſhe ſhall think fit to diſmiſs you, and command your abſence. Dear Madam, Good morrow to you, (ſaid ſhe to *Philadelphia*) I'll make haſte and dreſs too. Good morrow to your Ladyſhip (return'd the deſign'd victim) when ſhe was *Habille*, ſhe deſir'd the Servant to withdraw;

after which ſhe betook her ſelf to her Devotion; at the end of which the Lady *Beldam* return'd, attended by a Servant, who brought ſome Bread and Wine for her Breakfaſt; which might then be ſeaſonable enough to *Philadelphia*; who cou'd not forbear diſcovering the apprehenſions ſhe had of her Brother's unkindneſs, ſtill entertaining her *Reverence*, with the fear ſhe had of his diſappointment that day at dinner; which t'other oppos'd with all the ſeeming reaſons her Art cou'd ſuggeſt, till the Clock had ſtruck twelve; when a Servant came to tell the Lady *Beldam*, that one Sir *William Wilding* wou'd certainly wait on her preciſely at one, and deſir'd that he might dine in the young Lady's Apartment, to avoid being ſeen by any viſitants that might come; and beſides, that he had invited a Gentleman, his particular friend, to dinner with him there. This meſſage being deliver'd aloud by the Servant, was no little ſatisfaction to the poor deſponding young Lady, who diſcours'd very chearfully of indifferent matters, till the Clock gave 'em notice that the hour was come; within three minutes after which word was brought to the Lady *Beldam*, that a Gentleman below enquir'd for Sir *William Wilding*, whom ſhe immediately went down to receive, and led up to *Philadelphia*. Madam, (cry'd the great miſtreſs of her Art) this is the Gentleman whom Sir *William* has invited to dinner with us; and I am very happy to ſee him, for he is my worthy friend,

and

and of a long acquaintance. Truſt me, Madam, he is a Man of Honor, and has a very large Eſtate: I doubt not (added ſhe) that you will find his merits in his Converſation. Here *Gracelove*, for that was the Gentleman's name, ſaluted *Philadelphia*, and acquitted himſelf like a perſon of good Senſe and Education, in his firſt Addreſs to her; which ſhe return'd with all the modeſty and ingenuous ſimplicity that was ſtill proper to her. At laſt, ſhe ask'd him how long he thought it wou'd be e're Sir *William* came? To which he reply'd, that Sir *William* told him, unleſs he were there exactly at half an hour after one, they ſhou'd not ſtay dinner for him; that he had not parted with him much above a quarter of an hour, when he left him engag'd with particular Company, about ſome weighty buſineſs: But however, that, if he ſhou'd be ſo unhappy as to loſe their Converſation at dinner, he wou'd not fail to wait on 'em by four at fartheſt. The young Lady ſeem'd a little uneaſie at this; but the Gentleman appearing ſo very modeſt, and ſpeaking it with ſuch an aſſur'd gravity, took away all thoughts of ſuſpicion. To ſay truth, *Gracelove* was a very honeſt, modeſt, worthy and handſome perſon; and had the command, at preſent, of many a thouſand pounds, he was by profeſſion a *Turkey* Merchant: He had travell'd much, for his Age, not having then reach'd thirty, and had ſeen moſt of the Courts in *Chriſtendom*: He ~~had~~ was a man of a ſweet temper, of

juſt principles, and of inviolable friendſhip, where he promis'd; which was no where, but where 'twas merited. The minute came then at length, but without any Sir *William*; ſo dinner was ſerv'd up in the Room next to *Philadelphia*'s Bed-chamber. What they had was nice and ſeaſonable; and they were all three as pleaſant as cou'd be expected, without Sir *William*; to whoſe health the Glaſs went round once or twice. Dinner over, and the Table clear'd, the old Lady *Beldam* entreated Mr. *Gracelove* to entertain the young Lady with a diſcourſe of his Travels, and of the moſt remarkable paſſages and encounters of 'em, which he perform'd with a modeſty and gravity peculiar to himſelf; and in ſome part of his diſcourſe mov'd the innocent paſſions of the beauteous and compaſſionate *Philadelphia*; who was as attentive as ſhe us'd to be in Church at Divine Service. When the old Lady perceiv'd that he had made an end, or at leaſt, that he deſir'd to proceed no farther, ſhe took occaſion to leave 'em together, in haſte; pretending, that ſhe had forgotten to give orders to one of her Servants, about a buſineſs of moment, and that ſhe wou'd return to 'em in a very little time. The Gentleman, you may believe, was very well pleas'd with her retreat, ſince he had a diſcourſe to make to *Philadelphia* of a quite contrary nature to the preceding, which requir'd privacy: But how grateful her abſence was to *Philadelphia*, we may judge by the ſequel. Madam, (ſaid *Gracelove*)

Gracelove) how do you like the Town? Have you yet ſeen any man here whom you cou'd love? Alas Sir! (ſhe reply'd) I have not ſeen the Town, only in a Coach, as I paſt along, nor ever was in any Houſe, except this and another, where my Brother lodg'd: And to your other queſtion I muſt anſwer, that I love all men. That's Generous, indeed, Madam! (cry'd he) there is then ſome hope that I am one of the number. No doubt, Sir (ſhe return'd) that I love you as well as any, except Sir *William*. Is he the happy man then, Madam? (ſaid *Gracelove*.) If to be lov'd beſt by me may make any man happy, doubtleſs it muſt be he, for he is my own Brother. I fancy, Madam, (return'd he) that you may make me as dear a Relation to you, as Sir *William*. How is that poſſible, Sir? ſhe ask'd. Thus, Madam (reply'd he, drawing cloſer to her) by our nearer approaches to one another. O, Heaven defend me! (cry'd ſhe aloud) what do you mean? Take away your hand; you uncivil Man! Help! Madam! my Lady! O, (ſaid *Gracelove*) ſhe's gone purpoſely out of hearing. Am I betray'd then? ſhe cry'd. Betray'd! as if your pretty Innocent Ladyſhip did not know where you were lodg'd. Ah, Lady, (ſaid he) this faint will will never do. Come, Child, (purſu'd he) here are an hundred Guineas for you; and I promiſe you yearly as much, and two hundred with every Child that I ſhall get on thy ſweet Body: 'Faith I love thee, thou pretty Crea-

pure. Come! let's be better acquainted! you know my meaning. Hell does, no doubt of (ſhe return'd:) O Monſter a man! I hate the ſight of you. With that ſhe flung from him, and ran into the Bed-chamber, where ſhe thought to have lock'd her ſelf in; but the Key was convey'd into his Pocket. Thither therefore he purſu'd her, crying, Ah, Madam, this is the proper field for our diſpute. Perceiving her error, and animated by deſpair, ſhe ruſh'd between him and the door, into the outward Room again, he ſtill following, and dodging her from Chair to Chair; ſhe ſtill ſhrieking. At laſt (cry'd he) a Parley, Madam, with you. Let me ask you one queſtion; and will you anſwer me directly and truly to it? Indeed I will, (ſaid ſhe) if it be civil. Don't you know then, that you are in a naughty-houſe, and that old *Beldam* is a rank Procureſs, to whom I am to give two hundred Guinea's for your Maiden-head? O Heaven (cry'd ſhe, kneeling with tears guſhing out from her dear eyes) thou aſſerter and guardian of Innocence! protect me from the impious practices intended againſt me! Then looking ſtedfaſtly on him, Sir, (purſu'd ſhe) I can but difficultly gueſs what you mean: But I find, that unleſs you prove what at firſt you ſeem'd to me, I wou'd ſay, an honeſt, worthy Gentleman, I ſhall be in danger of eternal Ruin. You, Sir, are the only perſon that may yet preſerve me. Therefore I beſeech you, Sir, hear my ſtory, with the injuries

injuries and afflictions that ſo dreadfully torment me; of which, I am ſure, none of thoſe *Barbarians*, of which you had occaſion to ſpeak but now, wou'd have been guilty! O, hear and help me! for Heaven's ſake, hear and help me! I will, poor Creature! (return'd he;) methinks I now begin to ſee my crime and thy innocence, in thy words and looks. Here ſhe recounted to him all the accidents of her Life, ſince her Father's deceaſe, to that very day, e're *Gracelove* came to Dinner. And now (cry'd ſhe, ſobbing and weeping) how dare I truſt this naughty Brother again? can I be ſafe with him, think you, Sir! O, no; thou dear ſweet Creature! by no means. O Infernal monſters! Brother and Bawd! If you diſtruſt that I am yet his Siſter, here, Sir, take this Key (ſaid ſhe) and open that Trunk within, where you will find Letters from him to me in his own hand; and from my own dear dead Father too, Sir *Edward*, that gracious, that good Man! He ſhew'd us both the paths of Virtue; which I have not yet forſaken. Pray ſatisfie me, Sir, and ſee the truth! For your ſatisfaction I will, Madam, (ſaid he) but I am now fully convinc'd that you have greater Beauties within, than thoſe I admire without. Saying this, he open'd the Trunk, where he read a line or two from her Father, and as many from her Brother, which having again laid down, return'd to her, with this advice: I ſee, Madam, (ſaid he) that you have Money there,

there, and ſeveral things of value; which I deſire you to ſecure about you this moment; for I mean to deliver you out of this curſed place; if you dare put any confidence in a ſtranger, after your own Brother has acted the part of ſo great a Villain; if you dare truſt a ſtranger too, Madam, who had himſelf a deſign upon you; heaven forgive me for it! but by all things ſacred, I find my error: I pity you, and I fear I ſhall love you. Do you fear that, Sir, (ſaid ſhe) why I love you dearly now, becauſe I ſee you are going to be good again: that is, you are going to be your ſelf again. I hope, nay, I reſolve I will; tho' it coſt me my Life (ſaid he.) Can you ſubmit, Madam, to attend on a young Lady of my acquaintance here in Town, till I can provide better for you? O I can be any thing, a Chamber-maid, a Cook-maid, a Scullion, what you ſhall think fit, tho' never ſo mean, that is not naughty. Well, Madam, (ſaid he) compoſe your ſelf then, and ſeem a little pleaſant when I bring up that old Factoreſs of Hell. I will endeavour it, Sir, ſhe return'd; and he went down to the Devil's chief agent, to whom he ſaid, that the poor thing was at firſt very uneaſie, but that now ſhe had conſented to go along with him for an hour or two to ſome other place, doubting your ſecrecy; for ſhe wou'd not have her Brother know it, as ſhe calls him, for a thouſand worlds, and more Money. Well, my Son! (reply'd old *Beldam*) you may take her with you:

you: But you remember your bargain. O fie Mother! (cry'd he) Did you ever know me falſe to you? No, no, you ſmock-fac'd wag (ſaid ſhe) but be ſure you bring her again to night, for fear Sir *William* ſhou'd come. Never doubt it! Come up with me, (cry'd he) you'll ſee a ſtrange alteration, I believe. To *Philadelphia* they came then, whom they found walking about the Room, and looking ſomething more pleaſantly than ſhe had ever done ſince ſhe came thither. After ſhe had taken her Money and other things of value, ſo, Madam, (ſaid *Beldam*) how does your Ladyſhip now? I find, the ſight of a young, handſom Gentleman has work'd wonders with you in a little time: I underſtand you are going to take a walk with my worthy friend here, and 'tis well done: I dare truſt you with him, but with no other man living, except Sir *William*. Madam, (return'd the fair afflicted Lady) I am ſtrangely oblig'd to you for your care of me; and am ſure I ſhall never be able to return your obligations as I ought, and as I cou'd wiſh. You won't ſtay late, Mr. *Gracelove*? (ſaid the Mother of miſchief.) No, no, (reply'd he) I will only ſhew the Lady a Play, and return to Supper. What is play'd to Night? (ask'd the old one) *The Cheats*, Mother, *the Cheats* (anſwer'd *Gracelove*.) Ha (ſaid *Beldam* laughing) a very pretty Comedy, indeed! Ay, if well play'd, return'd he. At theſe words they went down, where a Coach was call'd; which carry'd

carry'd 'em to Councellour *Fairlaw*'s Houſe, in *Great Lincolns-Inn-Fields*; whom they found accidently at home; but his Lady and Daughter were juſt gone to Chapel, being then turn'd of five. *Gracelove* began his Apology to the good old Councellour, who was his Relation, for bringing a ſtrange Lady thither with a deſign to place her in his Family: But Sir, continu'd he, if you knew her ſorrowful ſtory, you wou'd be as ambitious of entertaining her, as I am earneſt to entreat it of you. A very beautiful Lady 'tis, (return'd the Councellour) and very modeſt, I believe. That I can witneſs (reply'd t'other.) Alas Sir! (ſaid the Fair, unfortunate) I have nothing but my modeſty and honeſt education to recommend me to your regard. I am wrong'd and forſaken by my neareſt Relation; then ſhe wept extravagantly: That Gentleman can give you an account of my misfortunes, if he pleaſe, with greater eaſe, and leſs trouble than my ſelf. Not with leſs trouble, believe me, Madam, (return'd *Gracelove*) and then began to inform *Fairlaw* in every point of her unhappy circumſtances. The good old Gentleman heard 'em with amazement and horror; but told her however, that ſhe need not deſpond, for he would take care to right her againſt her Brother: And, that in the mean time ſhe ſhould be as welcome to him, as any of his neareſt Kindred, except his Wife and Daughter. *Philadelphia* would have knelt to thank him; but he told her,

her, that humble poſture was due to none but Heaven, and the King ſometimes. In a little while after, the Lady *Fairlaw* and her Daughter came home, who were ſurpriz'd at the ſight of a ſtranger, but more at her Beauty; and moſt of all at her ſtory, which the good old Gentleman himſelf could not forbear relating to 'em: which ended, the Mother and Daughter both kindly and tenderly embrac'd her, promiſing her all the aſſiſtance within their power, and bid her a thouſand welcomes. *Gracelove* ſtay'd there till after Supper, and left her extremely ſatisfy'd with her new ſtation. 'Twas here ſhe fix'd then; and her deportment was ſo obliging, that they would not part with her for any conſideration. About three days after her coming from that lewd womans Houſe, *Gracelove* took a Conſtable and ſome other aſſiſtants, and went to *Beldam*'s to demand the Trunk, and what was in it, which at firſt her reverence deny'd to return, till Mr Conſtable produc'd the emblem of his Authority; upon which it was deliver'd, without ſo much as re-minding *Gracelove* of his bargain; who then pretended he would ſearch the Houſe for Sir *William Wilding*, but her graceleſs reverence ſwore moſt devoutly that he had never been there, and that ſhe had neither ſeen nor heard from him, ſince the day he left *Philadelphia* with her. With theſe things, and this account he return'd to Councellour *Fairlaw*'s, who deſir'd *Gracelove*, if poſſible,

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to find out Sir *William*, and imploy'd ſeveral others on the ſame account. In leſs than a months time *Gracelove* had the good fortune to find him at his Lodgings in *Soho-Square*, where he diſcours'd him about his Siſters Portion, and deſir'd Sir *William* to take ſome ſpeedy care for the payment of it; otherwiſe ſhe had friends that would oblige him to it, tho never ſo contrary to his intentions. *Wilding* ask'd where ſhe was? t'other inquir'd where he left her? Sir *William* reply'd, that he had plac'd her with an old grave Gentlewoman of his acquaintance, and that he thought ſhe was there ſtill. No, Sir, (return'd *Gracelove*) I have deliver'd her out of the jaws of Perdition and Hell. Come, Sir *William*, (anſwer'd he) 'twas impiouſly done, to leave your beautiful, young, and virtuous Siſter, to the management of that pernicious woman. I found her at old *Beldam's*, who would have proſtituted her to me for two hundred Guinea's; but her heavenly virtues might have ſecur'd and guarded her from more violent attempts than mine. Bluſh if you can, Sir! And repent of this! It will become you. If not, Sir, you will hear farther from your Servant, added he, and left him, ſtaring after him. This diſcourſe was a great mortification to the Knight, whoſe Conſcience, hardned as it was, felt yet ſome pain by it. He found he was not like to continue ſafe or at eaſe there, wherefore he immediately retreated into a place of Sanctuary, call'd the *Savoy*; whi-

whither his whole Equipage was remov'd as ſoon as poſſible, he having left order with his Servants, to report that he went out of Town that very afternoon for his own Country. *Gracelove* in the mean time return'd to the Councellours, with a great deal of joy, for having diſcover'd Sir *William* at his Lodgings, which was likewiſe no little ſatisfaction to *Fairlaw*, his Lady and Daughter; *Philadelphia* only was diſturb'd when ſhe heard the good old Gentleman threaten to lay her Brother faſt enough: but alas! he was too cunning for 'em; for in a whole twelvemonth after, all which time they made enquiry and narrowly ſearch'd for him, they could not ſee him, nor any one that could give an account of him, for he had chang'd his true name and title, for that of Squire *Sportman*. The farther purſuit of him then ſeem'd fruitleſs to 'em, and they were forc'd to be contented with their wiſhes to find him.

Gracelove by this time had entertain'd the ſincereſt affections and nobleſt paſſion that man can be capable of, for *Philadelphia*; of which he had made her ſenſible, who had at that time comply'd with his honourable demands, had ſhe not entreated him to expect a kind turn of providence, which might (happily) e're long put her in poſſeſſion of her right; without which, ſhe told him, ſhe could not conſent to marry him, who had ſo plentiful a fortune, and ſhe nothing but her perſon and innocence. How, Madam! (cry'd

(cry'd he) have you no love in ſtore for me! Yes, Sir, (return'd ſhe) as much as you can wiſh, I have in ſtore for you, and ſo I beg it may be kept till a better opportunity. Well, Madam, (ſaid he) I muſt leave you for ſome months, perhaps for a whole year; I have receiv'd Letters of Advice that urge the neceſſity of my going to *Turkey*; I have not a weeks time to endeavour ſo dreaded a ſeparation as I muſt ſuffer; therefore, thou beautiful, thou dear, thou virtuous creature; let me begin now! Here, thou tendereſt part of my Soul! (cohtinu'd he, giving her a rich Diamond Ring) wear this till my return! I hope the ſight of it may ſometimes re-call the dying memory of *Gracelove*, to your better buſi'd thoughts. Ah *Gracelove!* (ſaid ſhe) nothing can ſo well, nothing I'm ſure can better employ my thoughts, than thy dear ſelf: Heaven only excepted. They enlarg'd a great deal more on this ſubject at that time; but the night before his departure was entirely ſpent in ſighs, vows, and tears on both ſides. In the morning, after he had again entreated his Couſin's, and the Lady's and her Daughter's care and kindneſs to *Philadelphia*, the remaining and beſt part of his Soul, with one hearty Kiſs, accompany'd with tears, he took a long farewel of his dear Miſtreſs, who purſu'd him with her Eyes, till they could give her no farther intelligence of him; and they helpt her kindneſs to him, and eas'd her grief for his abſence

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in weeping for above a week together, when in private. He never omitted writing to her and his Couſin by every opportunity for near nine months, as he touch'd at any Port; but, afterwards they cou'd not hear from him for above half a year; when, by accident, the Councellour met a Gentleman of *Gracelove*'s acquaintance at a Coffee-houſe, who gave him an account, that the Ship and he were both caſt away, near five months ſince; that moſt, if not all of the Ship's company periſh'd; of which, 'twas fear'd, *Gracelove* was one; having never ſince been heard of. That his loſs in that Ship amounted to above 12 thouſand pounds: with this dreadful and amazing news, the good old Gentleman returns home, afflicts his poor ſorrowful Lady and Daughter, and almoſt kills unhappy *Philadelphia*; who the next day, by meer chance, and from a ſtranger, who came on buſineſs to the Councellour, heard, that one Sir *William Wilding*, an extravagant, mad, young Spark of ſuch a County, who lately went by the borrow'd name and title of Eſquire *Sportman*, had mortgag'd all his Eſtate, which was near four thouſand a year; and carry'd the Money over with him into *France* on *Saturday* laſt. This, added to the former news, put ſo great a check on her ſpirits that ſhe immediately dropt down in a ſwoon; whence ſhe only recover'd, to fall into what was of a much more dangerous conſequence, a violent Feaver, which held her for near ſix weeks,

e're ſhe cou'd get ſtrength enough to go down ſtairs: In all which time, Madam *Fairlaw* and *Eugenia* her Daughter attended her as carefully and conſtantly, as if they had been her own Mother and Siſter: The good old Councellour ſtill commending and encouraging their care. The Roſes and Lillys at laſt took their places again; but the clouds of her ſorrow were ſtill but too viſible. Two years more paſt without one word of advice from *Gracelove*, or any account of him from any one elſe; inſomuch, that they all concluded, he was certainly dead: And, 'twas true, indeed, that his Ship and he were caſt away, much about that time that the Gentleman gave *Fairlaw* a relation: That 'twas certain he had loſt above 12000 *l.* and had like to have loſt his Life, but being very expert in ſwimming, he got to ſhoar upon the coaſt of *Barbary*, the wrack happening not to be above three leagues thence; he was in almoſt as bad a condition as if he had been drown'd, for here he was made a Priſoner to one of the Natives; in which miſerable circumſtance he languiſh'd for above ſix years, for want of a Ranſom; which he had often endeavour'd to raiſe by Letters, that he ſent hither to his friends (in *England*); amongſt which Councellour *Fairlaw* was one of his moſt particular and aſſur'd. But however, Providence or Accident, if you pleaſe, order'd it, not a line came to the hands of any of his friends: ſo that, had not Heaven had yet

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a future bleſſing in ſtore for him, he had certainly have better periſh'd in the Sea, than to have fall'n into the power of a people leſs merciful, than Seas, Winds, or hungry wild Beaſts in purſuit of their Prey. But this cou'd not be learn'd (it ſeems) from any man but himſelf, upon his return, after his Redemption.

Two years more paſt on, towards the latter of which the old Lady *Fairlaw* took her bed, deſperately ſick, inſomuch that ſhe was given over by all her Phyſicians; ſhe continu'd in great miſery for near two months, in all which time *Philadelphia* was conſtantly with her all the day, or all the night; much about that time ſhe dy'd, and dying, told her Husband, that ſhe had obſerv'd he had a particular eſteem or kindneſs *Philadelphia*, which was now a great ſatisfaction to her; ſince, ſhe was aſſur'd, that if he marry'd her, ſhe wou'd prove an excellent Nurſe to him, and prolong his life by ſome years. As for *Eugenia* (added ſhe) you need not be concern'd; I m ſure, ſhe will conſent to any thing that you ſhall propoſe, having already ſo plentifully provided for her. The good old Gentleman anſwer'd, that he wou'd fulfil her Will, as far as lay in his power: and not long after, ſhe departed this life. Her burial was very handſome and honourable. Half a year was now expir'd ſince her Interrment, when the old Counſellour began to plead his own Cauſe to young *Philadelphia*, reminding her

that now the death of *Gracelove* was out of queſtion, and that therefore ſhe was as much at her liberty to make her own choice of an Husband as he was of a Wife; not forgetting at the ſame time, to let her know, that his Widow, who ever had the good fortune to be ſo, wou'd be worth above thirty thouſand pounds, in ready Money: Beſides a thouſand a year. But above all, he urg'd his dying Ladys laſt advice to him, that he wou'd marry her; and hop'd ſhe wou'd ſee the Will of the Dead ſatisfy'd. The young Lady, being broken in ſorrows, and having mortify'd all her Appetites to the enjoyments of this World, and not knowing where to meet with ſo fair an overture, tho' at firſt, in modeſty ſhe ſeem'd to refuſe it as too great an honour, yet yeilded to leſs than a quarter of an hour's Courtſhip: And the next *Sunday* marry'd they were, with the conſent, and to the perfect ſatisfaction of his Daughter, Madam *Eugenia*; who lov'd *Philadelphia* ſincerely. They kept their wedding very nobly for a month at their own houſe, in *Great Lincolns-Inn Fields*; but the memory of the old Lady was ſtill ſo freſh with the young Lady *Fairlaw*, that ſhe prevail'd with him to remove to another, more convenient as ſhe fancy'd, in *Covent Garden*. They had dwelt there not much more than four months e're the good old Gentleman fell ſick and dy'd. Whether it were the change of an old Houſe for a new, or an old Wife for a young, is yet uncertain, tho' his Phyſicians ſaid, and are ſtill

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of opinion, that (doubtleſs) it was the laſt. 'Tis paſt all doubt, that ſhe did really mourn for, and lament his Death; for ſhe lov'd him perfectly, and pay'd him all the dutiful reſpect of a Virtuous Wife, while ſhe liv'd within that ſtate with him; which he rewarded, as I have ſaid before. His Funeral was very ſumptuous and honourable indeed! and aſſoon as it was over, *Eugenia* deſir'd her young, beautiful Mother-in-Law, to retreat a little with her into the Country, to a pleaſant houſe ſhe had not twenty Miles diſtant from Town: urging, that ſhe cou'd by no means enjoy her ſelf under that Roof, where her dear Father dy'd. The obliging Step-mother, who might more properly have been call'd her Siſter, being exactly of the ſame Age with her, readily comply'd, and ſhe paſs'd away all that Summer with *Eugenia*, at their Country-ſeat, and moſt part of the Winter too: For *Eugenia* cou'd by no means be prevail'd on to lye one night in her Mother's houſe; 'twas with ſome Reluctancy that ſhe conſented to dine there ſometimes. At length the whole year of *Philadelphia*'s Widow-hood was expir'd; during which you can't but imagin that ſhe was ſollicited and addreſs'd to by as many Lovers, or pretended Lovers, as our dear King *Charles*, whom God grant long to Reign, was lately by the Presbyterians, Independants, Anabaptiſts, and all thoſe canting Whiggiſh Brethren! But ſhe had never lik'd any man ſo well as to make him her Husband by Inclination, unleſs it was *Gracelove*, devoured by the greedy inhabitants of the Sea. D 3 Whilſt

Whilſt her Fortune began to mend thus, her Brother's grew worſe; but that was indeed the effect of his extravagancy: in leſs than two years time, he had ſpent eight thouſand pounds in *France:* whence he return'd to *England*, and purſuing his old profuſe manner of living, contracted above 100 *l.* debts here, in leſs than four months time; which not being able to ſatisfie, he was Arreſted and thrown into a Goal, whence he remov'd himſelf into the *King's-Bench*, on that very day that old *Fairlaw* dy'd. There, at firſt, for about a month he was entertain'd like a Gentleman; but finding no Money coming, nor having a proſpect of any, the Mareſchal and his inſtruments turn'd him to the Common-ſide; where he learnt the Art of Peg-making; a myſtery to which he had been a ſtranger all his life long, till then. 'Twas then he wiſh'd he might ſee his Siſter, hoping that ſhe was in a Condition to relieve him; which he was apt to believe, from the diſcourſe he had with *Gracelove* ſome years paſt. Often he wiſh'd to ſee her, but in vain: However, the next *Eaſter* after the old Councellour's death, *Philadelphia*, according to his cuſtom, ſent her Steward to relieve all the poor Priſoners about Town: Among the reſt he viſited thoſe in the Common ſide of the *King's-Bench*; where he heard 'em call Sir *William Wilding*, to partake of his Lady's Charity. The poor Prodigal was then feeding on the Relief of the Basket, not being yet able to

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get his Bread at his new Trade: To him the Steward gave a Crown, whereas the other had but half a Crown apiece. Then he inquir'd of ſome of the unhappy Gentlemen, Sir *William*'s Fellow-Collegians, of what Country Sir *William* was? how long he had been there? and how much his debts were? all of which he receiv'd a ſatisfactory account. Upon his return to his Lady, he repeated the diſmal news of her Brother's misfortunes to her; who immediately diſpatch'd him back again to the Priſon, with orders to give him twenty Shillings more at preſent, and to get him remov'd to the Maſter's ſide, into a convenient Chamber, for the Rent of which the Steward engag'd to pay, and promis'd him, as ſhe had commanded, twenty Shillings a week, as long as he ſtay'd there, on condition, that he wou'd give the names of all his Creditors, and of all thoſe to whom he had engag'd any part of his Eſtate; which the poor Gentleman did moſt readily and faithfully: After which, the Steward enquir'd for a Taylor, who came and took meaſure of *Philadelphia*'s unkind Brother, and was order'd to provide him Linnen, a Hat, Shoes, Stockings, and all ſuch neceſſaries, not ſo much as omitting a Sword: with all which he acquainted his Lady at his return; who was very much griev'd at her Brother's unhappy Circumſtances, and at the ſame time extreamly well pleas'd to find her ſelf in a condition to relieve him. The Steward went conſtantly once a week pay him his Money,

and Sir *William* was continually very curious to know to whom he was oblig'd for ſo many and great favours: But he was anſwer'd, That they came from a Lady who deſir'd to have her name conceal'd. In leſs than a year *Philadelphia* had pay'd 25000 *l.* and taken off the Mortgages on 2500 *l. per Ann.* of her Brother's Eſtate; and coming to Town from *Eugenia*'s Country-houſe one day, to make the laſt payment of two thouſand pounds, looking out of her Coach on the Road, near *Dartford*, ſhe ſaw a Traveller on foot, who ſeem'd to be tir'd with his Journey, whoſe face, ſhe thought, ſhe had formerly known: This thought invited her to look on him ſo long, that ſhe, at laſt, perſwaded her ſelf it was *Gracelove*, or his Ghoſt: For to ſay truth, he was very pale and thin, his Complexion ſwarthy, and his Cloaths (perhaps) as rotten as if he had been bury'd in 'em. However, unpleaſant as it was, ſhe could not forbear gazing after this miſerable ſpectacle; and the more ſhe beheld it, the more ſhe was confirm'd it was *Gracelove*, or ſomething that had uſurp'd his figure. In ſhort, ſhe cou'd not reſt till ſhe call'd to one of her Servants, who rode by the Coach, whom ſhe ſtrictly charg'd to go to that poor Traveller, and mount him on his Horſe, till they came to *Dartford*; where ſhe order'd him, to take him to the ſame Inn, where ſhe baited, and refreſh him, with any thing that he wou'd eat or drink; and after that, to hire a Horſe for him, to

come

come to Town with them: That then he ſhou'd be brought home to her own Houſe, and be carefully look'd after, till further orders from her. All which was moſt duly and punctually perform'd.

The next morning early ſhe ſent for the Steward, whom ſhe order'd to take the Stranger to a Sale-ſhop, and fit him with a Suit of good Cloaths, to buy him Shirts and other Linnen, and all neceſſaries as he had provided for her Brother; and gave him charge to uſe him as her particular friend during his ſtay there; bidding him withal learn his name and circumſtances, if poſſible, and to ſupply him with Money for his pocket expences: All which he moſt faithfully and diſcreetly perform'd, and brought his Lady an account of his ſufferings by Sea, and Slavery among the *Turks*, as I have before related; adding, that his name was *Gracelove*. This was the greateſt happineſs, certainly, that ever yet the dear Beautiful Creature was ſenſible of. On, t'other ſide *Gracelove* cou'd not but admire and praiſe his good Fortune, that had ſo miraculouſly and bountifully reliev'd him; and one day having ſome private diſcourſe with the Steward, he cou'd not forbear expreſſing the ſenſe he had of it, declaring that he cou'd not have expected ſuch kind treatment from any body breathing, but from his Couſin, Councellour *Fairlaw*, his Lady, or another young Lady whom he plac'd and left with his Couſins. Councellour *Fairlaw!*

(cry'd

(cry'd the Steward) why, Sir, my Lady is the old Councellour's Widow; ſhe is very beautiful and young too. What was her name, Sir, before ſhe marry'd the Councellour? (ask'd *Gracelove.*) That I know not (reply'd t'other,) for the old Steward dy'd preſently after the old Lady, which is not a year and a half ſince; in whoſe place I ſucceed; and I have never been ſo curious or inquiſitive, as to pry into former paſſages of the Family. Do you know, Sir, (ſaid *Gracelove*) whereabouts in Town they liv'd before? Yes, Sir, (return'd the Steward, who was taught how to anſwer) in *Great Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, I think. Alas! (cry'd *Gracelove*) 'twas the ſame Gentleman to whom I deſign'd to apply my ſelf, when I came to *England*. You need not deſpair, now, Sir, (ſaid t'other) I dare ſay, my Lady will ſupply your wants. O wonderful goodneſs of a ſtranger! (cry'd *Gracelove*) uncommon and rare amongſt Relations and Friends! How have I, or how can I ever merit this! upon the end of their conference, the Steward went to *Philadelphia*, and repeated it, almoſt *verbatim* to her. Who order'd *Gracelove* ſhou'd be taken meaſure of by the beſt Taylor in *Covent-Garden*; that he ſhou'd have three of the moſt modiſh rich ſuits made that might become a private Gentleman of a thouſand pounds a year, and Hats, Perukes, Linnen, Swords, and all things ſuitable to 'em, all to be got ready in leſs than a month, in which time, ſhe took

took all the opportunity ſhe cou'd either find or make to ſee him, and not to be ſeen by him: ſhe oblig'd her Steward to invite him to a Play; whither ſhe follow'd 'em, and ſate next to *Gracelove*, and talk'd with him; but all the while maſqu'd. In this month's time ſhe was daily peſter'd with the viſits of her Addreſſors; ſeveral there were of 'em; but the chief were only a Lord of a very ſmall Eſtate, tho' of a pretty great Age; a young bluſtering Knight; who had a place of 500 *l.* a year at Court, and a Country Gentleman of a very plentiful Eſtate, a Widower, and of a middle Age. Theſe three only of her Lovers ſhe invited to dinner, on the firſt day of the next month: In the mean while ſhe ſent a rich ſuit, and equipage proportionable to her Brother; with an Invitation to dine with her on the ſame day. Then ſhe writ to *Eugenia* to come and ſtay in Town, if not in the ſame houſe with her, for two or three days before: which her affectionate Daughter obey'd; to whom *Philadelphia* related all her Brothers paſt extravagancies, and what ſhe had done for him, in redeeming moſt part of his Eſtate; begging of her, that if ſhe cou'd fancy his Perſon, ſhe wou'd take him into her mercy and marry him. Being aſſur'd that ſuch a virtuous Wife, as ſhe wou'd prove, muſt neceſſarily reclaim him, if yet he were not perfectly convinc'd of his Follies; which, ſhe doubted not, his late long ſufferings had done. *Engenia* return'd, that

ſhe

ſhe wou'd wholly be directed and advis'd by her in all things; and that, certainly, ſhe cou'd not but like the Brother, ſince ſhe lov'd the Siſter ſo perfectly and truly.

The day came, and juſt at twelve *Gracelove* meeting the Steward on the Stairs, coming from his Lady, *Gracelove* then told him, that he believ'd he might take the opportunity of that afternoon, to go over to *Putney*, and take a game or two at Bowls. The Steward return'd, Very well, Sir, I ſhall let my Lady know it, if ſhe enquires for you. *Philadelphia*, who overheard what they ſaid, call'd the Steward in haſte, and bid him call *Gracelove* back, and tell him, ſhe expected his Company at her Table to day; and that ſhe deſir'd, he would appear like himſelf. The Steward ſoon overtook him at the door, juſt going out as *Eugenia* came in; who look'd back on *Gracelove*: The poor Gentleman was ſtrangely ſurpriz'd at the ſight of her, as ſhe was at his: but the Steward's meſſage did more amaze and confound him. He went directly to his Chamber to dreſs himſelf in one of thoſe rich ſuits lately made for him; but the diſtraction he was in made him miſtake his Coat for his Waſtecoat, and put the Coat on firſt; but, recalling his ſtraggling thoughts, he made ſhift to get ready time enough to make his appearance without a ſecond ſummons. *Philadelphia* was as pleaſant at dinner, as ever ſhe had been all her Life: ſhe look'd very obligingly on all the Sparks, and drank

to

to every one of 'em particularly, beginning to the Lord —— and ending to the ſtranger; who durſt hardly lift up his eyes a ſecond time to her's, to confirm him that he knew her. Her Brother was ſo confounded, that he bow'd and continu'd his head down till ſhe had done drinking; not daring to encounter her Eyes, that wou'd then have reproach'd him with his Villany to her.

After dinner the Cloath was taken away; ſhe began thus to her Lovers, My Lord! Sir *Thomas*! and Mr. *Fat-acres*! I doubt not, that it will be of ſome ſatisfaction to you to know whom I have made choice for my next Husband; which now I am reſolv'd no longer to defer.

The perſon to whom I ſhall next drink muſt be the Man who ſhall ever command me and my Fortune; were it ten times greater than it is: which I wiſh only for his ſake; ſince he deſerves much more.—— Here (ſaid ſhe to one that waited) put Wine into two Glaſſes? Then ſhe took the Diamond-Ring from her Finger, and put it into one of 'em, My dear *Gracelove*, (cry'd ſhe) I drink to thee; and ſend thee back thy own Ring with *Philadelphia*'s heart. He ſtartled, bluſh'd and look'd wildly; whilſt all the company ſtar'd on him. Nay, pledge me (purſu'd ſhe) and return me the Ring; for it ſhall make us both one the next morning. He bow'd, kiſs'd and return'd it, after he had taken off his Wine. The defeated Lovers knew not how to reſent

ſent it; The Lord and Knight were for going; but the Country Gentleman oppos'd it: and told 'em, 'twas the greateſt argument of Folly to be diſturb'd at the Caprice of a Woman's humour. They ſate down again therefore; and ſhe invited 'em to her Wedding on the morrow.

And now Brother (ſaid ſhe) I have not quite forgotten you, tho' you have not been pleas'd to take notice of me: I have a diſh in reſerve for you, which will be more grateful to your fancy, than all you have taſted to day. Here! (cry'd ſhe to the Steward) Mr. *Rightman*, do you ſerve up that Diſh your ſelf! *Rightman* then ſet a cover'd Diſh on the Table. What! more tricks yet, (cry'd my Lord and Sir *Thomas*,) Come, Sir *William!* (ſaid his Siſter) uncover it! He did ſo; and cry'd out, O matchleſs goodneſs of a Virtuous Siſter! Here are the Mortgages of the beſt part of my Eſtate! O, what a Villain! what a monſter have I been! No more, dear Brother (ſaid ſhe, with tears in her eyes) I have yet a greater happineſs in ſtore for you: This Lady, this beautiful, virtuous Lady, with twenty thouſand pounds will make you happy in her Love. Saying this, ſhe joyn'd their hands; Sir *William* eagerly kiſs'd *Eugenia*'s, who bluſh'd and ſaid, Thus Madam, I hope to ſhew how much I love and honour you. My Couſin *Eugenia!* (cry'd *Gracelove!*) The ſame, my dear loſt dead Couſin *Gracelove!* (reply'd ſhe) O! (ſaid he in a tranſport)

ſport) my preſent joys, are greater than all my paſt miſeries! my Miſtreſs and my Friend are found; and ſtill are mine. Nay, (faith, ſaid my Lord) this is pleaſant enough to me, tho I have been defeated of the enjoyment of the Lady. The whole company in general went away very well that night; who return'd the next morning, and ſaw the two happy pair firmly united.

FINIS.

THE
Dumb Virgin:
OR, THE
Force of Imagination.
A
NOVEL.

Written by Mrs *BEHN.*

LONDON,
Printed for *S. B.* and ſold by the Bookſellers of *London* and *Weſtminſter.* 1700.

To the Right Honourable

John, Lord *Cutts*, Governour of the *Isle* of *Wight*, &c.

My Lord,

I *Presume to lay the following Novel at your Lordships Feet, written by the late Celebrated Mrs.* Behn: *In hopes that your unwearied Generosity, and Candor, of which the living Daily Participate, may afford Protection to the Dead, and especially to one who deserved so well of the World while she was in it.*

Had Mrs. Behn, *who was the envy of her own, and the wonder of our Sex, who to the easiness of her Wit joyn'd a Masculine Vigor and Spirit, who has outdone* Greece, *and* Italy *in the Gayety, as she has equal'd the best of our Moderns in the Severer Stile; whose very Translations have the force and Beauty of Originals; and whose Admirable Compositions seem to have Flow'd not from one Muse alone, but the whole nine in Confederacy. Had Mrs.* Behn, *I say, been now upon the Theatre of the World, where she was once so Below'd, and will eternally be Admir'd, she cou'd not have come for-*

San-

Sanctuary to a Patron of more Worth and Gallantry than your Lordſhip, who have ſo Eminently Signalized your ſelf by your Pen and your Sword, and who adorn the Muſes at the ſame time that you Cheriſh and Protect them.

Did not I know with what uneaſineſs you hear your own Praiſes, who have perform'd ſo many Heroick Actions that will ever be Praiſed, I could wiſh that Mrs. Behn *was ſtill alive to Celebrate a Merit, that will one day make ſo Conſpicuous a Figure not only in our but in all the Annals of* Chriſtendom. *But perhaps I am not in my Author's Intereſt, when I wiſh ſhe had the managing of an Argument, which is too Copious and exalted for any one ſingle pen to undertake. As* Hungary, Flanders, *and the Brittanic Iſles have been the ſeveral Scenes, where your undaunted Courage has performed Wonders, 'tis but fit that all ſhould conſpire to praiſe, where all have reapt advantage. But I forget, my Lord, who it is I am now addreſſing to. Therefore I beg pardon for this Preſumption, and crave leave to Subſcribe my ſelf with all Humility,*

Your moſt devoted Servant,
S. Briſcoe.

* Place this next after the Title of the Dumb Virgin.

The Dumb Virgin:

OR,

The Force of Imagination.

Rinaldo, a Senator of the great City, *Venice*, by a plentiful inheritance, and induſtrious acquiſitions, was become maſter of a very plentiful eſtate; which, by the countenance of his Family, ſprung from the beſt Houſes in *Italy*, had rendred him extreamly popular and honoured; he had riſen to the greateſt dignities of that State, all which Offices he diſcharged with wiſdom and conduct, befitting the importance of his charge, and character of the manager; but this great perſon had ſome accidents in his Children, ſufficient to damp all the pleaſure of his more ſmiling Fortunes; he married when young, a beautiful and virtuous Lady, who had rendred him the happy Father of a Son; but his joys were ſoon diſturbed by the following occaſion.

There ſtands an Iſland in the *Adriatick* Sea, about twenty leagues from *Venice*, a place wonderfully pleaſant in the Summer, where art and nature ſeem to out-rival each other,

or seem rather to combine in rendring it the most pleasant of their products, being plac'd under the most benign climate in the World, and situated exactly between *Italy* and *Greece*, it appears an entire Epitome of all the pleasures in them both; the proper glories of the Island were not a little augmented by the confluence of Gentlemen and Ladies of the chiefest rank in the City, insomuch that this was a greater mart for Beauty and Gallantry, than *Venice* for Trade. Among others, *Rinaldo*'s Lady begg'd her Husbands permission to view this so much celebrated place.

He was unwilling to trust his treasure to the treachery of the watry element; but repeating her request, he yielded to her desires, his love not permitting him the least shew of command, and so thro' its extent, conspiring its own destruction. His Lady with her young Son, (whom she would not trust from her sight) and a splendid attendance in a Barge well fitted, sets out for the Island, *Rinaldo* being detain'd at home himself about some important affairs relating to the publick, committed the care of his dear Wife and Child to a faithful Servant call'd *Gaspar*; and for their greater security against Pyrates, had obtain'd his Brother, who commanded a *Venetian* Galley, to attend them as Convoy: in the evening they set out from *Venice*, with a prosperous gale, but a storm arising in the night, soon separated the Barge from her Convoy, and before

before morning drove her beyond the design-ed Port, when inſtead of diſcovering the wiſh'd for Iſland, they cou'd ſee a *Turkiſh* Py-rate bearing towards them, with all her Sail; their late apprehenſions of Shipwrack, were drown'd in the greater danger of Captivity and laſting Slavery, their fears drove ſome into reſolutions as extravagant as the terrors that cauſed them, but the confuſion of all was ſo tumultuous, and the deſigns ſo vari-ous, that nothing could be put in execution for the publick ſafety; the greateſt ſhare of the paſſengers being Ladies, added ſtrangely to the conſternation; beauty al-ways adds a pomp to woe, and by its ſplendid ſhow, makes ſorrow look greater and more moving. Some by their piteous plaints and wailings proclaim'd their griefs aloud, whilſt others beſpoke their ſorrows more emphatically by ſitting mournfully ſilent; the fears of ſome ani-mated them to extravagant actions, whilſt the terrors of others were ſo mortifying, that they ſhew'd no ſign of Life, but by their trembling; ſome mourn'd the rigour of their proper fate, others conſcious of the ſorrows their Friends and Relations ſhould ſuſtain thro their loſs, made the griefs of them their own; but the heavieſt load of misfortunes lay on *Rinaldo*'s Lady, beſides the loſs of her liberty, the danger of her honour, the ſeparation from her dear Hus-band, the care for her tender Infant wrought rueful diſtractions; ſhe caught

her Child in her arms, and with tears extorted thro fear and affection, she deplor'd the misfortune of her babe, the pretty Innocent smiling in the embraces of its mother, shew'd that innocence cou'd deride the persecution of fortune; at length she delivered the infant into the hands of *Gasper*, begging him to use all endeavours in its preservation, by owning it for his, when they fell into the hands of the enemy.

But *Gaspar*, who amidst the universal consternation had a peculiar regard to his own safety, and masters interest, undertook a design desperately brave. Two long planks, which lay lengthwise in the Barge, as seats, he had ty'd together with Ropes, and taking the infant from the Mother, whilst the whole Vessel was in a distracted confusion, he fastned it to the planks, and shoving both overboard before him, plung'd into the Sea after, dragging the planks that bore the Infant with one hand, and swimming with t'other, making the next Land; he had swam about two hundred paces from the Barge before his exploit was discover'd, but then the griefs of *Rinaldo*'s Lady were doubly augmented, seeing her Infant expos'd to the fury of the mercileſs Winds and Waves, which she then judged more rigorous than the *Turks*; for to a weak mind, that danger works still the strongest, that's most in view; but when the Pyrate, who by this time had fetch'd them within shot, began to Fire, she seem'd

pleas'd

pleas'd that her Infant was out of that hazard, tho expoſed to a greater. Upon their ſign of yielding, the *Turk* launching out her Boat, brought them all on board her; but ſhe had no time to examine her booty, being ſaluted by a broadſide vigorouſly diſcharg'd from a *Venetian* Galley, which bore down upon them, whilſt they were taking aboard their ſpoil; this Galley was that Commanded by *Rinaldo*'s Brother, which cruiſing that way in queſt of the Barge, happily engag'd the *Turk*, before they had leiſure to offer any violence to the Ladies, and plying her warmly the ſpace of two hours made her a prize, to the inexpreſſible joy of the poor Ladies, who all this time under hatches, had ſuſtain'd the horrours of ten thouſand deaths by dreading one.

All the greater dangers over, *Rinaldo*'s Lady began to reflect on the ſtrange riddle of her Sons fortune, who by ſhunning one fate, had (in all probability) fallen into a worſe, for they were above ten Leagues from any Land, and the Sea ſtill retain'd a roughneſs, unſettled ſince the preceeding ſtorm, ſhe therefore begg'd her Brother-in-Law, to ſail with all ſpeed in ſearch of her Son and *Gaſper*; but all in vain, for cruiſing that day, and the ſucceeding night along the Coaſts, without making any diſcovery of what they ſought, he ſent a Boat to be inform'd by the peaſants, of any ſuch landing upon their Coaſt; but they ſoon

had a dismal account, finding the body of *Gasper* thrown dead on the Sand, and near to him the planks, the unhappy occasion of his flight, and the faithless sustainers of the Infant. So thinking these mournful objects testimonies enough of the Infants loss, they return'd with the doleful relation to their Captain and the Lady; her grief at the recital of the tragick story, had almost transported her to madness; what account must she now make to the mournful Father, who esteem'd this Child the chief treasure of his Life; she fear'd, that she might forfeit the affection of a Husband by being the unfortunate cause of so great a loss; but her fears deceiv'd her, for altho her Husband, receiv'd her with great grief, 'twas nevertheless moderated by the patience of a Christian, and the joy for recovering his beloved Lady.

This misfortune was soon lessen'd by the growing hopes of another off-spring, which made them divest their mourning, to make preparations for the joyful reception of this new guest into the World; but upon its appearance their sorrows were redoubled, 'twas a Daughter, its limbs were distorted, its back bent, and tho the face was the freest from deformity, yet had it no beauty to recompence the dis-symetry of the other parts: Physicians being consulted in this affair, derived the cause from the frights and dismal apprehensions of the Mother, at her being taken

taken by the Pyrates; about which time they found by computation, the conception of the Child to be; the Mother grew very melancholy, rarely ſpeaking, and not to be comforted by any diverſion. She conceiv'd again, but no hopes of better fortune cou'd decreaſe her grief, which growing with her burden, eaſed her of both at once, for ſhe died in Child-birth, and left the moſt beautiful Daughter to the World that ever adorn'd *Venice*, but naturally and unfortunately dumb; which defect the learn'd attributed to the ſilence and melancholy of the Mother, as the deformity of the other was to the extravagance of her frights.

Rinaldo, waving all intentions of a ſecond marriage, directs his thoughts to the care of his Children, their defects not leſſning his inclination, but ſtirring up his endeavours in ſupplying the defaults of Nature by the induſtry of Art, he accordingly makes the greateſt proviſion for their breeding and education, which prov'd ſo effectual in a little time, that their progreſs was a greater prodigy than themſelves.

The eldeſt called *Belvideera*, was indefatigably addicted to ſtudy, which ſhe had improv'd ſo far, that by the ſixteenth year of her age, ſhe underſtood all the *European* Languages, and cou'd ſpeak moſt of 'em, but was parrticularly pleas'd with the *Engliſh*, which gave me the happineſs of many hours converſation with her; and I may ingenuouſly declare, 'twas the moſt pleaſant

ſant I ever enjoy'd, for beſides a piercing wit, and depth of underſtanding peculiar to herſelf, ſhe delivered her ſentiments with that eaſineſs and grace of ſpeech, that it charm'd all her hearers.

The beauties of the ſecond Siſter, nam'd *Maria*, grew with her age, every twelve months ſaluting her with a new-years gift of ſome peculiar charm; her ſhapes were fine ſet off with a graceful and eaſy carriage, the Majeſty and ſoftneſs of her face at once wrought love and veneration; the language of her Eyes ſufficiently paid the loſs of her Tongue, and there was ſomething ſo commanding in her look, that it ſtruck every beholder as dumb as herſelf; ſhe was a great proficient in Painting; which puts me in mind of a notable ſtory I can't omit; her Father had ſent for the moſt famous Painter in *Italy* to draw her Picture, ſhe accordingly ſat for it; he had drawn ſome of the features of her face, and coming to the Eye, deſired her to give him as brisk and piercing a glance as ſhe cou'd; but the vivacity of her look ſo aſtoniſhed the Painter, that thro concern he let his Pencil drop and ſpoiled the Picture; he made a ſecond Eſſay, but with no better ſucceſs, for riſing in great diſorder, he ſwore it impoſſible to draw that which he cou'd not look upon; the Lady vexed at the weakneſs of the Painter, took up his Pencils and the Picture, and ſitting down to her glaſs finiſhed it her ſelf; ſhe had improv'd

prov'd her ſilent converſation with her Sifter ſo far, that ſhe was underſtood by her, as if ſhe had ſpoke, and I remember this Lady was the firſt I ſaw uſe the ſignificative way of diſcourſe by the Fingers; I dare not ſay 'twas ſhe invented it (tho it probably might have been an invention of theſe ingenious Sifters) but I am poſitive none before her ever brought it to that perfection.

In the ſeventeenth of *Belvideera*'s, and ſixteenth year of *Maria*'s age; *Franciſco*, Brother to *Rinaldo*, was made Admiral of the *Venetian* Fleet, and upon his firſt entrance upon his Command, had obtain'd a ſignal Victory over the *Turks*; he returning to *Venice* with triumph, applauſe and ſpoil, preſented to the great Duke a young *Engliſh* Gentleman, who only as a Volunteer in the action, had ſignalized himſelf very bravely in the engagement, but particularly by firſt boarding the *Turkiſh* Admiral Galley, and killing her Commander hand to hand; the fame of this Gentleman ſoon ſpread over all *Venice*, and the two Sifters ſent preſently for me, to give an account of the exploits of my Countryman, as their Unkle had recounted it to them; I was pleas'd to find ſo great an example of Engliſh bravery, ſo far from home, and long'd extreamly to converſe with him, vainly flattering my ſelf, that he might have been of my acquaintance. That very night there was a grand Ball and Maſquerade at the Great

Dukes

Dukes Palace, for the more ſignal joy of the late ſucceſs, thither *Belvideera* invited me to accompany her and *Maria*, adding withal as a motive, that we might there moſt probably meet and diſcourſe with this young Hero; and equipping me with a ſuit of Maſquerade, they carried me in their Coach to the Ball, where we had paſs'd half an hour, when I ſaw enter a handſom Gentleman in a rich Engliſh dreſs; I ſhow'd him to *Belvideera*, who moving towards him, with a gallant air, ſlaps him on the ſhoulder with her Fan, he turning about, and viewing her perſon, the defaults of which were not altogether hidden by her diſguiſe; *Sir*, (ſaid he) *if you are a man, know that I am one, and will not bear impertinence; but, if you are a Lady, Madam, as I hope in Heavens you are not, I muſt inform you, that I am under a vow, not to converſe with any Female to night*; Know, then Sir, (anſwered *Belvideera* very ſmartly) that I am a Female, and you have broke your vow already; but methinks, Sir, the Ladies are very little oblig'd to your vow, which wou'd rob them of the converſation of ſo fine a Gentleman.

Madam, (ſaid the Gentleman) *the ſweetneſs of your voice beſpeaks you a Lady, and I hope the breaking my vow will be ſo far from damning me, that I ſhall thereby merit Heaven, if I may be bleſt in your divine converſation.* *Belvideera* made ſuch ingenious and ſmart repartees to the Gentleman, who was himſelf a great

great Courtier, that he was entirely captivated with her wit, insomuch, that he cou'd not refrain making protestations of his passion; he talked about half an hour in such pure *Italian*, that I began to mistrust my *Englishman*, wherefore taking some occasion to jest upon his habit, I found 'twas only a Masquerade to cloak a downright *Venetian*; in the mean time we perceiv'd a Gentleman gallantly attir'd with no disguise but a *Turkish* Turbant on, the richliest beset with Jewels I ever saw; he addressed *Maria* with all the mien and air of the finest Courtier; he had talked to her a good while before we heard him, but then *Belvideera*, knowing her poor Sister uncapable of any defence, *Sir* (said she) *to the* Venetian, *yonder is a Lady of my acquaintance, who lies under a vow of silence as you were, I must therefore beg your pardon, and fly to her relief*; She can never be conquer'd, who has such a Champion, (reply'd the Gentleman,) upon which *Belvideera* turning from him, interpos'd between the Gentleman and her Sister, saying, *This Lady, Sir, is under an obligation of silence, as a pennance imposed by her Father Confessor*; Madam, (reply'd the Gentleman) whoever impos'd silence on these fair lips, is guilty of a greater offence than any, such a fair creature cou'd commit; *Why Sir*, (said *Belvideera*) *have you seen the Ladies beauty*; Yes Madam; (answer'd he) for urging her to talk, which I found she declin'd, I promis'd to disingage her from any farther im-

per-

pertinence, upon a ſight of her face; ſhe agreed by paying the price of her liberty, which was ranſom enough for any thing under Heavens, but her fair company; he ſpoke in an accent that eaſily ſhew'd him a ſtranger; which *Belvideera* laying hold of, as an occaſion of railery, *Sir,* (ſaid ſhe,) *your Tongue pronounces you a great ſtranger in this part of the world, I hope you are not what that Turbant repreſents; perhaps Sir, you think your ſelf in the Seraglio;* Madam, (reply'd he,) this Turbant might have been in the *Turkiſh* Seraglio, but never in ſo fair a one as this; and this Turbant (taking it off) is now to be laid at the foot of ſome Chriſtian Lady, for whoſe ſafety, and by whoſe protecting influence I had the happineſs to win it from the Captain of the *Turkiſh* Admiral Galley. We were all ſurpriz'd, knowing him then the young *Engliſh* Gentleman, we were ſo curious of ſeeing; *Belvideera* preſently talk'd *Engliſh* to him, and made him ſome very pretty complements upon his Victory, which ſo charm'd the young Soldier, that her Tongue claim'd an equal ſhare in his heart with *Maria*'s eyes; *Madam,* (ſaid he to her) *if you have the beauty of that Lady, or if ſhe has your wit, I am the moſt happy, or the moſt unfortunate man alive. Sir,* ſaid the *Venetian* coming up, pray give me leave to ſhare in your misfortunes. *Sir* (ſaid *Belvideera* very ſmartly) *you muſt ſhare in his good Fortunes, and learn to conquer men, before you have the honour of being ſubdued by Ladies, we ſcorn mean prizes,*

Sir

Sir. Madam, (ſaid the *Venetian* in ſome choler) perhaps I can ſubdue a Rival. pray Sir, (ſaid the Stranger) don't be angry with the Lady, ſhe's not your Rival I hope, Sir. Said the *Venetian*, I can't be angry at the Lady, becauſe I love her; but my anger muſt be levell'd at him, who after this declaration dare own a paſſion for her. *Madam*, (ſaid the *Engliſh* Gentleman turning from the *Venetian*) *honour now muſt extort a Confeſſion from me, which the awfulneſs of my paſſion durſt never have own'd: And I muſt declare*, added he in a louder voice, *to all the World, that I love you, leſt this Gentleman ſhou'd think his threats forc'd me to diſown it:* O! then (ſaid *Belvideera*) you're his Rival in honour, not in Love. *In honourable love I am Madam*, anſwer'd the Stranger. I'll try, (ſaid the *Venetian*, going off in choler,) he whiſper'd a little to a Gentleman, that ſtood at ſome diſtance, and immediately went out; this was *Gonzago*, a Gentleman of good reputation in *Venice*, his principles were honour and gallantry, but the former often ſway'd by paſſions rais'd by the latter. All this while *Maria* and I were admiring the Stranger, whoſe perſon was indeed wonderfully amiable, his motions were exact, yet free and unconſtrain'd; the tone of his voice carried a ſweet air of modeſty in it, yet were all his expreſſions manly; and to ſumm up all, he was as fine an *Engliſh* Gentleman, as I ever ſaw ſtep in the *Mall*.

Poor

Poor *Maria* never before envied her Sister the advantage of speech, or never deplor'd the loss of her own with more regret, she found something so sweet in the mien, person, and discourse of this stranger, that her eyes felt a dazling pleasure in beholding him, and like flattering mirrours represented every action and feature, with some heightning advantage to her imagination: *Belvideera* also had some secret impulses of Spirit, which drew her insensibly into a great esteem of the Gentleman; she ask'd him, by what good Genius, propitious to *Venice*, he was induced to live so remote from his Country; he said, that he cou'd not imploy his Sword better than against the common foe of Christianity; and besides, there was a peculiar reason, which prompted him to serve there, which time cou'd only make known. I made bold to ask him some peculiar questions, about affairs at Court, to most of which he gave answers, that shew'd his education liberal, and himself no stranger to quality; he call'd himself *Dangerfield*, which was a name that so pleas'd me, that being since satisfied it was a counterfeit, I us'd it in a Comedy of mine: we had talk'd till the greater part of the company being dispers'd, *Dangerfield* begg'd leave to attend us to our Coach, and waiting us to the door, the Gentleman whom *Gonzago* whisper'd, advanc'd and offer'd his service to hand *Maria*, she declin'd it, and upon his urging, she turn'd

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to the other ſide of *Dangerfield*, who by this action of the Ladies finding himſelf intitled to her protection: *Sir*, (ſaid he) *favours from great Beauties, as from great Monarchs, muſt flow Voluntarily, not by conſtraint, and whoſoever wou'd extort from either, are lyable to the greateſt ſeverity of puniſhment*; *Oh, Sir*, (reply'd the *Venetian* very arrogantly) *I underſtand not your Monarchy, we live here under a free State; beſides Sir, where there is no puniſhment to be dreaded, the Law will prove of little force; and ſo, Sir, by your leave*; offering to puſh him aſide, and lay hold on the Lady. *Dangerfield* returned the juſtle ſo vigorouſly, that the *Venetian* fell down the deſcent of ſome Stairs at the door, and broke his Sword: *Dangerfield* leap'd down after him, to proſecute his chaſtizement, but ſeeing his Sword broken, only whiſper'd him, that if he wou'd meet him next morning at ſix, at the back part of St *Mark*'s Church, he wou'd ſatisfie him for the loſs of his Sword; upon which the *Venetian* immediately went off, curſing his ill fate, that prevented his quarrelling with *Dangerfield*, to whom he had born a grudging Envy ever ſince his ſucceſs in the late engagement, and of whom, and his Lodgings, he had given *Gonzago* an account, when he whiſper'd him at the Ball. *Dangerfield* left us full of his praiſes, and went home to his Lodgings, where he found a Note directed to him to this effect:

Sir,

YOu declared publickly at the Ball, you were my Rival in Love and Honour, if you dare prove it by maintaining it; I ſhall be to morrow morning at ſix, at the back part of St Marks *Church, where I ſhall be ready to fall a Sacrifice to both.* Gonzago.

Dangerfield on the peruſal of this challenge began to reflect on the ſtrangeneſs of that evenings adventure, which had ingag'd him in a paſſion for two Miſtreſſes, and involv'd him in two Duels, and whether the extravagance of his paſſion, or the oddneſs of his fighting appointments were moſt remarkable, he found hard to determine; his love was divided between the beauty of one Lady, and wit of another, either of which he loved paſſionately, yet nothing cou'd ſatisfy him, but the poſſibility of enjoying both. He had appointed the Gentleman at the Ball to meet him at the ſame time and place, which *Gonzago*'s challenge to him imported; this diſturbance employed his thoughts till morning, when riſing and dreſſing himſelf very richly, he walked to th e appointed place. *Erizo*, who was the Gentleman whoſe Sword he had broke, was in the place before him, and *Gonzago* entered at the ſame time with him. *Erizo* was ſurprized to ſee *Gonzago*, as much as he was to find *Erizo* there. *I don't remember Friend* (ſaid *Gonzago*) *that I deſired your Company here this morning. As much as I expected yours*, anſwered *Erizo*. *Come Gentlemen*, (ſaid *Dan-*

Dangerfield interrupting them) *I muſt fight you both it ſeems, which ſhall I diſpatch firſt. Sir,* (ſaid *Erizo*) *you challeng'd me, and therefore I claim your promiſe. Sir,* (reply'd *Gonzago*) *he muſt require the ſame of me firſt, as I challenged him.* Said *Erizo, the affront I received was unpardonable, and therefore I muſt fight him firſt, leſt if he fall by your hands, I be depriv'd of my ſatisfaction. Nay,* (reply'd *Gonzago*) *my Love and Honour being laid at ſtake, firſt claims his blood; and therefore Sir,* (continued he to *Dangerfield*) *defend yourſelf. Hold* (ſaid *Erizo*) interpoſing, *if you thruſt home, you injure me your Friend. You have forfeited that little,* (ſaid *Gonzago* all in choler) *and therefore if you ſtand not aſide, I'll puſh at you. Thruſt home then,* ſaid *Erizo, and take what follows.* They immediately aſſaulted each other vigorouſly. *Hold Gentlemen* (ſaid *Dangerfield* ſtriking down their Swords) *by righting your ſelves you injure me, robbing me of that ſatisfaction, which you both owe me, and therefore Gentlemen you ſhall fight me, before any private quarrel among your ſelves defraud me of my revenge, and ſo one or both of you,* thruſting firſt at *Erizo. I'm your man,* ſaid *Gonzago,* parrying the thruſt made at *Erizo.* The claſhing of ſo many Swords allarm'd ſome Gentlemen at their *Mattins* in the Church among whom was *Rinaldo,* who ſince the death of his Wife, had conſtantly attended morning ſervice at that Church, wherein ſhe was buried. He with two or three more, upon the noiſe ran out, and parting the three combatants, deſired to

know the occaſion of their promiſcuous quarrel. *Gonzago* and *Erizo* knowing *Rinaldo*, gave him an account of the matter, as alſo who the Stranger was. *Rinaldo* was overjoy'd to find the brave *Brittain*, whom he had received ſo great a character of, from his Brother the Admiral, and accoſting him very courteouſly, *Sir*, (ſaid he) *I'm ſorry our Countrymen ſhou'd be ſo ungrateful as to injure any perſon, who has been ſo ſerviceable to the State; and pray Gentlemen,* (added he, addreſſing the other two) *be intreated to ſuſpend your animoſities, and come dine with me at my houſe, where I hope to prevail with you to end your reſentments. Gonzago* and *Erizo* hearing him complement the Stranger at their expence, told him in a rage, they wou'd chuſe ſome other place than his houſe, to end their reſentments in, and walk'd off. *Dangerfield*, on *Rinaldo*'s farther requeſt, accompanied him to his houſe.

Maria had newly riſen, and with her Night-gown only thrown looſe about her, had look'd out of the Window, juſt as her Father and *Dangerfield* were approaching the Gate, at the ſame inſtant ſhe caſt her eyes upon *Dangerfield*, and he accidentally look'd up to the Window where ſhe ſtood, their ſurprize was mutual, but that of *Dangerfield* the greater; he ſaw ſuch an amazing ſight of beauty, as made him doubt the reality of the object, or diſtruſt the perfection of his ſight; he ſaw his dear Lady, who had ſo captivated him the preceeding day,

he

he ſaw her in all the heightning circumſtances of her charms, he ſaw her in all her native beauties, free from the incumbrance of dreſs, her hair as black as Ebony, hung flowing in careleſs curls over her Shoulders, it hung linkt in amorous twinings, as if in love with its own beauties; her eyes not yet freed from the dullneſs of the late ſleep, caſt a languiſhing pleaſure in their aſpect, which heavineſs of ſight added the greateſt beauties to thoſe Suns, becauſe under the ſhade of ſuch a cloud, their luſtre cou'd only be view'd; the lambent drowſineſs that play'd upon her face, ſeem'd like a thin Veil not to hide, but to heighten the beauty which it cover'd; her Night-gown hanging looſe diſcover'd her charming boſom, which cou'd bear no name, but tranſport, wonder and extaſy, all which ſtruck his Soul, as ſoon as the object hit his eye; her breaſts with an eaſy heaving ſhow'd the ſmoothneſs of her Soul and of her Skin; their motions were ſo languiſhingly ſoft, that they cou'd not be ſaid to riſe and fall, but rather to ſwell up towards love, the heat of which ſeem'd to melt them down again; ſome ſcatter'd jetty hairs, which hung confus'dly over her breaſts, made her boſom ſhow like *Venus* caught in *Vulcan*'s Net, but 'twas the Spectator, not ſhe was captivated. This *Dangerfield* ſaw, and allthis at once, and with eyes that were adapted by a preparatory potion; what muſt then his condition be? he was ſtricken with ſuch

amazement, that he was forced to ſupport himſelf, by leaning on *Rinaldo*'s arm, who ſtarted at his ſudden indiſpoſition. *I'm afraid, Sir,* (ſaid he) *you have received ſome wound in the Duel. Oh! Sir,* (ſaid he) *I am mortally wounded;* but recollecting himſelf after a little pauſe, *Now I am better. Rinaldo* wou'd have ſent for a Surgeon to have it ſearched. *Your pardon Sir,* (ſaid *Dangerfield*) *my indiſpoſition proceeds from an inward Malady, not by a Sword, but like thoſe made by* Achilles *Spear, nothing can cure, but what gave the wound. Rinaldo* gueſſing at the diſtemper, but not the cauſe of it, out of good manners declined any further enquiry, but conducting him in, entertained him with all the courteſy imaginable; but in half an hour a Meſſenger came from the Senate, requiring his immediate attendance; he lying under an indiſpenſable neceſſity of making his perſonal appparance, begg'd *Dangerfield*'s pardon, intreating him to ſtay, and command his Houſe till his return, and conducting him to a fine Library, ſaid he might there find entertainment, if he were addicted to ſtudy; adding withal, as a farther engagement of his patience, that he ſhould meet the Admiral at the Senate, whom he wou'd bring home as an addition to their company at dinner. *Dangerfield* needed none of theſe motives to ſtay, being detained by a ſecret inclination to the place; walking therefore into the Library, *Rinaldo* went to the Senate. *Dangerfield* when alone fell into deep ruminating

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on his ſtrange condition, he knew himſelf in the houſe, with one of his dear charmers, but durſt not hope to ſee her, which added to his torment, like *Tantalus* remov'd the farther from happineſs, by being nearer to it, contemplated ſo far on the beauties that dear creature, that he concluded, if her wit were like that of his t'other Miſtreſs, he wou'd endeavour to confine his paſſion wholly to that object.

In the mean time *Maria* was no leſs confounded, ſhe knew herſelf in love with a Stranger, whoſe reſidence was uncertain, ſhe knew her own modeſty in concealing it; and alas! ſhe knew her dumbneſs uncapable of ever revealing it, at leaſt, it muſt never expect any return; ſhe had gather'd from her Siſters diſcourſe, that ſhe was her Rival; a Rival, who had the precedency in age, as the advantage in wit, and intreague, which want of Speech render'd her uncapable of; theſe reflections, as they drew her farther from the dear object, brought her nearer deſpair; her Siſter was gone that morning with her Unkle the Admiral, about two miles from *Venice*, to drink ſome Mineral waters, and *Maria* finding nothing to divert her, goes down to her Fathers Library, to eaſe her melancholy by reading. She was in the ſame looſe habit in which ſhe appeared at the Window, her diſtraction of thought not permitting her any care in dreſſing herſelf; ſhe enter'd whilſt *Dangerfield*'s thoughts were bent by a full contem-

plation of her Idea, insomuch that his surprize represented her as a Phantom only, created by the strength of his fancy; her depth of thought had cast down her eyes, in a fix'd posture so low, that she discover'd not *Dangerfield*, till she stood close where he sat, but then so sudden an appearance of what she so lov'd, struck so violently on her Spirits, that she fell in a swoon, and fell directly into *Dangerfield*'s Arms; this soon wakened him from his dream of happiness, to a reality of bliss, he found his Phantom turn'd into the most charming piece of flesh and blood that ever was, he found her, whom just now he despair'd of seeing; he found her with all her beauties flowing loose in his arms, the greatness of the pleasure rais'd by the two heightning circumstances of unexpectancy and surprize, was too large for the capacity of his Soul, he found himself beyond expression happy, but cou'd not digest the surfeit; he had no sooner leisure to consider on his joy, but he must reflect on the danger of her that caus'd it, which forced him to suspend his happiness to administer some relief to her expiring senses: he had a Bottle of excellent Spirits in his pocket, which holding to her Nose, soon recover'd her; she finding herself in the Arms of a man, and in so loose a dress, blush'd now more red, than she look'd lately pale; and disingaging herself in a confusion, wou'd have flung from him; but he gently detaining her by a

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precarious hold, threw himſelf on his knees, and with the greateſt fervency of paſſion cry'd out: *For Heavens ſake, deareſt creature, be not offended at the accidental bleſſing which fortune, not deſign hath caſt upon me*; (ſhe wou'd have rais'd him up,) *No Madam*, (continued he) *never will I remove from this poſture, till you have pronounc'd my pardon; I love you Madam to that degree, that if you leave me in a diſtruſt of your anger, I cannot ſurvive it; I beg, intreat, conjure you ſpeak, your ſilence torments me worſe than your reproaches cou'd; am I ſo much diſdain'd, that you will not afford me one word?* The lamentable plight of the wretched Lady every one may gueſs, but no body can comprehend; ſhe ſaw the deareſt of mankind proſtrate at her feet, and imploring what ſhe wou'd as readily grant as he deſire, yet herſelf under a neceſſity of denying his prayers, and her own eaſy inclinations; the motions of her Soul, wanting the freedom of utterance, were like to tear her Heart aſunder by ſo narrow a confinement, like the force of Fire pent up, working more impetuouſly; till at laſt he redoubling his importunity, her thoughts wanting conveyance by the Lips, burſt out at her eyes in a flood of Tears, then moving towards a Writing Desk, he following her ſtill on his knees, amidſt her ſighs and groans ſhe took Pen and Paper, writ two lines, which ſhe gave him folded up, then flinging from him ran up to her Chamber; he ſtrangely ſurpriz'd at this odd manner

manner of proceeding, opening the Paper read the following words:

You can't my pardon, nor my anger move.
For know, alas, I'm dumb, alas I love.

He was wonderfully amaz'd reading theſe words. *Dumb*, (cryed he out) *naturally Dumb? O ye niggard powers, why was ſuch a wondrous piece of Art left imperfect?* He had many other wild reaſonings upon the lamentable ſubject, but falling from theſe to more calm reflections, he examined her note again, and finding by the laſt words that ſhe loved him, he might preſently imagine, that if he found not ſome means of declaring the continuance of his love, the innocent Lady might conjecture herſelf ſlighted, upon the diſcovery of her affection and infirmity: Prompted by which thought, and animated by the emotions of his paſſion, he ventured to knock at her door; ſhe having by this time dreſſed herſelf, ventured to let him in; *Dangerfield* ran towards her, and catching her with an eager embrace, gave her a thouſand kiſſes, *Madam*, ſaid he, *you find that pardoning offences only prepares more, by emboldning the offender; but I hope Madam*, ſhewing her the note, *this is a general pardon for all offences of this ſort, by which I am ſo encouraged to tranſgreſs, that I ſhall never ceaſe crimes of this nature*; kiſſing her again. His happineſs was interrupted by *Belvideera*'s coming home, who running up Stairs, called

Siſter,

Siſter, Siſter, I have news to tell you: Her voice alarms *Maria*, who fearing the jealouſly of *Belvideera*, ſhou'd ſhe find *Dangerfield* in her Bed Chamber, made ſigns that he ſhou'd run into the Cloſet, which ſhe had juſt lock'd as *Belvideera* came in; *Oh, Siſter*, ſaid *Belvideera*) *in a lucky hour went I abroad this morning*. In a more lucky hour ſtaid I at home this morning, thought *Maria*. *I have*, continued ſhe, *been inſtrumental in parting two Gentlemen fighting this morning, and what is more, my Father had parted them before, when engag'd with the fine* Engliſh *Gentleman we ſaw at the Ball yeſterday; but the greateſt news of all is, that this fine* Engliſh *Gentleman is now in the houſe, and muſt dine here to day; but you muſt not appear Siſter, becauſe 'twere a ſhame to let Strangers know that you are dumb. Maria* perceiving her jealouſy, pointed to her Limbs, intimating thereby, that it was as great a ſhame for her to be ſeen by Strangers; but ſhe made farther ſigns, that ſince it was her pleaſure, ſhe wou'd keep her Chamber all that day, and not appear abroad. *Belvideera* was extreamly glad of her reſolution, hoping that ſhe ſhou'd enjoy *Dangerfield*'s converſation without any interruption. The conſternation of the Spark in the Cloſet all this while was not little, he heard the voice of the charmer, that had ſo captivated him, he found that ſhe was Siſter to that Lady, whom he juſt now was making ſo many proteſtations to, but he cou'd not imagine how ſhe was inſtrumental in parting the

two

two Gentlemen, that ſhou'd have fought with him: the occaſion was this.

Gonzago and *Erizo* parting from *Rinaldo* and *Dangerfield*, had walk'd towards the *Rialto*, and both exaſperated that they had miſſed their intended revenge againſt *Dangerfield*, turned their fury upon each other, firſt raiſing their anger by incenſed expoſtulations, then drawing their Swords engaged in a deſperate combat, when a voice very loud calling (*Erizo* hold) ſtopt their fury to ſee whence it proceeded; when a Coach driving at full flight ſtopt cloſe by them, and *Franciſco* the *Venetian* Admiral leaped out with his Sword drawn, ſaying, *Gentlemen, pray let me be an inſtrument of pacification: as for your part*, Erizo, *this proceeding ſuits not well with the buſineſs I am to move in favour of you in the Senate to day; the poſt you ſue for claims your blood to be ſpilt againſt the common foe, not in private reſentment, to the deſtruction of a Citizen; and therefore I intreat you as my Friend, or I command you as your Officer, to put up.* *Erizo*, unwilling to diſoblige his Admiral, upon whoſe favour his advancement depended, told *Gonzago*, that he muſt find another time to talk with him. *No, no, Gentlemen*, (ſaid the Admiral) *you ſhall not part till I have reconciled you, and therefore let me know your cauſe of quarrel.* *Erizo* therefore related to him the whole affair, and mentioning that *Dangerfield* was gone home to dine with *Rinaldo*, (*with* Rinaldo? *my Father*) ſaid *Belvideera* from the Coach, overjoyed

wit

with hopes of ſeeing *Dangerfield* at home. *Yes* (replyed *Gonzago* ſurprized) *if* Rinaldo *the Senator be your Father Madam. Yes he is*, reply'd *Belvideera. Gonzago* then knew her to be the Lady he was enamour'd of, and for whom he wou'd have fought *Dangerfield*; and now curſed his ill fate, that he had deny'd *Rinaldo*'s invitation, which loſt him the converſation of his Miſtreſs, which his Rival wou'd be ſure of. *Come, come, Gentlemen,* (ſaid the Admiral) *you ſhall accompany me to ſee this Stranger at* Rinaldo*'s Houſe, I bear a great eſteem for him, and ſo it behoves every loyal* Venetian, *for whoſe ſervice he hath been ſo ſignal. Erizo*, unwilling to deny the Admiral, and *Gonzago* glad of an opportunity of his Miſtreſs's Company, which he juſt now thought loſt, conſented to the Propoſal, and mounting all into the Coach, the three Gentlemen were ſet down at the Senate, and the Lady drove home as abovementioned.

Rinaldo in the mean time was not idle in the Senate, there being a motion made for election of a Captain to the *Rialto* Galleon, made void by the death of its former Commander in the late fight, and which was the poſt deſigned by the Admiral for *Erizo. Rinaldo* catching an opportunity of obliging *Dangerfield*, for whom he entertain d a great love and reſpect, propoſed him as a Candidate for the Command, urging his late brave performance againſt the *Turks*, and how much it concerned the intereſt of the

the State to encourage Foreigners. He being the Admirals Brother, and being ſo fervent in the affair, had by an unanimous conſent his Commiſſion ſign'd juſt as his Brother came into the Senate, who fearing how things were carried, comforted *Erizo* by future preferment; but *Erizo*, however he ſtifled his reſentments, was ſtruck with envy, that a Stranger, and his enemy ſhou'd be preferred to him, and reſolved revenge on the firſt opportunity. They all went home with *Rinaldo*, and arrived whilſt *Belvideera* was talking above ſtairs with her Siſter. *Rinaldo*, impatient to communicate his ſucceſs to *Dangerfield*, ran into the Study, where he left him; but miſſing him there, went into the Garden, and ſearching all about, returned to the Company, telling them he believed *Dangerfield* had fallen aſleep in ſome private Arbor in the Garden, where he cou'd not find him, or elſe impatient of his long ſtay had departed; but he was ſure, if he had gone, he wou'd ſoon return: however they went to Dinner, and *Belvideera* came down, making an Apology for her Siſters abſence, thro an indiſpoſition that had ſeized her. *Gonzago* had his wiſhed for opportunity, of entertaining his Miſtreſs, whilſt ſhe always expecting ſome news of *Dangerfield*, ſat very uneaſie in his Company; whilſt *Dangerfield* in the Cloſet was as impatient to ſee her. The ſhort diſcourſe ſhe had with her Siſter, gave him aſſurance that his love wou'd not be unac-

cep-

ceptable. *Maria* durſt not open the Cloſet, afraid that her Siſter ſhou'd come up every minute, beſides 'twas impoſſible to convey him out of the Chamber undiſcovered, untill 'twas dark; which made him wonder what occaſioned his long confinement; and being tired with ſitting, got up to the Window, and ſoftly opening the caſement, looked out to take the Air; his Footman walking accidentally in the Court, and caſting up his eye that way, ſpy'd him, which confirm'd his patience in attending for him at the gate; at length it grew dark, and *Maria* knowing that her Siſter was engag'd in a match at Cards with her Father, *Gonzago* and *Erizo*, the Admiral being gone, ſhe came ſoftly to the Cloſet, and innocently took *Dangerfield* by the hand, to lead him out, he clapt the dear ſoft hand to his mouth, and kiſſing it eagerly, it fired his blood, and the unhappy opportunity adding to the temptation, raiſed him to the higheſt pitch of paſſion; he found himſelf with the moſt beautiful creature in the World, one who loved him, he knew they were alone in the dark, in a Bed Chamber, he knew the Lady young and melting, he knew beſides ſhe cou'd not tell, and he was conſcious of his power in moving; all theſe wicked thoughts concurring, eſtabliſh'd him in the opinion, that this was the critical minute of his happineſs, reſolving therefore not to loſe it, he fell down on his knees, devouring her tender hand, ſighing out his paſſion, begging

ging her to crown it with her love, making ten thouſand Vows and Proteſtations of his ſecrecy and conſtancy, urging all the arguments that the ſubtilety of the Devil or Man could ſuggeſt. She held out againſt all his aſſaults above two hours, and often endeavoured to ſtruggle from him, but durſt make no great diſturbance, thro fear of alarming the Company below, at laſt he redoubling his paſſion with ſighs, tears, and all the reſt of Loves Artillery, he at laſt gained the Fort, and the poor conquered Lady, all panting, ſoft, and trembling every joynt, melted by his embraces, he there fatally enjoy'd the greateſt extaſy of bliſs, heightned by the circumſtances of ſtealth, and difficulty in obtaining. The ruined Lady now too late deplored the loſs of her Honour, but he endeavoured to comfort her by making vows of ſecrecy, and promiſing to ſalve her reputation by a ſpeedy marriage, which he certainly intended, had not the unhappy *Criſis* of his fate been ſo near; the Company by this time had gone off, and *Belvideera* had retired to her Chamber, melancholy that ſhe had miſſed her hopes of ſeeing *Dangerfield*. *Gonzago* and *Erizo* going out of the Gate ſaw *Dangerfield*'s Footman, whom they knew, ſince they ſaw him with his maſter in the morning. *Gonzago* asked him why he waited there? *for my Maſter, Sir*, replyed the Footman. *Your maſter is not here ſure*, ſaid *Gonzago*. *Yes, but he is Sir*, ſaid the Servant, *for I attended him hither this morning with* Rinaldo, *and*

and saw him in the afternoon look out of a Window above Stairs. Ha! said *Gonzago*, calling *Erizo* aside, *by Heavens, he lies here to night then, and perhaps with my mistress, I perceiv'd she was not pressing for our stay, but rather urging our departure*: Erizo, Erizo, *this block must be removed, he has stepped between you and a Command to day, and perhaps may lye between me and my Mistress to night. By Hell* (answered *Erizo*) *thou hast raised a fury in me, that will not be lulled asleep, but by a potion of his blood, let's dispatch this blockhead first*: and running at the Footman with one thrust killed him. *Dangerfield* by this time had been let out, and hearing the noise ran to the place; they presently assaulted him; he defended himself very bravely the space of some Minutes, having wounded *Gonzago* in the Breast, when *Rinaldo* hearing the noise came out; but too late for *Dangerfield*'s relief, and too soon for his own fate, for *Gonzago* exasperated by his wound, ran treacherously behind *Dangerfield*, and thurst him quite thro the Body; he finding the mortal wound, and wild with rage, thrust desperately forward at *Erizo*, when at the instant *Rinaldo* striking in between to part them, received *Dangerfield*'s Sword in his body, which pierced him quite thro; he no sooner fell than *Dangerfield* perceived his fatal errour, and the other two fled. *Dangerfield* curst his fate, and begg'd with all the prayers and

earneſtneſs of a dying man, that *Rinaldo* wou'd forgive him. *Oh! ſaid* Rinaldo, *you have ill rewarded me for my care in your concerns in the Senate to day.* The Servants coming out took up *Rinaldo*, and *Dangerfield* leaning upon his Sword they led in. *Belvideera*, firſt heard the noiſe, and running down firſt met the horrid ſpectacle, her dear Father breathing out his laſt, and her lover, whom ſhe had all that day flattered herſelf with hopes of ſeeing, ſhe now beheld in ſtreams of his blood; but what muſt poor *Maria*'s caſe be; beſides the grief for her Fathers fate, ſhe muſt view that dear man, lately happy in her embraces, now folded in the arms of Death, ſhe finds herſelf bereft of a parent, her love, her honour, and the defender of it, all at once; and the greateſt torment is, that ſhe muſt bear all this anguiſh, and cannot eaſe her Soul by expreſſing it. *Belvideera* ſat wiping the blood from her Fathers wound, whilſt mournful *Maria* ſat by *Dangerfield*, adminiſtring all the help ſhe cou'd to his fainting Spirits; whilſt he viewed her with greater exceſs of grief, than he had heretofore with pleaſure; being ſenſible what was the force of her ſilent grief, and the wrong he had done her, which now he cou'd never redreſs: he had accidentally dropt his Wig in the engagement, and inclining his head over the Couch where he lay. *Rinaldo* caſting his eye upon him, perceived the mark of a bloody Dagger on his Neck under his

left

left ear: *Sir,* (ſaid *Rinaldo,* raiſing himſelf up) *I conjure you anſwer me directly, were you born with the mark of that dagger, or have you received it ſince by accident. I was certainly born with it,* anſwered he. *Juſt ſuch a mark had my Son* Coſmo, *who was loſt in the* Adriatick: *How* (reply'd *Dangerfield,* ſtarting up with a wild confuſion) *Loſt! ſay'ſt thou in the* Adriatick? *your Son loſt in the* Adriatick? *Yes, yes,* ſaid *Rinaldo, too ſurely loſt in the* Adriatick. *O ye impartial powers* (*ſaid* Dangerfield) *why did you not reveal this before? or why not always conceal it? how happy had been the diſcovery ſome few hours ago, and how tragical is it now? For know,* continued he, addreſſing himſelf to *Rinaldo, know that my ſuppoſed Father, who was a* Turky *Merchant, upon his death-bed called me to him, and told me 'twas time to undeceive me, I was not his Son, he found me in the* Adriatick *Sea tyed to two planks in his Voyage from* Smyrna *to* London; *having no Children, he educated me as his own, and finding me worth his care, left me all his inheritance with this dying command, that I ſhou'd ſeek my Parents at* Venice. *Belvidera* hearkning all this while to the lamentable ſtory, then conjectured whence proceeded the natural affection the whole Family bore him, and embracing him, cry'd out, *Oh my unhappy Brother. Maria* all this while had ſtrong and wild convulſions of ſorrow within her, till the working force of her anguiſh racking at once all the paſſages of her breaſt, by a violent impulſe broke the ligament that

doubled in her Tongue, and she burst out with this exclamation; *Oh! Incest, Incest.* *Dangerfield* eccho'd that outcry with this, O! *horrour, horrour, I have enjoyed my Sister, and murdered my Father.* *Maria* running distracted about the Chamber at last spy'd *Dangerfield*'s Sword, by which he had supported himself into the House, and catching it up, reeking with the blood of her Father, plung'd it into her Heart, and throwing herself into *Dangerfield*'s Arms, calls out, *O my Brother, O my Love,* and expired. All the Neighbourhood was soon alarmed by the outcrys of the Family. I lodged within three doors of *Rinaldo*'s House, and running presently thither, saw a more bloody tragedy in reality, than what the most moving Scene ever presented; the Father and Daughter were both dead, the unfortunate Son was galping out his last, and the surviving Sister most miserable, because she must survive such misfortunes, cry'd to me! *O behold the fate of your wretched Countryman.* I cou'd make no answer, being struck dumb by the horrour of such woful objects; but *Dangerfield* hearing her name his Country, turning towards me, with a languishing and weak tone, *Madam,* said he, *I was your Countryman, and wou'd to Heavens I were so still; if you hear my story mentioned, on your return to* England, *pray give these strange turns of my fate not the name of crimes, but favour them with the epithet of misfortunes; my name is not* Dangerfield, *but Cha*—— his voice there failed him, and he

he presently dy'd; death seeming more favourable than himself, concealing the fatal author of so many misfortunes, for I cou'd never since learn out his name; but have done him the justice, I hope, to make him be pity'd for his misfortunes, not hated for his crimes. *Francisco* being sent for, had *Gonzago* and *Erizo* apprehended, condemn'd, and executed. *Belvideera* consign'd all her Fathers Estate over to her Unkle, reserving only a competency to maintain her a Recluse all the rest of her Life.

FINIS

THE
Wandring Beauty.
A
NOVEL.

By Mrs. *A. BEHN.*

LONDON:

Printed for Sam. Briscoe, in *Charles Street, Covent-Garden*, 1698.

Wanting Beauty.

A

NOVEL.

To the Right Honourable

EDWARD,

Earl of *Darwentwater.*

My Lord,

BEing to Publiſh theſe laſt remains of the Celebrated Mrs. *Behn*, I cou'd not loſe ſo proper an occaſion of ſhewing the Reſpect and Value I have for your Lordſhip. The humour of Novels is ſo ſunk for ſome Years, that it ſhews an extraordinary deſert in Mrs. *Behn*, that they are ſtill in general eſteem. Others have ſought after extraordinary and ſcarce poſſible Adventures, ſhe happily conſulted Nature, which will al-

ways

ways prevail; ſo that I may call her the *Otway* of this kind of Writing; whoſe Natural Scen's live and encreaſe every day in eſteem with the Ingenious, while the fantaſtic Rants of ſome of her Cotemporaries dye even before their Authors, tho ſo Celebrated, and follow'd in their firſt repreſentation.

I know 'tis the cuſtom of Authors to fill their Dedications with fulſome flatteries, but as I am no Author ſo I ſhall avoid their faults, and only profeſs a ſincere veneration for thoſe many Noble Qualifications which render you the Darling of the Witty, and beg leave to ſubſcribe my ſelf,

Your Lordſhip's moſt Obedient,
Humble Servant,
SAM. BRISCOE.

* *Next after the* Wandring Beauty.

THE
Wandring Beauty.

I Was not above Twelve Years old, as near as I can remember, when a Lady of my Acquaintance, who was particularly concerned in many of the Paſſages, very pleaſantly Entertained me with the Relation of the Young Lady *Arabella*'s Adventures, who was Eldeſt Daughter to Sir *Francis Fairname*, a Gentleman of a Noble Family, and of a very large Eſtate in the Weſt of *England*, a True Church-Man, a great Loyaliſt, and a moſt diſcreetly Indulgent Parent: nor was his Lady any way Inferiourr to him in every Circumſtance of Virtue. They had only Two Children more, and thoſe were of the ſoft, unhappy Sex too; all very Beautiful, eſpecially *Arabella*, and all very much alike; Pioully Educated, and Courtly too, of Naturally Virtuous Principles and Inclinations.

'Twas about the Sixteenth Year of her Age that Sir *Robert Richland*, her Father's great Friend, and inſeparable Companion, but Superiour to him in Eſtate, as well as Years, felt the Reſiſtleſs Beauty of this young Lady Raging and Burning in his Aged Veins, which had like to have been as Fatal to him, as a Conſumption, or his Climacterical Year of Sixty Three, in which he dy'd, as I am told, though he was then hardly Sixty. However, the *Winter* Medlar wou'd fain have been Inoculated in the *Summer*'s Nacturine. His unſeaſonable Appetite grew ſo ſtrong and inordinate, that he was oblig'd to diſcover it to Sir *Francis*; who, though he lov'd him very ſincerely, had yet a Regard to his Daughter's Youth, and Satisfaction in the Choice of a Husband; eſpecially when he conſider'd the great diſproportion in their Age, which he rightly imagined wou'd be very diſagreeable to *Arabella*'s Inclinations: This made him at firſt uſe all the moſt powerful and perſuading Arguments in his Capacity, to Convince Sir *Robert* of the Inequality of ſuch a Match, but all to no purpoſe; for his Paſſion increaſing each Day more violently, the more aſſiduouſly, and with the greater vehemence he preſt his Friends to uſe his Intereſt and Authority with his Lady and Daughter, to conſent to his almoſt unnatural Propoſition; offering this as the moſt weighty and prevailing Argument, which undoubtedly it

was, That ſince he was a Batchelor, he wou'd ſettle his whole Eſtate upon her, if ſhe ſurvived him, on the Day of Marriage, not deſiring one Penny as a Portion with her. This Diſcourſe wrought ſo powerfully with her Mother, that ſhe promis'd the old Lover all the Aſſiſtance he cou'd Hope or Expect from her: In order to which, the next Day ſhe Acquainted her fair Daughter with the Golden Advantage ſhe was like to have, if ſhe wou'd but conſent *To lye by the Parchment that convey'd 'em to her.* The Dear, Fair Creature, was ſo ſurpriz'd at this Overture made by her Mother, that her Roſes turn'd all into Lilies, and ſhe had like to have Swoon'd away, but having a greater Command of her Paſſions than uſually our Sex have, and chiefly Perſons of her Age, ſhe, after ſome little diſorder, which by no means ſhe cou'd diſſemble, ſhe made as Dutiful a Return to her Mother's Propoſition, as her Averſion to it would permit, and for that time got liberty to retreat, and lament in Private the Misfortune which ſhe partly fore-ſaw was Impending. But her Grief (alas!) was no Cure of her Malady; for the next Day ſhe was again doubly Attack'd by her Father and Mother, with all the Reaſons that Intereſt and Duty cou'd urge, which ſhe endeavoured to Obviate by all the Arguments that Nature and Inclination cou'd offer, but ſhe found 'em all in vain, ſince they continu'd their ungrateful Sollicitations for ſeveral Days together, at

the end of which they both abſolutely Commanded her to prepare her ſelf for her Nuptials with Sir *Robert*, ſo that, finding herſelf under a neceſſity of Complying, or at leaſt of ſeeming ſo; ſhe made 'em hope that her Duty had overcome her Averſion; upon which ſhe had a whole Week's Liberty to walk where ſhe wou'd, unattended, or with what Company ſhe pleas'd, and to make Viſits to whom ſhe had a Mind, either of her Relations or Acquaintance thereabouts; though for three or four Days before, ſhe was ſtrictly Confin'd to her Chamber.

After Dinner, on the third Day of her Enlargement, being *Summer*-Time, ſhe propos'd to her Mother that ſhe wou'd take a Walk to a Couſin of hers, who liv'd about Four Miles thence, to entreat her to be one of her Bride Maids, being then in a careleſs, plain Dreſs, and having before diſcours'd very pleaſantly and freely of her Wedding-Day, of what Friends ſhe wou'd have Invited to that Solemnity, and what Hoſpitality Sir *Robert* ſhou'd keep when ſhe was Marry'd to him: All which was highly agreeable to her Parents, who then cou'd not forbear Thanking and Kiſſing her for it, which ſhe return'd to 'em both with a Shower of Tears. This did not a little Surprize 'em at firſt, but asking her what cou'd cauſe ſuch ſigns of Sorrow after ſo chearful a Diſcourſe on the late Subject. She anſwer'd, *That the Thoughts of her going now, ſuddenly to*

Live

Live from ſo Dear and Tender a Father and Mother, were the ſole occaſion of ſuch Expreſſions of Grief. This Affectionate Reply did amply Satisfie their Doubts, and ſhe preſently took leave of 'em, after having deſir'd that they wou'd not be uneaſie if ſhe ſhou'd not return till a little before 'twas dark, or if her Couſin ſhou'd oblige her to ſtay all Night with her; which they took for a diſcreet Caution in her; and conſidering that young Maidens love dearly to talk of Marriage-Affairs, eſpecially when ſo near at hand: And thus eaſily parted with her, when they had walk'd with her about a Mile, over a Field or two of their own.

Never before that time was the dear Creature glad that her Father and Mother had left her, unleſs when they had preſs'd her to a Marriage with the old Knight. They were therefore no ſooner got out of ſight, e'er ſhe took another Path that led croſs the Countrey, which ſhe purſu'd till paſt Eight at Night, having walk'd Ten Miles ſince Two a Clock, when Sir *Francis* and her Mother left her, ſhe was juſt now got to a little Cottage, the poor, but cleanly Habitation of a Husbandman and his Wife, who had one only Child, a Daughter, about the Lady *Arabella*'s Age and Stature. 'Twas happy for him ſhe got thither before they were a Bed; for her Soft and Beautiful Limbs began now to be tired, and her Tender Feet to be gall'd.

To the good Woman of the Houſe ſhe applies her ſelf, deſiring Entertainment for that Night, offering her any reaſonable Satisfaction. The good Wife at firſt Sight of her had Compaſſion of her, and immediately bid her walk in, telling her that ſhe might lye with her Daughter if ſhe pleaſed, who was very cleanly, tho not very fine. The good Man of the Houſe came in ſoon after, who was very well pleaſed with his new Gueſt; ſo to Supper they went very ſeaſonably for the poor young Lady, who was e'en ready to faint with Thirſt, and not overcharged with what ſhe had eaten the Day before. After Supper they ask'd her whence ſhe came, and how ſhe durſt venture to travel alone, and a foot. To which ſhe reply'd, that ſhe came from a Relation who liv'd at *Exeter*, with whom ſhe had ſtay'd till ſhe found ſhe was burthenſome. That ſhe was of Welſh Parents, and of a good Family; but her Father dying, left a cruel Mother-in-law, with whom ſhe cou'd by no means continue, eſpecially, ſince ſhe wou'd have forc'd her to marry an old Man, whom it was impoſſible ſhe ſhou'd love, tho he was very Rich; that ſhe was now going to ſeek her Fortune in *London*,, where ſhe hop'd, at leaſt, to get her a good Service. They all ſeem'd to pity her very heartily, and in a little time after they went to their two ſeveral Apartments; in one of which *Arabella* and the Damſel of the Houſe went to Bed, where the

the young Lady ſlept ſoundly, notwithſtanding the Hardneſs of her Lodging. In the Morning about Four, according to her Laudable Cuſtom, the young hardy Maiden got up to her daily Employment, which wakned *Arabella*, who preſently bethought her ſelf of an Expedient for her more ſecure and eaſie Eſcape from her Parents Purſuit and Knowledge, propoſing to her Bedfellow an Exchange of their Wearing Apparel. The Heireſs and Hope of that little Family was extreamly fond of the Propoſal, and ran immediately to acquaint her Mother with it, who was ſo well pleaſed, that ſhe cou'd hardly believe it; when the young Lady confirm'd it; and eſpecially, when ſhe underſtood the Exchange was to be made on even Hands. *If you be in earneſt Forſooth* (ſaid the Mother) *you ſhall e'en have her Sunday-Cloaths. Agreed* (return'd *Arabella*) *but we muſt change Shifts too; I have now a Couple about me, new and clean, I do aſſure you: For my Hoods and Head-dreſs you ſhall give me two Finners, and her beſt Straw-Hat; and for my Shooes, which I have not worn above a Week; I will have her Holyday-Shooes. A Match indeed, young Miſtreſs;* (cry'd the Good Wife). So without more Ceremony, the young unhappy Lady was attired in her Bedfellow's Country-Weeds, by Help of the Mother and Daughter. Then after ſhe had taken her leave of the good old Man too, ſhe put a broad round Shilling into his Wife's Hand, as a Reward for her

her Supper and Lodging, which she wou'd fain have return'd, but t'other wou'd not receive it. *Nay, then, by th' Mackins,* (said her Hostess) *you shall take a Breakfast e're you go, and a Dinner along with you, for fear you shou'd be sick by the way.* *Arabella* stay'd to eat a Mess of warm Milk, and took some of their Yesterdays Provision with her in a little course Linnen-Bag. Then asking for the direct Road to *London*, and begging a few Green Wallnuts, she took her last Farewel of 'em.

Near Twelve at Noon she came to a pleasant Meadow, thro which there ran a little Rivulet of clear Water, about Nine Miles from her last Lodging, but quite out of the way to *London*. Here she sate down, and after drinking some of the Water out of the hollow of her Hand, she open'd her Bag, and made as good a Meal as the courseness of the Fare, and the niceness of her Appetite would permit: After which she bruis'd the outward green Shells of a Wallnut or two, and smear'd her lovely Face, Hands, and part of her Arms, with the Juice; then looking into the little purling Stream, that seem'd to murmur at the Injury she did to so much Beauty; she sigh'd and wept, to think to what base Extremities she was now likely to be reduc'd! That she shou'd be forced to stain that Skin which Heaven had made so pure and white! *But ah!* (cry'd she to her self) *if my Disobedience to my Parents had not stain'd my Conscience worse, this*

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needed not to have been done. Here ſhe wept abundantly again; then, drying her Eyes, ſhe waſh'd her Feet to refreſh 'em, and thence continued her Journey for Ten Miles more, which ſhe compaſs'd by Seven a Clock; when ſhe came to a Village, where ſhe got Entertainment for that Night, paying for it, and the next Morning, before Six, aſſoon as ſhe had fill'd her little Bag with what good Chear that Place afforded, ſhe wander'd on till Twelve again, ſtill croſſing the Country, and taking her Courſe to the Northern Parts of *England*, which doubtleſs was the Reaſon her Father and his Servants miſs'd of her in their Purſuit; for he imagin'd that for certain ſhe had taken her neareſt way to *London*. After ſhe had refreſh'd her ſelf for an Hours time by the ſide of a Wood; ſhe roſe and wander'd again near twelve Miles by Eight a Clock, and lodg'd at a good ſubſtantial Farmer's.

Thus ſhe continued her Errantry for above a Fortnight, having no more Money than juſt Thirty Shillings, half of which brought her to Sir *Chriſtian Kindly*'s Houſe in *Lancaſhire*. 'Twas near Five a Clock in the Afternoon, when ſhe reach'd that happy Port, when coming to the Hall-Door ſhe inquired for the Lady of the Houſe, who happily was juſt coming into the Hall with a little Miſs in her Arms, of about Four Years old, very much troubled with weak and ſore Eyes: The fair Wanderer addreſ-

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ſing her ſelf to the Lady with all the Humility & Modeſty imaginable, begg'd to know if her Ladyſhip had any Place in her Family vacant, in which ſhe might do her Service? To which the Lady return'd (by way of Queſtion) *Alas! poor Creature! what canſt thou do? Any thing, may it pleaſe your Ladyſhip,* (replied the Diſguiſed Beauty) *any thing within my Strength and my Knowledge, I mean, Madam. Thou ſayſt well* (ſaid the Lady) *and I'm ſorry I have not any vacant for thee. I beſeech your Ladyſhip then* (ſaid *Arabella*) *let me lodge in your Barn to Night; for I am told it is a great way hence to any Town, and I have but little Money. In my Barn, poor Girl!* (cry'd the Lady, looking very earneſtly on her) *Ay, God forbid elſe; unleſs we can find a better Lodging for thee. Art thou Hungry or Thirſty? Yes, Madam,* (reply'd the wandring Fair One) *I cou'd both Eat and Drink if it pleaſe your Ladyſhip.* The Lady commanded Victuals and Drink to be brought, and cou'd not forbear ſtaying in the Hall till ſhe had done; when ſhe ask'd her ſeveral Queſtions; as of what Country ſhe was? To which ſhe anſwer'd, truly of *Somerſetſhire.* What her Parents were, and if living. To which ſhe return'd, *They were Good, Honeſt, and Religious People, and ſhe hop'd they were alive, and in as good Health as when ſhe left 'em.* After the Lady had done Catechiſing her, *Arabella,* looking on the little Child in her Ladyſhips Arms, ſaid, *Pardon me, Madam, I beſeech*

ſeech you, if I am too bold in asking your Lady-ſhip how that pretty Creatures Eyes came to be ſo bad? By an extream Cold which ſhe took (reply'd the Lady.) *I had not preſum'd* (return'd t'other) *to have asked your Ladyſhip this Queſtion, were I not aſſur'd that I have an Infallible Cure for the Infirmity: And if* (*Madam*) *you will be pleaſed to let me apply it, I will tell your Ladyſhip the Remedy in private.* The Lady was much ſurpriz'd to hear a young Creature ſo meanly habited, talk ſo gentilely; and after ſurveying her very ſtrictly, ſaid the Lady, *Have you ever experimented it before? Yes Madam,* (reply'd the fair Phyſitian) *and never without happy Succeſs: I dare engage, Madam,* (added ſhe) *that I will make 'em as well as my own, by God's Bleſſing, or elſe I will be content to loſe mine; which Heaven forbid. Amen* (cry'd the good Lady) *for they are very fine ones on my word.—Stay Child, I will deſire Sir* Chriſtian *to hear it with me, and if he approves it, you ſhall about it; and if it take good Effect, we will endeavour to requite the Care and Pains it ſhall coſt you:* Saying thus, ſhe immediately left her, and return'd very ſpeedily with Sir *Chriſtian,* who having diſcourſed *Arabella* for ſome time with great Satisfaction & Pleaſure, took her into the Parlour with his Lady, where ſhe Communicated her Secret to 'em both; which they found ſo Innocent and Reaſonable, that they deſir'd her to prepare it as ſoon as poſſible, and to make her Application of it withal convenient ſpeed; which

ſhe cou'd not do till the next Morning. In the mean time ſhe was order'd a Lodging with the Houſe-Maid, who Reported to her Lady, *That ſhe found her a very ſweet and cleanly Bed-fellow*; adding, *That ſhe never ſaw nor felt ſo white, ſo ſmooth, and ſoft a Skin.* *Arabella* continu'd her Remedy with ſuch good Succeſs, that in a Fortnights time, little Miſs's Eyes were as lively and ſtrong as ever. This ſo endear'd her to the Knight and his Lady, that they Created a new Office in their Family, purpoſely for her; which was Attendant on their Eldeſt Daughter *Eleanora*, a Lady much about her Years and Stature, who was ſo Charmed with her Converſation, that ſhe cou'd not ſtir abroad, nor Eat, nor Sleep, without *Peregrina Goodhouſe* (for thoſe were the Names ſhe borrow'd:) Nor was her Modeſty, Humility, and Sweetneſs of Temper, leſs engaging to her Fellow-Servants, who all ſtrove which ſhou'd beſt expreſs their Love to her. On Feſtival-Days, and for the Entertainment of Strangers, ſhe wou'd lend her helping Hand to the Cook, and make the Sauſe for every Diſh, though her own Province was only to Attend the young Lady, and prepare the Quidlings, and other Sweet-Meats, for the Reception of Sir *Chriſtian*'s Friends, all which ſhe did to Admiration. In this ſtate of eaſie Servitude ſhe liv'd there for near Three Years, very well contented at all times, but when ſhe bethought her ſelf of her Father, Mother and Siſters, Courted by

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all the principal Men-Servants, whom ſhe refus'd in ſo obliging a manner, and with ſuch ſweet, obliging Words, that they cou'd not think themſelves injur'd, though they found their Addreſſes were in vain. Mr. *Prayfaſt*, the Chaplain himſelf, cou'd not hold out againſt her Charms. For her Skin had long ſince recover'd its Native Whiteneſs; nor did ſhe need Ornaments of Cloaths to ſet her Beauty off, if any thing cou'd Adorn her, ſince ſhe was dreſs'd altogether as Coſtly, though not ſo Richly (perhaps) as *Eleanora*. *Prayfaſt* therefore found that the Spirit was too weak for the Fleſh, and gave her very broad Signs of his Kindneſs in Sonnets, Anagrams, and Acroſticks, which ſhe receiv'd very obligingly of him, taking a more convenient time to Laugh at 'em with her young Lady.

Her kind Reception of 'em encourag'd him to that Degree, that within a few Days after, ſuppoſing himſelf ſecure on her ſide, he apply'd himſelf to the good Old Knight, his Patron, for his Conſent to a Marriage with her, who very readily comply'd with his Demands, eſteeming it a very advantagious Match for *Peregrina*, and withal told him, *That he wou'd give him Three Hundred Pounds with her, beſides the firſt Benefit that ſhou'd fall, within his Gift. But* (ſaid he) *as I doubt not that you are ſufficiently Acquainted with her Virtues, and other excellent Qualifications, 'tis neceſſary that you ſhou'd know the*

worſt

worſt that I can tell you of her, which is, That ſhe came to us a meer Stranger, in a very mean, though cleanly Habit; and therefore, as ſhe has own'd to us, we may conclude, of very humble, yet honeſt Parentage. A! (poſſibly) her Father might have been, or is, ſome Husbandman, or ſome-what Inferiour to that; for we took her up at the Door, begging one Night's Entertainment in the Barn. How, Sir! (cry'd *Prayfaſt*, ſtarting) have you no better knowledge of her Birth, then what you are pleas'd to diſcover now? *No better, nor more* (Reply'd the Knight.) Alas! Sir, then (return'd the Proud Canonical ſort of a Farmer) She is no Wife for me: I ſhall diſhonour my Family by Marrying ſo baſely. Were you never told any thing of this before? (ask'd the Knight.) You know, Sir, (Anſwer'd the Prelate that wou'd be) that I have not had the Honour to Officiate, as your Chaplain, much more than half a Year; in which time, 'tis true, I have heard that ſhe was Receiv'd as a Stranger; but that ſhe came in ſo low a Capacity, I never learn'd till now. *I find then Parſon,* (ſaid the Knight) *That you do not like the Author of your Happineſs, at leaſt, who might be ſo, becauſe ſhe comes to you in ſuch an humble manner; I tell you the Jews are miſerable for the ſame Reaſon.* She cannot be ſuch perfectly to me (return'd t'other) without the Advantage of good Birth. *With that I'm ſure ſhe wou'd not,* return'd his Patron, and left him to go to *Peregrina*, whom he happily found alone.

Child

Child (ſaid he to her) *Have you any Obligation to Mr.* Prayfaſt? As how, Sir? ſhe ask'd. *Do you love him? Have you made him any Promiſe of Marriage? Or, has he any way Engaged himſelf to you?* Neither, Sir (ſhe Anſwer'd.) 'Tis true, I love him as my Fellow-Servant, no otherwiſe. He has indeed been ſome-what Laviſh of his Wit and Rhimes to me, which ſerv'd well enough to divert my young Lady and me. But of all Mankind, perhaps, he ſhou'd be the laſt I wou'd chuſe for a Husband. *I thought* (ſaid the good humour'd old Knight) *that he had already obtain'd a Promiſe from you, ſince he came but juſt now to ask my Conſent, which I freely gave him at firſt, upon that Thought; but he is doubtful of your Birth, and fears it may diſhonour his Family, if he ſhou'd Marry you.* On my Word, Sir (return'd *Peregrina*, bluſhing, with diſdain, no doubt) our Families are by no means equal. *What thy Family is I know not* (ſaid Sir *Chriſtian*) *but I am ſure thou art infinitely Superiour to him in all the Natural Embelliſhments both of Body and Mind. Be juſt to thy ſelf, and be not haſty to Wed; Thou haſt more Merit than Wealth alone can Purchaſe.* O! dear Sir (ſhe return'd) you Ruin me with Obligations, never to be Re-paid but in Acknowledgment, and that imperfectly too. Here they were Interrupted by the young Lady, to whom ſhe Repeated the Conference betwixt Sir *Chriſtian*, and *Prayfaſt*, as ſoon as ever Sir *Chriſtian* left the Room.

About a Week after, Sir *Lucius Lovewell*, a young Gentleman, of a good Preſence, Wit and Learning enough, whoſe Father dying near a Twelve-month before, had left him upwards of 3000 *l.* a Year, which too was an Excellent Accompliſhment, though not the beſt, for he was admirably good Humour'd, came to Viſit Sir *Chriſtian Kindly*, and as ſome of the Family imagin'd, 'twas with deſign to make his Addreſſes to the young Lady, Sir *Chriſtian*'s Daughter; whatever his Thoughts were, his Treatment there was very generous and kind. He ſaw the Lady, and lik'd her very well; nay, doubtleſs, wou'd have admitted a Paſſion for her, had not his Deſtiny at the ſame time ſhewn him *Peregrina*. She was very Beautiful, and he as ſenſible; and 'tis not to be doubted but that he immediately took Fire. However, his Application and Courtſhip, free and unaffected as it was, were chiefly directed to Sir *Chriſtian*'s Daughter: Some little Reſpects he paid to *Peregrina*, who cou'd not chooſe but look on him as a very fine, good-humour'd, and well Accompliſh'd Gentleman. When the Hour came that he thought fit to retreat, Sir *Chriſtian* ask'd him, When he wou'd make 'em Happy again in his Converſation? To which he return'd, *That ſince he was not above ſeven or eight Miles from him, and that there were Charms ſo Attractive at Sir* Chriſtian's, *he ſhou'd take the liberty to viſit him ſooner and oftner, than he either expected or deſir'd.* T'other

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reply'd, That was impoſſible; and ſo without much more Ceremony, he took his leave of that delightful Company for two or three Days; at the end of which he return'd with Thoughts much different from thoſe at his firſt coming thither, being ſtrongly Agitated by his Paſſion for *Peregrina*. He took and made all the opportunities and occaſions that Chance and his own Fancy cou'd offer and preſent to Talk to her both before, at, and after Dinner, and his Eyes were ſo conſtantly fix'd on her, that he ſeem'd to obſerve nothing elſe, which was ſo viſible to Sir *Chriſtian*, his Lady and Daughter, that they were Convinc'd of their Error, in believing that he came to make his Court to the young Lady. This late Diſcovery of the young Knight's Inclinations, was no way unpleaſant to Sir *Chriſtian* and his Lady, and to the young Lady it was moſt agreeable and obliging, ſince her Heart was already preengag'd elſewhere; and ſince ſhe did equally deſire the good Fortune of her Beautiful Attendant with her own.

The Table was no ſooner clear'd, and a Loyal Health or two gone round, e'er Sir *Chriſtian* ask'd his young Amorous Gueſt to take a Walk with him in the Gardens: To which Sir *Lucius* readily conſented, deſigning to diſcloſe that to him for a Secret, which was but too apparent to all that were preſent at Table: When therefore he thought he had ſufficiently Admir'd and

Commended the neatneſs of the Walks, and beauty of the Flowers, he began to this Effect:

Poſſibly Sir Chriſtian, *I ſhall ſurprize you with the Diſcourſe I'm going to make you; but 'tis certain, no Man can avoid the neceſſity of the Fate which he lies under; at leaſt I have now found it ſo.—— I came at firſt, Sir, with the hopes of prevailing on you, to Honour and make me happy in a Marriage with Madam* Eleanora *your Daughter; but at the ſame inſtant I was ſeiz'd with ſo irreſiſtible a Paſſion for the Charming* Peregrina, *that I find no Empire, Fame nor Wit, can make me perfectly Bleſt here below, without the Enjoyment of that Beautiful Creature. Do not miſtake me, Sir, (I beſeech you, continu'd he) I mean an* Honourable Enjoyment —— *I will make her my Wife, Sir, if you will be generouſly pleas'd to uſe your Intereſt with her on my part.*

To which the good old Knight reply'd, What you think (Sir) you have now imparted as a Secret has been the general Obſervation of all my Family e'er ſince you gave us the Happineſs of your Company to day: Your Paſſion is too great to be diſguiſed; and I am extreamly pleaſed that you can think any thing in my Houſe worthy the Honour you intend *Peregrina.* Indeed, had you made any particular and publick Addreſs to my Daughter, I ſhould have believ'd it want of Merit in her, or in us, her

her Parents, that you ſhould after that quit your Pretenſions to her, without any willing or known Offence committed on our ſide. I therefore (Sir) approve your Choice, and promiſe you my utmoſt Aſſiſtance afar. She is really virtuous in all the Latitude of Virtue; Her Beauty is too viſible to be diſputed by, ev'n by Envy it ſelf: As for her Birth, ſhe leſs can inform you of it; I muſt only let you know, that as her Name imports ſhe was utterly a Stranger, and entertain'd by us in pure Charity. But the Antiquity and Honour of your Family can receive no Diminution by a Match with a Beautiful and Virtuous Creature, for whom, you ſay, and I believe, you have ſo true a Paſſion. I have now told you the worſt (Sir) that I know of her; but your Wealth and Love may make you both eternally happy on Earth. And ſo they ſhall, *by her Dear ſelf* (return'd the AmorousKnight) if both of 'em may recommend me to her, with your Perſwaſions added, which ſtill I beg. Say, rather you *Command*; and with thoſe Three Hundred Pounds which I promiſed her, if ſhe marry'd with my Conſent to Sir *Lucius*.

To this, the other ſmiling, reply'd, *Her Perſon and Love is all I court or expect, Sir: But ſince you have thought her worthy of ſo great an Expreſſion of your Favour and Kindneſs, I will receive it with all Humility as is from a Father, which I ſhall ever eſteem you—*

But see, Sir. (cry'd he in an Extasie) *how she comes, led by Madam* Peregrina, *your Daughter.* The young Lady coming to him, began thus. *I know* (*Sir*) *'tis my Father and Mother's Desire and Ambition to shew you the heartiest Welcome in their Power, which can be no means be made appear so particularly and undisputably, as by presenting you with what you like best in the Family; In Assurance therefore that I shall merit their Favour by this Act, I have brought your Dear* Peregrina *to you, not without Advice, and some Instructions of mine, that may concern her Happiness with you, if discreetly observ'd, and pursued by her. In short* (*Sir*) *I have told her that a Gentleman of so Good a Figure, such excellent Parts, and generous Education, of so Antient and Honourable a Family; together with so plentiful an Estate, as you at present possess, is capable of bringing Happiness to any, the Fairest Lady in this Country at least.* O Madam (return'd *Sir Lucius*) your Obligation is so great, that I want Sense to receive it as I ought; much more Words to return you any proportionable Acknowledgment of it. But give me Leave to say thus much, Madam; that my Thoughts of making my Court to your Ladyship first invited me to give Sir *Christian* your Father, the trouble of a Visit, since the Death of mine. However, the over-ruling Powers have thought to divert my purpose, and the Offering of my Heart, which can never rest, but with this *Dear Charming Creature.*——Your Merits,

rits, Madam ——are ſufficient for the Gentleman on whom I entirely fix'd my Affections, before you did me the Honour, and your ſelf the Trouble of your firſt Viſit, interrupted Sir *Chriſtian*'s Daughter. *And now, Sir,* (added ſhe to her Father) *if you pleaſe, let us leave 'em to make an end of this Buſineſs between themſelves.* No, Madam, (cry'd *Sir Lucius*) your Father has promiſed me to make uſe of his Intereſt with her for my ſake. This I now expect, Sir. *Then* (*ſaid the Old Knight*) *thou Dear Beautiful and Virtuous Stranger! If I have any Power to perſwade thee, take my Advice, and this Honourable Gentleman to thy loving Husband; I'm ſure he'll prove ſo to thee. If I could command thee, I would.* Ah Sir! (ſaid ſhe, kneeling, with Tears falling from her Charming Eyes) I know none living that has greater Right and Power. —— But (alas Sir!) this Honourable Perſon knows not the Meanneſs of my Birth, at leaſt, he cannot think it any way proportionable or ſuitable to His. *O thou dear Creature,* (*cry'd her Lover, ſetting one Knee to the Ground, and taking her up*) *Sir* Chriſtian *has already diſcourſed all thy Circumſtances to me. Riſe and Bleſs me with thy Conſent.* I muſt ask my Lady's, Sir, (ſhe reply'd). See, here my Mother comes (ſaid the young Lady) and entreated her good Word for Sir *Lucius*. The good antient Lady began then to uſe all the Arguments to incline her to yield to her Happineſs; and in fine, ſhe was prevail'd

vail'd on to ſay, *I do Conſent, and will endeavour to deſerve the Honourable Title of your Dutiful Wife, Sir.* 'Twas with no common Joy and Tranſport that he receiv'd her Hand, and kiſſed thoſe dear Lips that gave him an Aſſurance of his Happineſs; which he reſolv'd ſhould begin about a Month or two afterwards; in which time, he might ſend Orders to *London* for the making their Wedding Cloaths. Into the Houſe then they all went, Sir *Lucius* leading *Peregrina*, and the firſt they met of the Family was *Prayfaſt*, who was not a little ſurpriz'd nor diſcompos'd at that Sight; and more eſpecially when Sir *Chriſtian* told him, *That tho he did not think that Beautiful Sweet Stranger worthy the Title of his Wife, yet now he ſhou'd be obliged to joyn her to that Honourable Perſon.* The Slave bow'd, and look'd very pale.

All things were at laſt got ready for the Conſummation of their Bliſs, and *Prayfaſt* did their Buſineſs effectually, tho much againſt his Will, however he receiv'd the Reward of Twenty broad Pieces. The Wedding was kept for a Week at Sir *Chriſtian*'s Houſe; after which they adjourn'd to the Bridegroom's, where it laſted as long as at Sir *Chriſtian*'s; his Lady, Daughter, and the reſt of that Family would ſtay. As they were leaving him, Sir *Lucius* diſpos'd of Two Hundred Pounds amongſt Sir *Chriſtian*'s Servants,

Servants, and the reſt of the Three Hundred he diſtributed among the Poor of both Pariſhes.

When they were gone, the Affectionate Tender Bridegroom cou'd by no means be perſwaded by any Gentlemen, his Neighbours, to hunt with 'em, or to take any Divertiſement, tho but for half a Day; eſteeming it the higheſt Unkindneſs imaginable to leave his Lady: Not that ſhe could be alone neither in his Abſence; for ſhe never wanted the Viſits of all the Ladies round about, and thoſe of the beſt Quality; who were equally Charm'd with her Sweetneſs of Temper, as the Men were with her outward Beauties. But in a Months time, or thereabout, obſerving that he was continually ſollicited and courted to ſome Sport or Paſtime with thoſe Gentlemen of his Neighbourhood, ſhe was forc'd to her ſelf the Violence to beg of him that he would divert himſelf with 'em as before their Marriage he us'd: And ſhe had ſo good Succeſs, that he did allow himſelf two Days in the Week to hunt: In one of which, coming home about Five a Clock, and not finding his Lady below Stairs, he went directly up to her Chamber, where he ſaw her leaning her Head on her Hand, and her Handkercheif all bath'd in Tears. At this Sight he was ſtrangely amaz'd and concern'd. *Madam, (cry'd he, in an unuſual Tone) what means ſuch Poſtures as theſe?*

theſe? Tell me! For I muſt know the occaſion. Surprized and Trembling at this his unwonted manner of ſaluting her, ſhe ſtarted up, and then, falling on her Knees, ſhe wept out, *O thou Dear Author and Lord of all my Joys on Earth! Look not, I beſeech you, ſo wildly, nor ſpeak terribly to me!* Thou Center of all my Happineſs below (return'd he) Riſe and make me acquainted with the dreadful Occaſion of this Afflicting, and Tormenting Sight! *All you ſhall know,* (*ſhe reply'd*) *Deareſt of Humane Bleſſings! But ſit, and change your Looks, then I can ſpeak.* Speak then, my Life (ſaid he) but tell me all; All I muſt know. *Is there a Thought about my Soul that you ſhall not partake?* I'm ſure there is not, (he reply'd) ſay on then. *You know, Sir,* (*ſhe return'd*) *that I have left my Parents now Three Years, or thereabouts, and know not whether they are Living or Dead. I was reflecting therefore on the Troubles which my undutiful and long Abſence may have cauſed 'em. For, poor and mean as they may be, they well inſtructed me in all good things; and I wou'd once more, by your dear Permiſſion, ſee 'em, and beg their Pardon for my Fault. For, they're my Parents ſtill, if living, Sir; tho (unhappily) not worth Your Regard.* How! (cry'd he) can that Pair who gave my Deareſt Birth, want my Regard! or ought I can do for 'em! No, Thou ſhalt ſee 'em, and ſo will I. But tell me, *Peregrina,* Is this the only Cauſe of your Diſcompoſure? *So may I ſtill be bleſs'd in your dear Love* (*ſhe reply'd*) *as this is*

Truth,

Truth, and all the Cauſe. When ſhall we ſee 'em then? (he asked) *We ſee 'em (cry'd ſhe) O your Goodneſs deſcends too much; and you confound me with your unmerited and unexpected Kindneſs. 'Tis I alone that have offended, and I alone am fit to ſee 'em.* That muſt not be (return'd her Affectionate Husband) no, we'll both go together; and if they want, either provide for 'em there, or take 'em hither with us. Your Education ſhews their Principles, and 'tis no Shame to own Virtuous Relations. Come, dry thy dear lamenting Eyes; the beginning of the next Week we'll ſet forwards. *Was ever Diſobedience ſo rewarded with ſuch a Husband!!* (*ſaid ſhe*) *thoſe Tears have waſh'd that Childiſh Guilt away. And there is no Reward above thy Virtue.*

In a few Days *Monday* began the Date of their Journey to the Weſt of *England*; and in Five or Six Days more, by the help of a Coach and Six, they got to *Cornwall*; where, in a little Town, of little Accommodation, they were oblig'd to take up their Lodgings the firſt Night. In the Morning (ſaid his Lady to him) *My Dear, about a Mile and a half hence lives one Sir* Francis Fairname *and his Lady, if yet they be living, who have a very fine Houſe, and worth your ſeeing; I beg of you therefore, that you will be ſo kind to your ſelf as to walk thither, and Dine with the old Gentleman; for that you muſt, if you ſee him; whilſt I ſtay here, and ſend to my*

Father

Father and Mother, if to be found, and prepare 'em to receive you at your Return. I must have no Denial (added she) *for if you refuse this Favour, all my Designs are loſt*——*Make haſte my Life; 'tis now Eleven a Clock. In your Abſence I'll dreſs, to try if Change of Cloaths can hide me from 'em.* This was ſo ſmall a Requeſt, that he did not ſtay to reply to't, but preſently left her, and got thither in leſs than half an Hour, attended only by one Footman. He was very kindly and reſpectfully receiv'd by the old Gentleman, who had certainly been a very Beautiful Perſon in his Youth; and Sir *Lucius* fixing his Eyes upon his Face, could hardly remove 'em, being very pleaſantly and ſurpriſingly entertain'd with ſome Lines that he obſerv'd in it. But immediately recollecting himſelf, he told him, that having heard how fine a Seat that was, his Curioſity led him to beg the Favour that he might ſee it. The worthy old Knight return'd, that his Houſe and all the Accommodations in it, were at his Service. So inviting him in, he ſatisfied his pretended Curioſity; and after he had ſhewn all that was worthy the ſight of a Stranger in the Houſe, he led him into his Gardens, which furniſh'd Sir *Lucius* with new matter of Admiration; whence the old Knight brought him into the Parlour, telling him that 'twas his Cuſtom to ſuffer no Stranger to return till he had either din'd or

ſupp'd

ſupp'd with him, according as the Hour of the Day or Night preſented.

'Twas here the Affectionate Husband was ſtrangely ſurpriz'd at the Sight of a Picture, which ſo nearly counterfeited the Beauties of his dear liv'd Lady, that he ſtood like an Image himſelf, gazing and varying; the Colours of his Face agitating by the Diverſity of his Thoughts; which Sir *Francis* perceiving, ask'd him what it was that ſo viſibly concern'd him? To which he reply'd, That indeed he was concern'd, but with great Satisfaction and Pleaſure, ſince he had never ſeen any thing more Beautiful than that Picture, unleſs it were a Lady for whom he had the moſt ſincere Affection imaginable, and whom it did very nearly repreſent; and then enquir'd for whom that was drawn? Sir *Francis* anſwer'd him, *'Twas deſign'd for one who* Was, *I dare not ſay who* Is *my Daughter, and the other two were drawn for her younger Siſters. And ſee, Sir,* (purſued he) *here they come following their Mother*: At which Words Sir *Lucius* was obliged to divorce his Eyes from the *Charming Shadow*, and make his Compliments to them; which were no ſooner over than Dinner was ſerv'd in, where the young Knight eat as heartily as he could, conſidering he ſate juſt oppoſite to it, and in ſight of the two Ladies, who were now exactly like his own Wife, tho not ſo very Beautiful.

The

The Table being uncover'd, Sir *Lucius* desir'd to know why Sir *Francis* said he doubted whether the Original of that Picture were yet his Daughter? To which the Mother return'd, (big with Sorrow, which was seen in her Tears) *That her Husband had spoken but too rightly: For* (added she) *'tis now Three Years since we have either seen her, or heard from her.* How Madam! Three Years (cry'd Sir *Lucius*) I believe I can shew your Ladyship a dear Acquaintance of mine, so wonderfully like that Picture, that I am almost perswaded she is the very Original; only (pardon me, Madam) she tells me her Parents are of mean Birth and Fortune. *Dear Sir,* (cry'd the Tender Mother) *Is she in this Country?* She is not Two Miles hence, (reply'd Sir *Lucius*). *By all things most dear to you, Sir,* (said the Lady) *let us be so happy as to see her, and that with all convenient Expedition! For, it will be a Happiness to see any Creature, the only* Like my Dearest Arabella. *Arabella,* Madam! Alas, No, Madam, her Name is *Peregrina. No matter for Names, Sir,* (cry'd the Lady) *I want the Sight of the dear Creature. Sir,* (added the worthy old Knight) *I can assure you it will be an Eternal Obligation to us; or if you please we will on you to her.* By no means, Sir, (return'd Sir *Lucius*) I will repeat my Trouble to you with her in an Hour at farthest. *We shall desire the Continuance of such Trouble as long as we live* (reply'd Sir

Sir *Francis*). So without farther Ceremony Sir *Lucius* left 'em, and return'd to his Lady, whom he found ready dreſs'd, as he wiſh'd he might. *Madam* (ſaid he) *where are your Father and Mother?* I know not yet, my Dear, ſhe repiy'd. *Well* (return'd he) *we will expect 'em, or ſend for 'em hither at Night; in the mean time I have engag'd to bring you with me to Sir* Francis Fairname *and his Lady with all imaginable Expedition.* So immediately as ſoon as Coach and Six, and Equipage, was ready, he hurry'd her away with him to Sir *Francis*, whom they found walking with his Lady and two Daughters in the outward Court, impatiently expecting their Coming. The Boot of the Coach (for that was the Faſhion in thoſe Days) was preſently let down, and Sir *Lucius* led his Lady forwards to them; who coming within Three or Four Paces of the good old Knight, his Lady fell on her Knees, and begg'd their Pardon and Bleſſing. Her Affectionate Father anſwer'd 'em with Tears from his Eyes; but the good antient Lady was ſo overcome with Joy, that ſhe fell into a Swoon, and had like to have been accompanied by her Daughter, who fell upon her Knees by her, and with her Shrieks recall'd her, when ſhe ſtrait cry'd out, *My Daughter, my Daughter's come again! my* Arabella *alive!* Ay, my dear offended Mother, with all the Duty and Penitence that Humanity is capable of, return'd the Lady *Lovewell*. Her Siſters then expreſt their Love in Tears, Embraces and

Kiſſes

Kiſſes, while her dear Husband begg'd a Bleſſing of her Parents, who were very pleaſantly ſurpriz'd to know that their Daughter was ſo happily marry'd, and to a Gentleman of ſuch an Eſtate and Quality as Sir *Lucius* ſeem'd to be: 'Twas late that Night e're they went to Bed at Sir *Francis*'s. The next day, after they had all pretty well eas'd themſelves of their Paſſions, Sir *Francis* told his Son-in-Law, that as he had three Daughters, ſo he had 3000 *l.* a Year, and he wou'd divide it equally among 'em; but for Joy of the Recovery of his eldeſt Daughter, and her Fortunate Match with ſo worthy a Gentleman as Sir *Lucius*, who had given him an Account of his Eſtate and Quality, he promiſed him Ten Thouſand Pounds in ready Money beſides; whereas the other young Ladies were to have but Five Thouſand apeece, beſides their Dividend of the Eſtate. *And now* (ſaid he) *Daughter, the Cauſe of your Retreat from us, old* Sir Robert Richland *has been dead theſe Three Months on ſuch a day.* How, Sir, (cry'd ſhe) on ſuch a day! That was the very Day on which I was ſo happy as to be marry'd to my Dear Sir *Lucius.*

She then gave her Father and Mother, and Sifters, a Relation of all that had happen'd to her ſince her Abſence from her Dear Parents, who were extreamly pleaſed with the Account of Sir

Sir *Chriſtian* and his Lady's Hoſpitality and Kindneſs to her; and in leſs than a Fortnight after they took a Journey to Sir *Lucius*'s, carrying the two other young Ladies along with 'em, and by the way they call'd at Sir *Chriſtian*'s, where they arriv'd time enough to be preſent the next Day at Sir *Chriſtian*'s Daughter's Wedding, which they kept there for a whole Fortnight.

F I N I S.

THE

Unhappy Miſtake:

OR, THE

Impious Vow Puniſh'd.

By Mrs. *A. BEHN.*

LONDON:

Printed for Sam. Briſcoe, in *Charles Street, Covent-Garden,* 1698.

THE

Epiſtle Dedicatory

TO

Arthur Maynwaring Eſq.

Honoured Sir,

I *am told that Dedications were Originally only made to Men of known Merit, whoſe ſenſe and Learning had gain'd ſuch a Reputation in the World, that their Names Prefix'd, ſtamp'd the Book current, and made it receiv'd by all as ſuch. And that the Weakneſs, or Avarice of Authors, afterward perverted that Cuſtom, to the Flattery of the Minions of Fortune, who had little elſe to recommend them to their Choice.*

If

If this were so, I have the satisfaction of restoring, (at least here) Merit to its Right; for Mr. Maynwaring's *Name is so well Known among the Men of the Best Sense, and all Lovers of Learning, that it is a sufficient Protection for this Posthumous Work of the Deceased Authress, who was Mistress of so large a share of Sense, that she would her self have been Ambitious of making the same Choice of a Patron.*

If I had but a pow'r that held some Proportion to my will, I should here Sir *let the Reader know all those Admirable Qualifications, which Recommend and endear you to all that know you, I should mention your perfect Acquaintance with the Ancients, the just Niceness of your Tast both of them and the Moderns. The Vivacity of your*

Wit,

Wit, the Strength of your Reaſon, the Matureneſs of your Judgment, the Affability of your Temper, and the Eaſineſs of your Converſation. And what is a greater Wonder than the meeting of all theſe in one Man, that they have not been able to leſſen your great Worth by giving you that Vanity, which often weakens the Merit of Conſiderable Men; but in you the Fine Gentleman poliſhes them from that Ruſt, and doubles your Eſteem. Theſe, Sir I ſay are heads that I ſhould think my ſelf oblig'd to inſiſt on, if I had Capacity for it, and a Knowledge equal to my Veneration. But ſince it is my Fortune to move in an Humbler Sphere, I ſhall rather content my ſelf with a bare mention of them, than by an awkward Attempt, ſully thoſe Virtues that all admire.

If the following Story may be admitted

admitted to divert some vacant hours; I shall please my self in being the lucky Medium of that Delight. I hope Sir, with your wonted Goodness you will pardon a Presumption which I could not avoid the Guilt of, while I had so much Reason to Esteem, and such a Temptation to engage my publishing that Esteem, in offering this little Book to your Protection, with, Sir,

Your Most Humble,

and most Devoted Servant,

Sam. Briscoe.

* Place this *Dedication* next after the Title of the Unhappy Mistake.

THE

Unhappy Miſtake, &c.

THE Effects of Jealouſie have ever been moſt Fatal; and it is certainly one of the moſt Tormenting Paſſions that an Humane Soul can be capable of, tho it be created by the leaſt Appearances of Reaſon. The Truth of which this following Story will evince.

Sir *Henry Hardyman* was a Gentleman of a very large Eſtate in *Somerſetſhire*, of a very Generous Temper, Hoſpitable almoſt to *Extravagancy*; a *Plain Downright Dealer, wonderfully good natured*, but very *Paſſionate*: Whoſe Lady dying, left him only a Son and a Daughter; between whom there were about Six Years difference in their Age. *Miles Hardyman* (for ſo the Son was call'd) being the eldeſt, both of Naturally Virtu-

ous Inclinations, which were carefully improv'd by a Generous and Pious Education. *Miles* was a very tall, large, and well proportion'd Perſon at Two and Twenty, Brave and Active, and ſeem'd to be born for War, tho he had a Heart as Tender and Capable of receiving the Impreſſions of Love as any of our Sex. He had been bred for ſome Years at the Univerſity; where, among other things, he learn'd to Fence; in which, however, he was mightily improv'd in a Twelvemonths time, that he ſtay'd here in Town. *Lucretia*, his Siſter, was Beautiful enough, her Father deſigning to give Ten Thouſand Pounds with her on Marriage; but (which is above all) ſhe was incomparably Good humour'd!

At his Return to his Father in the Country, young *Hardyman* found Madam *Diana Conſtance*, a moſt Beautiful Lady, with his Siſter, at that time about 16 Years old; ſomewhat tall of her age, of Happy and Virtuous Education, of an indifferent Fortune, not exceeding Two Thouſand Pounds, which was no way anſwerable to the Expectations he had after his Father's Death; but it was impoſſible he ſhould not love her, ſhe was ſo prodigiouſly Charming, both in her Inward and Outward Excellencies; eſpecially ſince he had the Opportunity of Converſing with her at his Father's for above a Month. 'Tis true, he had ſeen her before, but it was then Five Years ſince. Love her

her he did then, and that moſt paſſionately; nor was ſhe inſenſible or ungrateful. But our young Lovers had not Diſcretion enough to conceal the Symptoms of their Paſſion, which too viſibly and frequently ſallied out at their Eyes before the old Gentleman; which made him, prudently, as he thought, and timely enough offer his Daughter *Lucretia* the Liberty of taking a ſmall Journey with *Diana* to her Houſe, which was not above 20 Miles thence, where that young Lady's Aunt govern'd in her Abſence; for *Diana* had no other Relation ſo near as ſhe was living in *England*, her only Brother *Lewis* having been in *Italy* and *France* ever ſince her Father dy'd, which was then near Five Years paſt.

Lucretia overjoy'd at her Father's pretended Kindneſs, propoſed it to the young Lady her Friend, who was very fond of the Propoſal, hoping that *Lucretia*'s Brother might bear 'em company there for ſome little time; but old Sir *Henry* had quite different Thoughts of the Matter. The third day, from the firſt Diſcourſe of it, was aſſign'd for their Departure. In the mean time young *Hardyman* knew not what to think of the Divorce he was going to ſuffer; for he began to have ſome Apprehenſions that the old Knight was ſenſible, and diſpleaſed, that they lov'd each other: Not but that the Family of the *Conſtances* was as Antient and Honourable as that of the

Hardymans, and was once endow'd with as plentiful an Eſtate, tho now young *Lewis Conſtance* had not above 1200 *l.* a Year. (*O the unkind Diſtance that Money makes, even between Friends!*)

Old Squire *Conſtance* was a very worthy Gentleman, and Sir *Henry* had a particular Friendſhip for him; but (perhaps) that dy'd with him, and only a *Neighbourly Kindneſs*, or ſomething more than an *Ordinary Reſpect* ſurviv'd to his Poſterity. The day came that was to carry 'em to the young Lady *Conſtances*, and her Lover was preparing to attend 'em, when the old Gentleman ask'd him what he meant by that Preparation? And whether he deſign'd to leave him alone? Or if he cou'd think 'twere Dutifully or Decently done! To which the Son reply'd, That his Care of his Siſter, and his Reſpect to a young Lady, in a manner a Stranger to him, had miſled his Thoughts from that Duty and Regard he ought to have pay'd to his Father; which, he hop'd, and begg'd he would pardon, tho he deſign'd only juſt to have ſeen her ſafe there, and to have return'd at Night. With this the old Gentleman ſeem'd pacified for the preſent; and he bid him go take Leave of the Lady, which he did with a great deal of Concern, telling her that he ſhould be moſt miſerable till he had the Happineſs of ſeeing her again; however, that he begg'd ſhe would converſe with him by Letters, which might (happily)

a

a little palliate his Misfortune in her Abſence: Adding, that he would be eternally hers, and none but hers. To which ſhe made as kind a Return as he cou'd wiſh; letting him know, that ſhe deſired to live no longer than ſhe was aſſur'd that ſhe was belov'd by him. Then taking as ſolemn a Farewel of her as if he had never been to ſee her more, after he had given his Siſter a parting Kiſs or two, he led 'em down to his Father, who ſaw 'em mounted, and attended by two of his Servants. After which he walk'd with 'em about a Mile from the Houſe, where he and young *Hardyman* left 'em to purſue their Journey.

In their Return to the Houſe ſaid Sir *Henry*, *I find (Son) I have hitherto miſtaken your Inclinations: I thought they had altogether prompten you to Great and Manly Actions and Attempts.: But, to my Sorrow, I now find my Error.* How, I beſeech you, Sir? (ask'd the Son). *You are guilty of a Fooliſh, Lazy Paſſion,* (reply'd the Father) *you are in Love,* Miles; *in Love with one who can no way advance your Fortune, Family, nor Fame. 'Tis true, ſhe has Beauty, and o' my Conſcience ſhe is Virtuous too. But will Beauty and Virtue, with a ſmall Portion of* 2000 *ll. anſwer to the Eſtate of near* 4000 *ll a Year, which you muſt Inherit, if you ſurvive me?* Beauty and Virtue, Sir, (return'd young *Hardyman*) with the Addition of good Humour and Education, is a Dowry that may merit a Crown.

Notion!

Notion! Stuff! All Stuff (cry'd the old Knight) *Money is Beauty, Virtue, Good Humour, Education, Reputation, and High Birth* Thank Heaven, Sir, (ſaid *Miles*) you dont live as if you believ'd your own Doctrine; you part with your Money very freely, in your Houſe-keeping, and I am happy to ſee it. *'Tis that I value it for* (reply'd the Father) *I would therefore have thee, my Son, add to what in all likelihood will be thine, ſo conſiderably, by Marriage, that thou may'ſt better deſerve the Character of Hoſpitable* Hardyman *than thy Father, Sir* Henry. —— *Come*, Miles (return'd he) *thou ſhalt think no more on her.* I can't avoid it, Sir, (ſaid t'other). *Well, well, think of her you may* (ſaid Sir *Henry*) *but not as for a Wife: No, if you mean to continue in your Father's Love, be not in Love with Madam* Diana, *nor with any of her Nymphs, tho never ſo Fair or ſo Chaſt—unleſs they have got ſtore of Money, ſtore of Money*, Miles. *Come, Come in, we'll take a Game at Cheſs before Dinner if we can.* I obey you, Sir, (return'd the Son) but if I win, I ſhall have the Liberty to love the Lady, I hope. *I made no ſuch Promiſe*, (ſaid the Knight) *no, no Love without my Leave; but if you give me Checque-Mate, you ſhall have my Bay-Gelding; and I would not take 50 Broad Pieces for him.* I'll do my beſt, Sir, to deſerve him, (ſaid the young Gentleman). *'Tis a Mettl'd and a Fiery Beaſt* (ſaid Sir *Henry*). They begun their Game then, and had made about ſix Moves apiece before Dinner, which was ſerv'd up near FourHours after

after they ſate down to play. It happen'd they had no Company din'd with 'em that Day; ſo they made a haſty Meal, and fell again to their former Diſpute, which held 'em near Six Hours longer; when, either the Knights Inadvertency, or the young Gentleman's Skill and Application, gave him the Victory and Reward.

The next Day they hunted; the Day following the Houſe was fill'd with Friends, and Strangers, who came with 'em; all which were certain of *A Hearty Welcome* e'r they return'd. Other Days other Company came in, as Neighbours, and none of all that made their Viſits cou'd be diſmiſs'd under Three or Four Days at ſooneſt.

Thus they paſt the Hours away for about Six Weeks; in all which time our Lover could get but one Opportunity of Writing to his Adorable, and that was by the Means of a Servant, who came with a Letter from his Siſter *Lucretia* to Sir *Henry*, and another to him, that held one incloſed to him from the Beautiful *Diana*: The Words, as perfectly as I can remember 'em, were theſe, or to this Effect.

My Hardyman,

TOO Dear! — No, — too much lov'd! — That's impoſſible too. How have I enjoy'd my ſelf with your Letters ſince my Abſence from you! In the firſt, how movingly you lament the

the unkind Diſtance of Time and Place that thus Divorces you from me! In another, in what Tender and Prevailing Words your Paſſion is expreſt! In a third, what Invincible Arguments are urg'd to prove the Preſence of your Soul to me in the Abſence of your Body! A fourth, how fill'd with juſt Complaints of a Rigorous Father! What Aſſurances does the Fifth give me of your ſpeedy Journey hither! And the Sixth, (for no leſs, mythought I ſhould have received from you) confirms what you laſt ſaid to me; That you will ever be mine, and none but mine.——— O Boundleſs Bleſſing!———*Theſe (my Life) are the* Dreams, *which for ſix ſeveral Nights* ~~that~~ *have mock'd the Real Paſſion of*

Your Forgotten Diana.

He read it, ſmil'd, and kiſs'd it, and then proceeded to examine his Siſter's, which held a great many Expreſſions of a tender Affection, and withal gave him notice that there was a mighty Spark, lately come from Town into thoſe Parts, that made his Court to the young Lady *Conſtance*; deſiring him therefore to be as ſuddain in his Viſit, if he intended any, as Poſſibility would permit. This ſtartled and ſtung him: Wherefore, taking the Opportunity of his Father's Retirement, to write to the young Lady and his Siſter; he diſpatch'd a Letter to *Lucretia*, wherein he thank'd her for her Intelligence and Caution, and promis'd to be with her the next Night at fartheſt, if alive;

And

And, at the ſame time, writ to this Purpoſe to *Diana.*

Thou only Bleſſing for which I wiſh to Live.

HOW delightfully do you puniſh my ſeeming Neglect! I acknowledge I have not ſent to you till now, but it was becauſe it was utterly impoſſible; my Father continually keeping ſo ſtrict a Guard over me himſelf, that not even Mercury *cou'd evade or illude his Vigilance. Alas! my Soul, he is now no Stranger to my Paſſion for you, which he pretends at leaſt, is highly offenſive to him; for what Reaſons I bluſh to think. But what ſignifies an Offence to him of ſo generous a Nature as my Love! I am aſſur'd, I was born for* You, *or none other of your fair Sex, though attended with all the Advantages of Birth and Fortune. I will therefore proceed in this Affair, as if we were already United by the outward Ceremonies of the Church, and forſake him, and all the World for you, my better Part! Be certain therefore that to Morrow Night, e'er you ſleep, you ſhall ſee (my Life, my Soul, my All)*

Your moſt Sincere, and

Moſt Paſſionate Lover,

Hardyman.

This,

This, with the Letter to his Siſter, he convey'd into the Servant's hand that came from 'em, undiſcovered of his Father, who likewiſe diſmiſs'd the Meſſenger with his Grave Epiſtle, full of muſty Morals, to the two young gay Ladies. But he had an unlucky thought, that he was overſeen in giving his Son the opportunity of retiring from him, whileſt he was Writing to his Daughter, and t'other fair Creature, having a jealouſie that young *Hardyman* might have made uſe of that very Article of Time to the ſame end. This made him very uneaſie and reſtleſs. On t'other ſide, the young Gentleman, though he was extreamly ſatisfied with thoſe endearing Expreſſions of Love which he found in *Diana*'s Letter; yet he was all on Fire with the Apprehenſion of a Rival; and the deſire to ſee him, that he might diſpute with him for the *Glorious Prize.*

The next day, at Four in the Afternoon, they went to Bowls, about a Mile off; where, after ſeveral Ends, the Knight and his Party lay all neareſt about the Jack, for the Game, till young *Hardyman* put in a bold Caſt, that beat all his Adverſaries from the Block, and carry'd two of his Seconds cloſe to it, his own Bowl lying partly upon it, which made them up. *Ha!* (cry'd a young Gentleman of his Side) *bravely done*, Miles, *thou haſt carry'd the Day, and kiſs'd the Miſtreſs.* I hope I ſhall before 'tis dark yet, (return'd

(return'd he). Sir *Henry* overhearing him, ſaid, his Face all glowing Red with Paſſion, *How dare you, Sir, expreſs your ſelf ſo freely in my Hearing?* *There* (purſued he, and ſtruck him a Blow on the Ear) *I firſt ſalute you thus. Do you know where you are, and who I am?* Yes, you are my Father, Sir, (reply'd young *Hardyman*, bowing). *If you ſee her to Night* (ſaid the paſſionate Father) *reſolve to ſee me no more.* By Heav'n, and all my Hopes, no more I will, after this minute, (return'd the Son, being retreated ſome diſtance from him, out of his hearing). So taking his Leave of the Company, with the uſual Ceremony, he went directly home; where immediately he order'd his Servant *Goodlad* to ſaddle their Horſes, whilſt he himſelf went up to his Chamber, and took all the Rings and Jewels that his Mother had left him, and the Money that he had then in his Poſſeſſion, which altogether amounted to near Twelve Hundred Pounds; and packing up ſome Linnen in his Portmanteau, he quickly mounted with his Servant, and made his way towards the Lady *Conſtance*'s.

'Twas near Seven a Clock e'r they got within ſight of his Miſtreſs's, when our Lover perceiv'd a Gentleman and his Servant mounted at ſome diſtance on t'other ſide of the Houſe, as coming from *London*: This unfortunately happen'd to be *Lewis Conſtance*, juſt return'd from his Travels, whom young *Hardy-*

Hardyman had never ſeen before, and therefore could not know him at that time; obſerving therefore that they made to the ſame place for which he was deſign'd, he halted a little, taking Covert under a large Elm-Tree, within a Hundred Paces of the Houſe, where he had the unlucky Opportunity to ſee his Miſtreſs and Siſter come out; whom *Lewis* perceiving at the ſame time, alighted, and ran eagerly to embrace her, who receiv'd him with Arms expanded; crying, *O my Dear, Deareſt Brother*; but that laſt Word was ſtifled with Kiſſes. *Do I once more hold thee in my Arms! O come in, and let me give my Joys a looſe! I am ſurpriz'd, and rave with extreme Happineſs!* O! Thou art all to me that is valuable on Earth! (return'd he). At theſe Words ſhe, in a manner, hal'd him in. This Sight was certainly the greateſt Mortification to her Lover that ever Man ſurviv'd! He preſently and poſitively concluded it could be none but that Rival, of whom his Siſter had given him Advice in her Letter. What to do he could by no means determine; ſometimes he was for going in, and affronting him before his Miſtreſs. A ſecond thought adviſed him to expect his coming out near that place; upon another Conſideration he was going to ſend him a Challange; but by whom he knew not; for his Servant was as well known there as himſelf. At laſt he reſolv'd to ride farther out of the Road, to ſee for ſome convenient Retreat that Night,

where

where he might be undiſcover'd: Such a place he found about two Miles thence, at a Good ſubſtantial Farmer's, who made him heartily welcome that Night with the beſt Beer he had in his Cellar; So that he ſlept much better than he cou'd have expected his Jealouſy would have permitted: But the Morning renew'd and redoubl'd his torture: But this Jolly Landlord, hugely pleas'd with his Good Company the Night paſt, viſited him as he got out of his Bed, which was near two hours after he wak'd; in which time he had laid his deſign how to proceed, in order to take ſatisfaction of this Rival. He ſuffer'd himſelf therefore to be manag'd by the Good Man of the Houſe, who would fain have made a Conqueſt of him; but he found, that the young Gentleman cou'd bear as much in his Head as he cou'd on his ſhoulders, which gave *Hardyman* the opportunity of keeping a ſtowage yet for a good Dinner; After which they fell to *Bumping* it about, till the Farmer fell aſleep; when young *Hardyman* retir'd in his Chamber, where, after a turn or two he writ as follows to his Miſtreſs's Brother, whoſe Name he knew not, and therefore the Billet is not ſuperſcrib'd.

SIR,

You have done me an unpardonable injury; and, if you are a Gentleman as you ſeem, you will give me ſatisfaction within this hour at the place, whither this Meſſenger ſhall lead you. Bring nothing with you

but your Sword and your Servant, as I with mine to take care of him that falls—Till I ſee you, I am your Servant, *&c.*

An hour before ſupper his kind Hoſt wak'd, and they Eat heartily together that Night, but did not Drink ſo plentifully as they had ſince their firſt meeting; young *Hardyman* telling him that he was oblig'd to be Mounted at the foremention'd Morning, in order to purſue his Journey; and that, in the mean time, he deſir'd the favour of him to let one of his Servants carry a Letter from him, to one that was then at the young Lady *Conſtance*'s: To which t'other readily agreed. The young Gentleman then made him a preſent of a Tobacco Box, with the Head of King *Charles* the Firſt on the Lid, and his Arms on the bottom in Silver; which was very acceptable to him, for he was a Great Loyaliſt, tho it was in the height of *Oliver's Uſurpation.* About four a Clock in the Morning, as our Jealous Lover had order'd him, one of the Servants came to him for the Letter; with which he receiv'd theſe Inſtructions, that he ſhou'd deliver that Note to the Gentleman's own hands, who came to the Lady *Conſtances* the Night before the laſt. That he ſhou'd ſhew that Gentleman to the field where young *Hardyman* ſhou'd deliver the Note to the Servant, which was juſt a Mile from either Houſe; or that he ſhou'd bring an Anſwer to the Note from that Gentleman. The fellow

fellow was a Good Scholar, tho he cou'd neither Read nor Write. For he Learn'd his leſſon perfectly well, and repeated it punctually to *Lewis Conſtance*; who was ſtrangely ſurpris'd at what he found in the Billet. He ask'd the Meſſenger if he knew his Name that ſent it; or if he were a Gentleman. Nay (Maſs quoth the fellow) I warrant he's a Gentleman; for he has given me nine good Shillings here, for coming but hither to you: But for his Name, you may e'en Name it as well as I—He has got one to wait a top of him almoſt as fine as himſelf, zure. The ſurpris'd Traveller jump'd out of his Bed, ſlipt on his gown and call'd up his Servant; Thence he went to his Siſter's Chamber with whom *Lucretia* lay; They both happen'd to be awake and talking as he came to the Door, which his Siſter permitted him to unlock; and ask'd him the reaſon of his ſo Early Riſing, who reply'd that ſince he cou'd not ſleep he wou'd take the Air a little, *But firſt, Siſter* (continu'd he) I will refreſh my ſelf at your Lips; And now Madam (added he to *Lucretia*) I wou'd beg a Cordial from you. For that (ſaid his Siſter) you ſhall be oblig'd to me this once; ſaying ſo, ſhe gently turn'd *Lucretia's* face towards him, and he had his wiſh. Ten to one, but he had rather have continu'd with *Lucretia*, than have gone to her Brother, had he known him; for he Lov'd her Truly and Paſſionately: But being a Man of true Courage and Honour, he took his leave of 'em, preſently

Dreſt and Trip'd away with the Meſſenger; who made more than ordinary haſt becauſe of his ſucceſs, which was rewarded with another piece of Money; and he Danc'd home to the ſound of the Money in his Pocket.

No ſooner was the fellow out of hearing, than *Lewis*, coming up to his Adverſary, ſhew'd him the Billet, and ſaid, *Sent you this to me*, Sir? I did, Sir, (reply'd *Hardyman*) *I never ſaw you till now* (*return'd* Lewis): *How then cou'd I injure you? 'Tis enough that I know it*, (Anſwer'd *Miles*) *But to ſatisfy you; you ſhall know that I am ſenſible that you pretend to a Fair Lady, to whom I have an Elder Title. In ſhort, you entrench on my Prerogative. I own no ſubjection to you* (return'd *Conſtance*) *and my Title is as Good as your Prerogative, which I will maintain as long as I can hold this* (Continu'd he, and drew his Sword) *Hah! Nobly done!* (Cry'd *Hardyman* drawing) *I cou'd almoſt wiſh thou wert my Friend: you ſpeak Generouſly* (return'd *Lewis*) *I find, I have to do with a Gentleman. Retire to a Convenient diſtance* (ſaid *Hardyman* to *Goodlad*) *If you come near while we are diſputing, my Sword ſhall thank you for't. and you, Sir, Retire!* (Said *Conſtance* to his Servant) *And if you will keep your Life, keep your diſtance! O my brave Enemy!* (Cry'd *Miles*) *Give me thy hand!* Here they ſhook hands, and gave one another the Compliment of the Hat, and then (ſaid *Hardyman*)

Come

Come on, Sir! I am with you, Sir (reply'd *Lewis* ſtanding on his Guard) they were both equally knowing in the uſe of their Swords; ſo that they fought for ſome few minutes without any wound receiv'd on either ſide. But, at laſt, *Miles* being Taller and much ſtronger than his Adverſary, reſolv'd to cloſe with him; which he did, putting by a paſs that *Lewis* made at him with his left hand, and at the ſame time, he run him quite thro' the Body, threw him and diſarm'd him. Riſe if thou canſt (cry'd *Hardyman*) thou art really brave. *I will not put thee to the ſhame of asking thy Life. Alas! I cannot riſe* (reply'd Lewis, endeavouring to get up) *ſo ſhort a Life as mine were not worth the breath of a Coward — Make haſte! Fly hence! For thou art loſt if thou ſtay'ſt: My Friends are many and great; they will murther thee by Law. Fly! Fly in time! Heaven forgive us Both! Amen!* (Cry'd *Miles*) *I hope, thou may'ſt recover! 'Tis pity ſo much Bravery and Honour ſhou'd be loſt ſo Early. Farewell——And now adiew to the Fair and Faithleſs* Diana! *Ha!* (Cry'd Conſtance) *O Bloody miſtake!* But cou'd ſpeak no more for loſs of Blood. *Hardyman* heard not thoſe laſt words, being ſpoken with a fainting Voice; but in haſt mounted and rode with all ſpeed for *London*, attended by *Goodlad*; whil'ſt *Conſtance*'s Servant came up to him; and having all along Travell'd with him, had two or three times, had the occaſion of making uſe of that skill in Surgery which he had Learn'd abroad in

France and *Italy*, which he now again practisd on his Maſter, with ſuch ſucceſs, that in leſs than half an hour he put his Maſter in a capacity of Leaning on him, and ſo walking home with him, tho very gently and ſlowly. By the way, *Lewis* charg'd his Servant not to ſay, which way *Hardyman* took; unleſs he deſign'd to quit his Service for ever. *But Pardon me Sir!* (Return'd t'other) *your wound is very dangerous, and I am not ſure that it is not Mortal: And if ſo, give me leave to ſay, I ſhall purſue him over all* England, *for vengeance of your Death. 'Twas a miſtake on both ſides I find* (ſaid *Lewis*) *Therefore think not of Revenge; I was as hot and as much to blame as He.* They were near an hour getting to the Houſe, after his Blood was ſtopt. As he was led in, deſigning to be carry'd to his Chamber, and take his Bed as ſick of an Ague, his Siſter and *Lucretia* met him, and both ſwoun'd away at the ſight of him; but in a little time they were recover'd, as if to torment him with their Tears, Sighs and Lamentation. They ask'd him a Thouſand Impertinent Queſtions, which he defer'd to Anſwer till he was laid in Bed; when he told his Siſter that the *Gentleman who had thus treated him, bid her Adieu by the Epithet of Fair and Faithleſs. For Heavens ſake* (cry'd Diana) *what manner of Man, was he? Very Tall and Well ſet* (reply'd her Brother) *of an Auſtere Aſpect, but a well ſaver'd Face and Prodigiouſly ſtrong. Had he a Servant with him, Sir?* (ask'd *Lucretia*)

Yes,

Yes, Madam (Anſwer'd her Lover) and deſcribd her Servant. *Ah my Prophetic Fears* (cry'd ſhe) *It was my Brother attended by* Goodlad. *Your Brother! Deareſt and Faireſt of your Sex* (ſaid *Lewis*) *Heaven ſend him ſafely out of* England *then! Nay, be he who he may I wiſh the ſame: For he is truly Brave. Alas, my Dear, my cruel* Hardyman! (Cry'd *Diana*) *your* Hardyman *Siſter!* (Said *Lewis*) *Ah! Wou'd he had been ſo! You might then have had hopes of an Affectionate Brothers Life; which yet I will endeavour to preſerve, that by the Enjoyment of your Dear and Neareſt Converſation Madam* (purſu'd he to *Lucretia*) *I may be prepar'd to endure the only Greater joys of Heaven. But, O! My Words prey on my Spirits. And all the World, like a huge Ship at Anchor, turn round with the Ebbing Tide— I can no more.* At theſe words both the Ladies ſhreik'd aloud, which made him ſigh, and move his hand as well as he cou'd toward the Door, his Attendant perceiv'd it, and told 'em he ſign'd to 'em to quit the room; as indeed it was neceſſary they ſhou'd, that he might repoſe a while if poſſible, at leaſt that he might not be oblig'd to talk, nor look much about him. They obey'd the neceſſity, but with ſome Reluctancy, and went into their own Chamber, where they ſigh'd, wept and lamented their misfortunes for near two hours together. When all on a ſuddain, the Aunt, who had her ſhare of ſorrow too in this ugly buſineſs, came runing up to 'em, to let 'em know that old Sir

Henry Hardyman, was below, and came to carry his Daughter Madam *Lucretia* home with him. This both ſurpris'd and troubl'd the young Ladies, who were yet more diſturb'd when the Aunt told 'em, that he enquir'd for his Son; and wou'd not be convinc'd by any Argument whatever; no, nor Proteſtation in her Capacity, that young *Hardyman* was not in the Houſe, nor that he had not been entertain'd there ever ſince he left his Father — *But come Couſin and Madam!* (*Said ſhe to the young Ladies*) *Go down to him immediately, or I fear, he'll come up to you.* *Lucretia* knew ſhe muſt, and t'other wou'd not be there alone: So down they came to the Old Teſty Gentleman. *Your Servant Lady* (ſaid he to *Diana*) *Lucretia* then kneel'd for his Bleſſing. *Very well, very well* (cry'd he haſtily) *God bleſs you! Where's your Brother? Ha! Where's your Brother? I know not, Sir,* (ſhe Anſwer'd) *I have not ſeen him ſince I have been here. No,* (ſaid he) *nor ſince you have been in this Parlour laſt, you mean. I mean, Sir* (ſhe return'd) *upon my hopes of yours and Heaven's Bleſſing, I have not ſeen him ſince I ſaw you, Sir, within a mile of our own Houſe. Ha!* Lucretia, *Ha!* (Cry'd the old Infidel) *Have a care you pull not mine and Heavens Curſe on your head! Believe me Sir!* (Said *Diana*) *To my knowledge, ſhe has not. Why, Lady* (ask'd the Paſſionate Knight) *Are you ſo Curious and Fond of him your ſelf, that you will allow no body elſe the ſight of him? Not ſo much as his own*

Siſter?

Siſter? I don't underſtand you, Sir (ſhe reply'd) *For, by my hopes of Heaven, I have not ſeen him neither ſince that Day I left you. Hey! Paſs and Repaſs* (cry'd the old ſuſpicious Father) *Preſto, Be gone! —— This is all Conjuration. 'Tis Diabolical, dealing with the Devil! In lies, I mean, on one ſide or other: For he told me to my Teeth, at leaſt, he ſaid in my hearing on the Bowling-Green, but in two Nights ſince that he hop'd to ſee your Ladyſhip (For, I ſuppoſe you are his Miſtreſs) that Night e'r twas dark: Upon which I gave him only a kind and fatherly memorandum of his Duty; and he immediately left the Company and me, who have not ſet eye on him, nor heard one ſyllable of him ſince —— Now, Judge you, Lady! If I have not reaſon to conclude that he has been, and is above ſtill! No,* (ſaid the Aunt) *you have no reaſon to conclude ſo; when they both have told you ſollemnly the contrary, and when I can add that, I will take a formal Oath if requir'd, that he has not been in this houſe ſince my Couſin* Lewis *went to Travel; nor before, to the beſt of my Memory. And I am Confident, neither my Couſin* Diana, *nor the Lady your Daughter have ſeen him ſince they left him with you, Sir---I wiſh, indeed, my Dear Couſin* Lewis *had not ſeen him ſince. How! What's that you ſay Good Lady?* (ask'd the Knight) *Is Mr.* Lewis Conſtance *then in* England? *And do you think that he has ſeen him ſo lately? For your Diſcourſe ſeems to imply as much. Sir* Henry, (reply'd the Aunt) *you are very big with Queſtions, but I will endeavour to ſatisfy you in all*

of

of 'em. —— *My Couſin* Lewis Conſtance *is in* England; *nay, more; he is now in his Chamber a bed, and* dangerouſly, *if, not* Mortally *wounded, by Squire* Miles Hardyman *your Son. Heaven forbid* (Cry'd the Father) *ſure, 'tis impoſſible. All things are ſo to the Incredulous. Look you Sir!* (Continu'd ſhe, ſeeing *Lewis*'s Servant come in) *Do you remember his* French *Servant* Albert, *whom he took ſome Months before he left* England? —— *There he is, Humh!* (Said the old Sceptic) *I think verily 'tis the ſame. Ay, Sir,* (ſaid the Servant) *I am the ſame, at your Service. How does your Maſter?* (Ask'd Sir *Henry*) *almoſt as bad as the Squire, your Son left him,* (reply'd *Albert*) *only I have ſtopt the bleeding, and he is now dozing a little: To ſay truth, I have only hopes of his Life becauſe I wiſh it. When was this done?* (the Knight Inquir'd) *not three hours ſince,* (return'd t'other.) *What was the occaſion?* (Said Sir *Henry*) *An ugly miſtake on both ſides; your Son, as I underſtand, not knowing my Maſter, took him for his Rival; and bad him quit his pretenſions to the Fair Lady, for whom he had a paſſion; My Maſter thought he meant the Lady* Lucretia *your Daughter, Sir, with whom I find he is paſſionately in Love,—and—very well—ſo—Go on!* (Interrupted the Knight with a ſigh) *and was reſolv'd to diſpute his Title with him; which he did, but the Squire is as ſtrong as the Horſe he Rides on!—And! 'Tis a deſperate wound!—Which way is he gone? Canſt thou tell* (Ask'd the Father)? *Yes, I can; but I muſt not, 'tis as much as my place is worth. My*

Maſter

Maſter wou'd not have him taken for all the World. Nay; I muſt needs own he is a very brave Perſon. But you may let me know (ſaid the Father) *you may be Confident, I will not expoſe him to the Law: Beſides, if it pleaſe Heaven that your Maſter recover, there will be no neceſſity of a Proſecution.—Prithee let me know!* *You'll Pardon me Sir,* (ſaid *Lewis's* Truſty Servant) *My Maſter perhaps may give you that ſatisfaction; and I'll give you notice, Sir—— When you may conveniently Diſcourſe him.—— Your humble Servant, Sir,* (he added, bowing and went out.) The Old Gentleman was ſtrangely mortify'd at this News of his Son. And his abſence perplex'd him more than any thing beſides in the Relation. He walk'd wildly up and down the room, ſighing, foaming and rolling his Eyes in a dreadful manner; And at the Noiſe of any Horſe on the Road, out he wou'd ſtart as nimbly as if he were as youthful as his Son, whom he ſought in vain amon'g thoſe Paſſengers. Then returning, he cry'd out to her, *O* Lucretia! *Your Brother! Where's your Brother?——O, my Son! The Delight, Comfort and Pride of my Old Age! Why doſt thou fly me?* Then Anſwering as for young *Hardyman* (ſaid he) *you ſtruck me publickly before much Company, in the face of my Companions.—— Come,* (reply'd he, for himſelf) *'Twas Paſſion,* Miles; *'twas Paſſion; youth is Guilty of many Errors, and ſhall not Age be Allow'd their Infirmities?* Miles, *thou know'ſt I Love thee.—— Love thee above Riches, or* long *Life.——O! Come to my Arms,*

Dear

Dear Fugitive, and make haſte to preſerve His *who gave thee thy Life!* ——Thus he went Raving about the Room; whilſt the ſorrowful, Compaſſionate Ladies expreſt their grief in Tears. After this Loving Fit was over with him; he wou'd ſtart out into a contrary madneſs and threaten his Son with the greateſt and the heavy'ſt puniſhment he cou'd imagin; Inſomuch that the young Ladies who had thoughts before of perſwading *Lewis* to inform Sir *Harry*, which way his Son rode, were now afraid of propoſing any ſuch thing to him. Dinner was at laſt ſerv'd in, to which *Diana* with much difficulty prevail'd with him to ſit. Indeed, neither he, nor any there preſent had any great Appetite to Eat: Their grief had more than ſatiated 'em. About five a Clock, *Albert* ſignify'd to the Knight, that he might then moſt conveniently ſpeak with his Maſter; but beg'd that he wou'd not diſturb him beyond half a quarter of an hour: He went up therefore to him, follow'd by the young Lady and the Aunt; *Lewis.* was the firſt that ſpoke, who putting his hand a little out of the bed, ſaid with a ſigh, Sir *Henry*, I hope, you will pitty a great misfortune, and endeavour to pardon me who was the greateſt occaſion of it; which has doubly puniſh'd me in theſe wounds, and in the loſs of that Gentleman's Converſation, whoſe only Friendſhip I wou'd have Courted. Heaven Pardon you, both the Injuries done to one another. (return'd the Knight) I grieve to ſee you thus,

thus, and the more, when I remember my ſelf, that 'twas done by my Son's unlucky hand; Wou'd he were here; ſo wou'd not I (ſaid *Lewis*) *Till I am aſſur'd my wound is not Mortal, which I have ſome reaſons to believe it is not. Let me beg one favour of you, Sir,* (ſaid Sir *Henry*) *I beſeech you do not deny me. It muſt be a very difficult matter that you Sir, ſhall not Command of me,* (reply'd *Conſtance*) It can't be difficult to you to tell me, or to *Command your Servant to let me know what Road my Son took. He may be at* Briſtol *long e'r this,* (return'd *Lewis*) *that was the Road they took* (added the Servant) *I thank you my worthy, my kind friend!* (Said the Afflicted Father) *I will ſtudy to deſerve this kindneſs of you. How do you find your ſelf now? That I may ſend him an account by my Servant, if he is to be found in that City? Pretty hearty,* (return'd *Lewis*) *if the wounds your Adorable Daughter here has given me, do not prove more fatal than my Friends your Sons.* She bluſh'd, and he purſu'd, *My Servant has ſent for the beſt Phyſician and Surgeon in all theſe Parts: I expect them every minute; and then I ſhall be rightly inform'd in the State of my Body, I will deſer my meſſenger till then* (ſaid Sir *Henry.*) *I will leave that to your Diſcretion Sir,* (return'd *Conſtance*) As they were diſcourſing of 'em, In came the Learned Sons of Art; The Surgeon prob'd his wound afreſh, which he found very large, but not Mortal, his loſs of Blood being the moſt dangerous of all his Circumſtances. The Countrey-*Æſculapius*

pius approved of the firſt Intention, and of his Application; ſo dreſſing it once himſelf, he left the cure of Health to the Phyſician, who preſcrib'd ſome particular remedy againſt Feavers, and a Cordial or two; took his fee without any ſcruples, as the Surgeon had done before, and then took both their leave. Sir *Henry* was as Joyful as *Lewis*'s Siſter, or as his own Daughter *Lucretia*, who lov'd him perfectly, to hear the wound was not Mortal; and immediately diſpatch'd a Man and Horſe to *Briſtol*, in ſearch of his Son; The Meſſenger return'd in a ſhort time with this Account only, that ſuch a kind of a Gentleman and his Servant took Shipping the day before, as 'twas ſuppos'd, for *London*. This put the Old Gentleman into a perfect Phrenzy. He ask'd the fellow, why the Devil he did not give his Son the Letter he ſent to him? Why he did not tell him, that his Poor, Old, Forſaken father wou'd receive him with all the tenderneſs of an Indulgent Parent? And why he did not aſſure his Son from him, that, on his return, he ſhou'd be Bleſt with the Lady *Diana*? And a thouſand other extravagant Queſtions which no body cou'd reply to, any better than the Meſſenger, who told him, trembling; Firſt, that he cou'd not deliver the Letter to his Son, becauſe he cou'd not find him; and ſecondly and laſtly, being an Anſwer in full to all his Demands, that he cou'd not, nor durſt tell the young Gentleman any of thoſe kind things, ſince he had

no

no order to do ſo; nor cou'd he enter into his Worſhip's heart, to know his thoughts: Which return, tho it was reaſonable enough, and might have been ſatisfactory to any other Man in better Circumſtances of mind; ſo enrag'd Sir *Henry*, that he had certainly Kill'd the Poor Slave, had not the fellow ſav'd his life by jumping down almoſt half the ſtairs, and continuing his flight, Sir *Henry* ſtill purſuing him, till he came to the Stables; where, finding the Door open, Sir *Henry* ran in and ſaddl'd his Horſe his own ſelf, without ſtaying for any Attendant, or ſo much as taking his leave of the wounded Gentleman, or Ladies, or giving orders to his Daughter when ſhe ſhou'd follow him home, whither he was Poſting alone; but the Servant who came out with him accidentally ſeeing him as he Rode out at the fartheſt Gate, ſo timely purſu'd him, that he overtook him about a Mile and half of the Houſe. Home they got then in leſs than three hours time, without one Word or Syllable all the way on either ſide, unleſs now and then a hearty Sigh or Groan from the Afflicted Father, whoſe Paſſion was ſo Violent and had ſo diſorder'd him that he was conſtrain'd immediately to go to Bed, where he was ſeiz'd with a dangerous Feaver, which was attended with a ſtrange *Delirium*, or, rather with an Abſolute Madneſs; of which the Lady *Lucretia*, had advice that ſame Night tho very late. This News ſo Surpriz'd and Afflicted her, as well for the danger

ger of her Lover as of her Father, that it threw her into a ſwoon, out of which, when, with ſome difficulty ſhe was recover'd, with great Perplexity and Anguiſh of mind, ſhe took a ſad Farewell of the Lady *Diana*, but durſt not be ſeen by her Brother on ſuch an occaſion, as of taking leave, leſt it ſhou'd retard his recovery: To her Fathers then ſhe was Convey'd with all Convenient Expedition; The Old Gentleman was ſo Aſſiduouſly and Lawfully attended by his Fair, Affectionate Daughter, that in leſs than ten days time, his Feaver was much abated, and his *Delirium* had quite left him, and he knew every body about him perfectly; only the thoughts of his Son, by Fits wou'd Chocque and Diſcompoſe him: However he was very ſenſible of his Daughter's Piety in her Care of him, which was no little Comfort to him: Nor, indeed, cou'd he be otherwiſe than ſenſible of it, by her looks, which were then Pale and Thin, by over-watching; which occaſion'd her Sickneſs as it caus'd her Father's Health: For, no ſooner cou'd Sir *Henry* walk about the Room, than ſhe was forc'd to keep her Bed; being Afflicted with the ſame Diſtemper from which her Father was yet but hardly freed: Her Feaver was high, but the *Delirium* was not ſo Great; In which yet ſhe ſhou'd often diſcover her Paſſion for *Lewis Conſtance* her wounded Lover; Lamenting the great danger his Life had been in, as if ſhe had not receiv'd daily Letters of his Amendment. Then, again ſhe wou'd com-

complain of her Brother's Abſence, but more frequently of her Lover's; which her Father hearing, ſent to invite him to come to her with his Siſter, as ſoon as young *Conſtance* was able to undertake the Journey; which he did the very next day, and he and *Diana* gave the languiſhing Lady a viſit in her Chamber, juſt in the happy time of an Interval, which, 'tis ſuppos'd, was the ſole cauſe of her Recovery; for the ſight of her Lover and Friend, was better then the richeſt Cordial, in her Diſtemper. In a very ſhort time ſhe left her Bed, when Sir *Henry*, to give her perfect Health, himſelf joyn'd the two Lover's hands; and not many Weeks after, when her Beauty and Strength return'd in their wonted Vigour, he gave her 10000 *l.* and his Bleſſing, which was a double Portion, on their Wedding-day, which he celebrated with all the Coſt and Mirth that his Eſtate and Sorrow would permit: Sorrow for the loſs of his Son, I mean, which ſtill hung upon him, and ſtill hover'd and croak'd over and about him, as Ravens and other Birds of Prey about Camps and dying People. His Melancholly in few Months encreas'd to that degree, that all Company and Converſation was odious to him, but that of *Batts*, *Owls*, *Night Ravens*, &c. Nay, even his *Daughter*, his dear and *Only* Child, as he imagin'd, was induſtriouſly avoided by him. In ſhort, it got ſo intire a Maſtery of him, that he wou'd not, nor did receive any Suſtenance for many days toge-

ther; and at laſt it confin'd him to his Bed where he lay wilfully ſpeechleſs for two Days and Nights; his Son-in-Law, or his own Daughter ſtill attending a Nights by turns; when on the third Night, his *Lucretia* ſitting cloſe by him in Tears, he fetch'd a deep Sigh, which ended in a piteous Groan, and call'd faintly, *Lucretia*! *Lucretia*! The Lady being then almoſt as Melancholly as her Father, did not hear him till the third Call; when falling on her Knees, and embracing his Hand, which he held out to her: ſhe return'd with Tears then *guſhing* out, yes, Sir, It is I, your *Lucretia*, your dutiful, obedient, and affectionate *Lucretia*, and moſt ſorrowfully afflicted Daughter. Bleſs her Heaven! (ſaid the Father) I'm going now (continu'd he weakly) O *Miles*! yet come and take thy laſt farewel of thy dear Father! Art thou for ever gone from me? Wilt thou not come and take thy dying Father's Bleſſing? Then I will ſend it after thee. Bleſs him! O Heaven! Bleſs him! Sweet Heaven bleſs my Son! My *Miles*! Here he began to faulter in his Speech, when the Lady gave a great Shriek, which wak'd and alarm'd her Husband, who ran down to 'em in his Night-gown; and kneeling by the Bed-ſide with his Lady, beg'd their departing Father's Bleſſing on them. The ſhriek had (it ſeems) recall'd the dying Gentleman's fleeting Spirits, who moving his hand as well as he cou'd, with Eyes lift up (as it were) whiſper'd, *Heaven bleſs*

you

you both! Bless me! Bless my — O *Miles!* Then dy'd. His Death (no doubt) was attended with the Sighs, Tears, and unfeigned Lamentations of the Lady and her Husband; for, bating his sudden Passion, he was certainly as good a Father, Friend, and Neighbour, as *England* cou'd boast. His Funeral was celebrated then with all the Ceremonies due to his Quality and Estate: And the young happy Couple felt their dying Parent's Blessing in their mutual Love and uninterrupted Tranquility: Whilst (alas!) it yet far'd otherwise with their Brother; of whose Fortune it is fit I shou'd now give you an account.

From *Bristol* he arriv'd to *London* with his Servant *Goodlad*; to whom he propos'd, either that he shou'd return to Sir *Henry*, or share in his Fortunes abroad: The faithful Servant told him, he wou'd rather be unhappy in his Service, then quit it for a large Estate. To which his kind Master return'd (embracing him,) *No more my Servant now, but my Friend! No more* Goodlad, *but* True-love! *And I am*— Lostall! *'Tis a very proper Name, suitable to my wretched Circumstances.* So after some farther Discourse on their Design, they sold their Horses, took Shipping, and went for *Germany*, where then was the seat of War.

Miles's Person and Address soon recommended him to the chief Officers in the Army; and his Friend *Truelove* was very well accepted with 'em. They both then

mounted in the ſame Regiment and Company, as Volunteers; and in the firſt Battle behav'd themſelves like brave *Engliſhmen*; eſpecially *Miles*, whom now we muſt call Mr. *Loſtall*, who ſignaliz'd himſelf that day, ſo much, that his Captain and Lieutenant being kill'd, he ſucceeded to him in the Command of the Company, and *Truelove* was made his Lieutenant. The next Field-fight *Trulove* was kill'd, and *Loſtall* much wounded, after he had ſufficiently reveng'd his Friends Death by the ſlaughter of many of the Enemies. Here it was that his Bravery was ſo particular, that he was courted by the Lieutenant-General to accept of the Command of a Troop of Horſe; which gave him freſh and continued occaſions of manifeſting his Courage and Conduct. All this while he liv'd too generouſly for his Pay; ſo that in three or four years time, the War ceaſing, he was oblig'd to make uſe of what Jewels and Money he had left of his own, for his Pay was quite ſpent. But at laſt his whole Fund being exhauſted to about Fifty or Threeſcore Pounds, he began to have Thoughts of returning to his Native Country, *England*, which in a few Weeks he did; and appear'd at the Tower to ſome of his Majeſty's (King *Charles* the Second's) Officers, in a very plain and courſe, but clean and decent Habit: to one of theſe Officers he addreſs'd himſelf, and deſir'd to mount the Guards under his Command, and in his Company; who very readily receiv'd him

him into Pay. (The Royal Family had not then been reſtor'd much above a Twelve Month.) In this Poſt his Behaviour was ſuch, that he was generally belov'd both by the Officers and private Souldiers; moſt punctually and exactly doing his Duty; and when he was off the Guard, he would employ himſelf in any laborious way whatſoever, to get a little Money. And it happen'd, that one Afternoon as he was helping to clean the *Tower ditch*, (for he refus'd not to do the meaneſt Offices, in hopes to expiate his Crime by ſuch voluntary Penances,) a Gentleman, very richly dreſt, coming that way, ſaw him at work; and taking particular notice of him, thought he ſhou'd know that Face of his, tho' ſome of the lines of it had been ſtruck out by a Scar or two; and regarding him more earneſtly, he was at laſt fully confirm'd that he was the Man he thought him; which made him ſay to the Souldier, Prithee Friend, What art thou doing there? The unhappy Gentleman return'd in his Country dialect, Why, Maſter, Cham helping to clear the *Tower-ditch*, zure, an't pleaſe you. 'Tis very hot (ſaid t'other) Art thou not a dry? Could'ſt thou not drink? Ay Maſter, reply'd the Souldier, with all my Heart. Well, (ſaid the Gentleman) I'll give thee a Flaggon or two; Where is the beſt Drink? At yonder Houſe, Maſter, (anſwer'd the Souldier) where you ſee yon Souldier drinking at the Door, there

be the beſt Drink and the beſt Meaſure, (Zure.) Chil woit a top O your Worſhip'az Zoon az you be got thare. I'l take thy word, ſaid t'other, and went directly to the place, where he had hardly ſate down and call'd for ſome drink e'r the Souldier came in; to whom the Gentleman gave one pot, and drank to him out of another. *Loſtall* that was the Souldier, whipp'd off his Flaggon, and ſaid bowing, well Maſter God bleſs your Worſhip! Ich cau but Love and thank you; and was going, but the Gentleman who had farther buis'neſs with him, with ſome difficulty prevail'd on him to ſit down for a minute or two: after the Souldier had urg'd that he muſt mind his buis'neſs, for he had yet half a day's work almoſt to Complete, and he wou'd not wrong any Body of a quarter of a hour's Labour for all the World. Th'art a very Honeſt Fellow, I believe, ſaid his Friend; but prithee what do's thy whole days work come to? Eighteen pence, reply'd *Loſtall*: Look, there 'tis for thee ſaid the Gentleman. Ay; but an't like your Worſhip, who muſt make an end of my days buis'neſs? the Souldier ask'd. Get any body elſe to do it for thee, and I'l pay him. Canſt prevail with one of thy Fellow Souldiers to be ſo kind? Yes, Maſter, Thank God, cham not ſo ill belov'd nother. Here's Honeſt Franc. will do ſo much vor me, Zure: wilt not Franc? (withal my heart Tom, reply'd his Comerade) Here Friend (ſaid *Loſtall*'s New Acquaintance)

Here's

Here's Eighteen pence for Thee too. I thank your Honour, return'd the Souldier; but shou'd have but nine pence. No matter what thou *shou'dst* have; I'l give thee no *less*, Said the strange Gentleman. Heavens bless your Honour! Cry'd the Souldier, and after he had swigg'd off a pot of Good Drink, took *Lostall's* Pick-ax and Spade, and went about his buis'ness. Now (said the stranger) Let us go and take a glass of Wine, if there be any that is Good hereabouts: For, I fancy, Thou'rt a mighty Honest Fellow; and I like thy Company mainly. Cham very much bound to behold you, Master; return'd *Lostall*: And chave a vancy that you be [illegible] a West-Country-Man, Zure; added he; you do a take zo like en: vor *mainly* be our Country Word, Zure. Wee'l talk more of that by and by, Said t'other, Mean while, I'l discharge the House, and walk whither Thou wilt lead me. That sha'n't be var, Zure, return'd *Lostall*; vor the Gun upon the Hill there has the best report vor Wine and Zeck ale hereabouts. There they arriv'd then in a very little time; got a Room to themselves, and had better Wine than the Gentleman expected. After a Glass or two apeice, his unknown Friend ask'd *Lostall* what Country Man he was. To whom the Souldier reply'd, that he was a *Somersetzhire* Man, Zure. Didst thou never here then of one Sir *Henry Hardyman*? the Stranger ask'd. Hier of 'n! (Cry'd t'other) yes zure; chave a zeen

en often. Ah! Zure my Mother and I have had many a zwindging Pitcher of good Drink, and many a good piece of Meat at his Houſe. Humh! cry'd the Gentleman. It ſeems your Mother and you knew him then? Ay, zure, mainly well; ich mean, by zight, mainly well, by zight. They had a great deal of farther diſcourſe, which laſted near two hours; in which time the Gentleman had the opportunity to be fully aſſur'd that this was *Miles Hardyman*, for whom he took him at firſt. At that firſt Conference *Miles* told him his Name was honeſt *Tom Loſtall*; and, that he had been a Souldier about five years; having firſt obtain'd the dignity of a Serjeant, and afterward had the honour to be a Trooper, which was the greateſt Poſt of Honour that he cou'd boaſt of. At laſt, his new Friend ask'd *Miles*, if he ſhou'd ſee him there at three in the Afternoon the next day? *Miles* return'd, that he ſhou'd be at his Poſt upon Duty then, and that without leave from his Lieutenant, who then wou'd command the Guards at the *Tower*, he cou'd not ſtir a foot with him. His Friend return'd, that he wou'd endeavour to get leave for him for an hour or two: After which they drank off their Wine; the Gentleman pay'd the Reckoning, and gave *Miles* a broad Piece to drink more Wine till he came, if he pleas'd, and then parted till the next day. When his Friend was gone, *Miles* had the opportunity of reflecting on that days Adventure. He thought

he

he had seen the Gentleman's Face, and heard his Voice, but where, and upon what occasion, he could not imagine; but he was in hopes that on a second interview, he might recollect himself where it was he had seen him. 'Twas exactly three a Clock the next Afternoon, when his Friend came in his own Mourning Coach, accompany'd by another, who look'd like a Gentleman, tho' he wore no Sword. His Friend was attended by two of his own Footmen in black Liveries. *Miles* was at his Post, when his Friend ask'd where the Officer of the Guard was? The Souldier reply'd, that he was at the Gun. The Gentleman went directly to the Lieutenant, and desir'd the Liberty of an hour or two for *Miles*, then *Tom Lofthall*, to take a Glass of Wine with him. The Lieutenant return'd, that he might keep him a Week or two if he pleas'd, and he would excuse him; for (added he) there is not a more obedient, nor better Souldier then *Tom* was, in the whole Regiment; and that he believ'd he was as *Brave* as *Obedient*. The Gentleman reply'd, that he was very happy to hear so good a Character of him; and having obtain'd leave for his Friend, made his Compliment, and return'd to take *Miles* along with him: When he came to the trusty Centinel, he commanded the boot to be let down, and desired *Miles* to come into the Coach, telling him that the Officer had given him leave. Ah! Sir, (return'd Miles) altho he has, I *cannot*, nor

nor *will* quit my Poſt, till I am reliev'd by a Corporal; on which, without any more words, the Gentleman once more went to the Lieutenant, and told him what the Souldier's anſwer was. The Officer ſmil'd, and reply'd, that he had forgot to ſend a Corporal with him, e'r he was got out o' ſight, and begg'd the Gentleman's Pardon that he had given him a ſecond Trouble. Then immediately calling for a Corporal, he diſpatch'd him with the Gentleman to relieve *Miles*; who then, with ſome little difficulty, was prevailed on to ſtep into the Coach, which carry'd 'em into ſome Tavern or other in *Leaden-hall-ſtreet*; where, after a Bottle or two, his Friend told *Miles*, that the Gentleman who came with him in the Coach, had ſome buſineſs with him in another Room. *Miles* was ſurpris'd at that! and look'd earneſtly on his Friend's Companion; and ſeeing he had no Sword, pull'd off his own, and walk'd with him into the next Room; where he ask'd the Stranger, What Buſineſs he had with him? To which the other reply'd, That he muſt take meaſure of him. How! (cry'd *Miles*) Take meaſure of me? That need not be; for I can tell how Tall I am. I am (continued he) Six Foot and two Inches high. I believe as much (ſaid t'other.) But Sir, I am a Taylor, and muſt take meaſure of you to make a Suit of Cloths or two for you: or half a dozen, if you pleaſe. Pray, good Mr. Taylor (ſaid *Miles*) don't mock

me;

me; for tho 'cham a poor fellow, yet 'cham no vool, zure. I don't indeed Sir, reply'd t'other. Why, who ſhall pay for 'em? Your Friend, the Gentleman in the next Room: I'll take his word for a thouſand Pounds, and more; and he has already promis'd to be my Paymaſter for as many Suits as you ſhall beſpeak, and of what price you pleaſe. Ah! mary (cry'd *Miles*) he is a Right Worſhipful Gentleman; and ich caunt but love 'n and thank 'n. The Taylor then took meaſure of him, and they return'd to the Gentleman; who, after a Bottle or two a piece, ask'd *Miles* when he ſhou'd mount the Guard next? *Miles* told him four days thence; and he ſhou'd be poſted in the ſame place; and that his Captain wou'd then command the Guard, who was a very noble Captain, and a good Officer. His Friend, who then had no further buſineſs with *Miles* at that time, once more parted with him till three a Clock the next *Saturday*; when he return'd, and ask'd if the Captain were at the Gun, or no? *Miles* aſſur'd him he was. His Friend then went down directly to the Tavern, where he found the Captain, the Lieutenant, and Enſign; upon his Addreſs, the Captain moſt readily gave his Conſent that *Miles* might ſtay with him a Month, if he wou'd; and added many things in praiſe of his *Truſty* and *Dutiful Souldier*. The Gentleman then farther entreated, that he might have the liberty to give him and the other Officers a Supper that Night; and that they

they would permit their poor Souldier, *Tom Loſtall*, the honour to eat with 'em there. To the firſt the Captain and the reſt ſeem'd ſomething averſe; but to the laſt they all readily agreed; and at length the Gentleman's Importunity prevail'd on 'em to accept his Kindneſs, he urging, that it was in acknowledgment of all thoſe Favours they had plac'd on his Friend *Tom*. With his pleaſing Succeſs he came to *Miles*, not forgetting then to take a Corporal with him. At this ſecond Invitation into the Coach, *Miles* did not uſe much Ceremony, but ſtept in, and wou'd have ſat over againſt the Gentleman, by the Gentleman Taylor; but his Friend oblig'd him to ſit on the ſame ſeat with him. They came then again to their old Tavern in *Leaden hall-ſtreet*, and were ſhew'd into a large Room; where they had been not above ſix Minutes, er the Gentleman's Servans, and another, who belong'd to Monſieur Taylor, brought two or three large bags; out of one they took Shirts, half Shirts, Bands and Stockings; out of another, a Mourning Suit; out of a third, a Mourning Cloak, Hat, and a large Hatband, with black Cloth-ſhooes; and one of the Geneleman's Servants laid down a Mourning Sword and Belt on the Table: *Miles* was amaz'd at the ſight of all theſe things; and kept his Eyes fix'd on 'em, till his Friend cry'd, Come, *Tom*! Put on your Linnen firſt! Here! (continu'd he to his Servants;) Bid 'em light ſome Faggots here!

For

For, tho 'tis Summer, the Linnen may want airing; and there may be ſome ugly cold Vapours about the Room, which a good Fire will draw away. *Miles* was ſtill in a Maze! But the Fire being well kindled, the Gentleman himſelf took a Shirt, and air'd it; commanding one of his Servants to help *Tom* to undreſs. *Miles* was ſtrangely out o' Countenance at this; and told his Friend, that he was of Age and Ability to pull off his own Cloths; that he never us'd to have any *Valets de Chambre* (as they call'd 'em;) and for his part, he was aſham'd and ſorry, that ſo Worſhipful a Gentleman ſhou'd take the trouble to warm a Shirt for him. Beſides (added he) chave heat enough (zure) to warm my Shirt. In ſhort, he put on his Shirt, half Shirt, his Cloths, and all Appurtinances, as modiſhly as the beſt *Valet de Chambre* in *Paris* cou'd. When *Miles* was dreſt, his Friend told him, that he believ'd he look'd *then* more like himſelf, then ever he had done ſince his return to *England*. Ah! Noble Sir! ſaid *Miles*, Vine Veathers meak vine Birds. But pray Sir, Why muſt I wear Mourning? Becauſe there is a particular Friend of mine dead, for whoſe loſs I can never ſufficiently mourn my ſelf; and therefore I deſire that all whom I love ſhou'd mourn with me for him, return'd the Gentleman; not but that there are three other Suits in hand for you at this time. *Miles* began then to ſuſpect ſomething of his Father's Death, which had like

like to have made him betray his Grief at his Eyes; which his Friend perceiving, took him by the hand, and ſaid, Here my dear Friend! To the Memory of my departed Friend! You are ſo very like what he was, conſidering your difference in years, that I can't chooſe but love you, next to my Wife, and my own Siſter. Ah! *Sir*! (ſaid he, and lapping his Handkerchief to his Eyes) How can I deſerve this of you? I have told you (reply'd t'other.) But—— Come! Take your Glaſs, and about with it! He did ſo, and they were indifferently pleaſant, the Subject of diſcourſe being chang'd, till about a quarter after five; when the Gentleman call'd to pay, and took Coach with *Miles* only, for the *Gun-Tavern*; where he order'd a very noble Supper to be got ready with all Expedition; mean while they entertain'd one another, in a Room as diſtant from the Officers as the Houſe wou'd permit; *Miles* relating to his new Friend all his Fortunes abroad, but ſtill diſguiſing the true occaſion of his leaving *England*. Something more than an hour after, one of the Drawers came to let 'em know, that Supper was juſt going to be ſerv'd up. They went then directly to the Officers, whom they found all together, with two or three Gentlemen more of their Acquaintance; they all ſaluted the Gentleman who had invited 'em firſt, and then complimented *Miles*, whom they miſtook for another Friend of the Gentleman's that gave 'em the

the Invitation; not in the leaſt imagining that it was *Tom Loſtall.* When they were all ſat, the Captain ask'd, Where is our Truſty and Well-beloved Friend Mr. *Thomas Loſtall*? Moſt Honoured Captain! (reply'd *Miles*) I am here, moſt humbly at your Honours Service, and all my other Noble Officers. Ha! *Tom*! cry'd the Lieutenant, I thought indeed when thou firſt cam'ſt in, that I ſhou'd have ſeen that hardy Face of thine before. Face, Hands, Body and Heart and all, are at your, all your Honours Service, as long as I live. We doubt it not, dear *Tom*! (return'd his Officers unanimouſly.) Come, Noble Gentlemen! (interrupted *Miles*'s Friend) Supper is here, let us fall to: I doubt not that after Supper I ſhall ſurpriſe you farther. They then fell to eating heartily; and after the Table was clear'd, they drank merrily: At laſt, after the King's, Queen's, Duke's, and all the Royal Family's, and the Officer's Healths, his Friend begg'd that he might begin a Health to *Tom Loſtall*; which was carry'd about very heartily; every one had a good word for him, one commending his Bravery; another, his ready Obedience; and a third, his Knowledge in Martial Diſcipline, *&c.* till at length it grew late, their Stomacks grew heavy, and their Heads light; when the Gentleman, *Miles*'s Friend, calling for a Bill, he found it amounted to ſeven Pounds Ten Shillings, odd Pence, which he whiſper'd *Tom Loſtall* to pay; who was in a

manner

manner Thunder-ſtruck at ſo ſtrange a ſound; but recollecting himſelf, he return'd, That if his Friend pleas'd, he would leave his Cloak, and any thing elſe, till the Houſe were further ſatisfy'd: T'other ſaid, He was ſure *Miles* had Money enough about him to diſcharge Two ſuch Bills. To which *Miles* reply'd, That if he had any Money about him, 'twas none of his own, and that 'twas certainly conjur'd into his Pockets. No matter how it came there, (ſaid t'other;) but you have above Twenty Pounds about you of your own Money: Pray feel. *Miles* then felt, and pull'd out as much Silver as he cou'd graſp, and laid it down on the Table. Hang this White Pelf (cry'd his Friend); pay it in Gold, like your ſelf: Come, Apply your hand to another Pocket. He did ſo, and brought out as many Broad Peices as his hand cou'd hold. Now (continu'd his Friend) give the Waiter Eight of 'em, and let him take the Overplus for his Attendance. *Miles* readily obey'd, and they were, *Very welcome, Gentlemen.*

Now, Honoured Captain! (ſaid his Friend) And you Gentlemen, his other Worthy Officers! Be pleas'd to receive your Souldier, as Sir *Miles Hardyman Baronet*, Son to the late Sir *Henry Hardyman* of *Somerſetſhire*, my Dear and Honoured Brother in Law: Who is certainly —— The moſt Unhappy Wretch Crawling on Earth! (Interrupted Miles) O, Juſt Heaven! (Purſu'd he) How have I been Rack'd in my

Soul

Soul ever ſince the Impious Vow I made, that I never wou'd ſee my Deareſt Father more! This is neither a Time nor Place to vent your Sorrows, my Deareſt Brother! (Said his Friend, tenderly Embracing him.) I have ſomthing now more Material than your Expreſſions of Grief can be here, ſince your Honoured Father has been Dead theſe Five Years almoſt:—Which is, to let you know that you are now Maſter of Four Thouſand Pounds a Year; and if you will forgive me two Years Revenue, I will Refund the reſt, and put you into Immediate and Quiet Poſſeſſion; which I promiſe before all this Worthy and Honourable Company. To which *Miles* return'd, That he did not deſerve to Inherit one Foot of his Father's Lands, tho' they were Entail'd on him, ſince he had been ſo ſtrangely undutyfull; and that he rather thought his Friend ought to enjoy it all in Right of his Siſter, who never offended his Father in the whole Courſe of her Life:—But, I Beſeech you, Sir (continu'd he to his Friend) How long is it ſince I have been ſo happy in ſo Good and Generous a Brother in Law? Some Month's before Sir *Henry* our Father dy'd, who gave us his lateſt Bleſſings, except that which his laſt Breato bequeath'd and ſigh'd after you. O Undutyfull and Ungratefull Villain that I am, to ſo kind and ſo Indulgent and ſo Mercifull a Father: (Cry'd *Miles*) But Heaven, I Fear, has farther Puniſhments in ſtore for ſo Profligate a

Wretch and ſo Diſobedient a Son. —But your Name, Sir, if you pleaſe, (purſu'd he to his Brother. *I am Lewis Conſtance, whom once you unhappily miſtook for your Rival. Unhappily, indeed*: (Return'd *Miles*) I thought I had ſeen you before. Ay, Sir (return'd Conſtance) but you cou'd never think to have ſeen me again when you Wounded and left me for Dead, within a Mile of my own Houſe. O, thou art Brave! (Cry'd his Brother,) Embracing him Affectionately) 'Tis too much happineſs for ſuch a Reprobate to find ſo True a Friend and ſo Juſt a Brother: This, this do's in ſome Meaſure Compenſate for the Loſs of ſo Dear a Father.—Take, take all, my Brother! (Purſu'd he kiſſing *Lewis*'s Cheek) Take all thou haſt receiv'd of what is call'd Mine; and ſhare my whole Eſtate with me! But Pardon me, I beſeech you my moſt Honour'd Officers, and all you Gentlemen here preſent, (*Continu'd he to the whole Company, who ſate Silent and Gazing at one another, on the occaſion of ſo unuſual an Adventure.*) Pardon the Effects of Grief and Joy in a Diſtracted Creature! O, Sir *Miles* (cry'd his Captain) we Grieve for your Misfortune, and Rejoyce at your Happineſs in ſo Noble a Friend and ſo Juſt a Brother. *Miles* then went on, and gave the Company a full but ſhort account of the occaſion of all his Troubles, and of all his Accidents he met with both abroad and at Home, to the firſt day that *Conſtance* ſaw him digging in the Tow-

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er-ditch: About one that Morning which preceeded that Afternoon (purſu'd he) whereon I ſaw my Dear Brother here, then a ſtranger to me; I dream'd, I ſaw my Father at a diſtance and heard him calling to me to quit my Honourable Employment in his Majeſty's Service: This (my thought) he repeated Seven or Nine Times; I know not which; but I was ſo diſturb'd at it that I began to wake, and with my Eyes [illegible] open was preparing to Riſe, when, I fancy'd, I felt a Cold Hand take me by the hand and force me on my hard bolſter again, with theſe words, take thy Reſt, *Miles*! This I confeſs, did ſomewhat ſurprize me; but I concluded, 'twas the Effect of my Melancholy, which, indeed has held me ever ſince I laſt left *England*: *I therefore Reſolutely ſtarted up, and jump'd out of Bed, deſigning to leave you and ſit up with my Fellow-Souldiers on the Guard; but, juſt then, I heard the Watch-Man cry, Paſt one a Clock and a Star-Light-Morning; when, conſidering that I was to be at work in the Ditch by Four a Clock, I went to bed again, and Slumber'd, Doz'd and Dream'd till near Four; ever when I turn'd me, ſtill hearing, as I Fooliſhly imagin'd, my Father cry'd to me,* Miles! *Sleep, my* Miles! *Go not to that naſty Place, nor do ſuch Servile Offices! Tho' thou doſt, I'l have thee out this day; Nay I will pull thee out; and then I fooliſhly imagin'd, that the ſame cold hand pull'd me out of the Ditch; and being in leſs than a Minutes time, perfectly Awake, I found my ſelf*

on my Feet in the middle of the Room: I ſoon put on my Cloaths then and went to my Labour. Were you thus diſturb'd when you were Abroad! (*The Captain ask'd*) *O, worſe, Sir* (*Anſwer'd* Miles) *eſpecially, on a* Tueſday *Night a little after one, being the Twelfth of* November, New Style, *I was wak'd by a Voice, which* (*my thought*) *cry'd,* Miles! Miles! Miles! *Get hence! Go home! Go to* England! *I was ſtartl'd at it, but regarded it only as proceeding from my going to Sleep with a full Stomach; and ſo Endeavour'd to Sleep again; when I did; till a ſecond time it Rous'd me, with* Miles! *Twice repeated,—Hazard not thy Life here in a Foreign Service! Home! To* England! *To* England! *To* England! *This diſturb'd me, much more, than the firſt, but, after I had lay'n awake for near half an hour, I heard nothing of that all that time, I aſſur'd my ſelf, 'twas nothing but a Dream, and ſo once more addreſs'd my ſelf to Sleep, which I enjoy'd without Interruption, for above two hours; when I was the third time alarm'd, and that with a Lowder Voice, which cry'd, as twice before,* Miles! Miles! Miles! Miles! *Go home! Go to* England! *Hazard not thy Soul here! At which I ſtarted up, and with a faultring Speech and Eyes, half-cer'd together, I cry'd, In the Name of Heaven, who calls? Thy Father,* Miles: *Go home! Go home! Go home, it ſaid. O then,* I knew, I mean, I thought, I knew, *it was my Father's Voice; and turning to the bed ſide, from whence the ſound proceeded, I ſaw,* Theſe Eyes *then*

open

open, **Theſe very Eyes,** *at leaſt* **my Soul** *ſaw* **my Father, my own, Dear Father,** *lifting up his joyned hands, as if he begg'd me to return to* Englaud. *I ſaw him* **beg it** *of me.— O Heaven!* **The Father begs it of the Son!** *O Obſtinate, Rebellious, Cruel, Unnatural, Barbarous, Inhuman Son! Why did not I go home, Then! Why did I not from that moment begin my Journey for* Englaud? *But, I hope, 'er long, I ſhall begin a better.* Here is o'r-charg'd Heart found ſome little relief at his Eyes, and they confeſs'd his Mother: But he ſoon reſum'd the Man, and then Conſtance ſaid, *Did you ne'r Dream of your Siſter, Sir? Yes, often Brother,* (*return'd* Miles) *But then moſt particularly, before 'er I heard the firſt call of the voice. When* (*my thought*) *I ſaw her in Tears by my Fathers bed ſide, kneeling with a Gentleman, whom I thought, I had once ſeen; but knew him not then; tho' now I recall my Dream, the Face was exactly yours. 'Twas I, indeed, Sir* (return'd Lewis) *who bore her Company with Tears at your Fathers beds ſide. And at Twelve a Clock at Night, your Father dy'd.* — *But, Come Sir* (*purſu'd he*) *'Tis now near twelve a Clock, and there is Company waits you at home at my Houſe, here in Town. I humbly beg the Captain's Leave, that I may rob 'em of ſo Dutiful a Soldier for a week or two. Sir,* (return'd the Captain) *Sir* Miles *knows how to command himſelf, and may command us when he pleaſes. Captain, Lieutenant and Enſign* (reply'd Sir *Miles*) *I am, and ever will con-*

tinue, during Life, your moſt Dutiful Soldier, and your moſt Obedient, and Humble Servant. Thus they parted.

As ſoon as *Conſtance* was got within doors, his Lady, and Sir *Miles*'s Siſter, who both did expect him that Night, came running into the Hall to welcome him; his Siſter embrac'd and kiſs'd him twenty and twenty times again, dropping Tears of Joy and Grief, whil'ſt his Miſtreſs ſtood a little diſtance weeping ſincerely for Joy to ſee her Love return'd; but long he did not ſuffer her in that poſture. For, breaking from his Siſter's tender Embraces, with a Seaſonable Compliment; he ran to his Miſtreſs, and kneeling, kiſs'd her hand; when ſhe was going to kneel to him; which, he perceiving, ſtarted up and took her in his Arms, and there it may be preſum'd they kiſs'd and talk'd prettily, till her Brother perſwaded 'em to retire into the Parlour; where he propos'd to 'em, that they ſhou'd Marry on the very next Morning; and accordingly they were; after *Lewis* had deliver'd all Sir *Henry*'s Eſtate to Sir *Miles*; and given him bills on his Banquer for the payment of Ten Thouſand Pounds, being the Moiety of Sir *Miles*'s Revenue for five years. Before they went to Church, Sir *Miles*, who then had on a Rich, Bridal ſuit, borrow'd his Brother's beſt Coach, and both he and *Lewis* went and fetch'd the Captain, Lieutenant and Enſign to

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be Witneſſes of their Marriage. The Captain *Gave* the Bride,' and afterwards, they Feaſted and laugh'd heartily; till Twelve at Night, when the Bride was put to bed; and there was not an Officer of 'em all, who won'd not have been glad to have gone to bed to her: But Sir *Miles* better ſupply'd their places.

FINIS.


R. Wafer
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THE *Unfortunate Bride:* OR, The Blind Lady a Beauty. A NOVEL.

By Mrs. *A. BEHN*

LONDON:

Printed for *Samuel Briſcoe*, in *Charles-Street, Covent-Garden*, 1698.

B 1772

TO

Richard Norton,

OF

Southwick in *Hantſhire*, Eſquire.

Honour'd SIR,

EMinent Wit, Sir, no more than Eminent Beauty, can eſcape the Trouble and Preſumption of Addreſſes; and that which can ſtrike every body with Wonder, can never avoid the Praiſe which naturally flows from that Wonder: And Heaven is forc'd to hear the Addreſſes as well as Praiſes of the Poor as Rich, of the Ignorant as Learned, and takes, nay rewards, the officious, tho' perhaps impertinent Zeal of its leaſt qualify'd Devotees. Wherefore, Sir, tho' your Merits meet with the Applauſe of the Learned and Witty, yet your Generoſity will judge favourably of the untaught Zeal of an humbler Admirer, ſince what I do your eminent Vertues compel. The Beautiful will

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permit the moſt deſpicable of their Admirers to love them, tho' they never intend to make him happy, as unworthy their Care, but they will not be angry at the fatal Effect of their own Eyes.

But what I want in my ſelf, Sir, to merit your Regard, I hope my Authoreſs will in ſome meaſure ſupply, ſo far at leaſt to leſſen my Preſumption in prefixing your Name to a Poſthumous Piece of hers, whom all the Men of Wit, that were her Contemporaries, look'd on as the Wonder of her Sex; and in none of her Performances has ſhe ſhew'd ſo great a Maſtery as in her Novels, where Nature always prevails; and if they are not true, they are ſo like it, that they do the buſineſs every jot as well.

This I hope, Sir, will induce you to pardon my Preſumption in dedicating this Novel to you, and declaring my ſelf, Sir,

Your moſt obedient
and moſt humble Servant,

S. Briscoe.

* * *Place this Epiſtle Dedicatory next after the Title of the* Blind Lady.

THE

Unfortunate Bride:

OR, THE

The Blind Lady a Beauty.

Frankwit and *Wildvill* were two young Gentlemen of very conſiderable Fortunes, both born in *Staffordſhire*, and during their minority, both educated together, by which opportunity they contracted a very inviolable Friendſhip, a Friendſhip which grew up with them; and though it was remarkably known to every body elſe, they knew it not themſelves; they never made profeſſion of it in words, but actions; ſo true a warmth their fires could boaſt, as needed not the effuſion of their breath to make it live. *Wildvill* was of the richeſt Family, but *Frankwit* of the nobleſt; *Wildvil* was admired for outward qualifications, as ſtrength, and manly proportions, *Frankwit* for a much ſofter beauty, for his inward endowments, pleaſing in his converſation, of

a free, and moving air, humble in his behaviour, and if he had any pride, it was but just enough to shew that he did not affect humility, his mind bowed with a motion as unconstrained as his body, nor did he force this virtue in the least, but he allowed it only; so aimable he was, that every Virgin that had Eyes, knew too she had a Heart, and knew as surely she should lose it. His *Cupid* could not be reputed blind, he never shot for him, but he was sure to wound. As every other Nymph admired him, so he was dear to all the Tuneful Sisters, the Muses were fired with him as much as their own radiant God *Apollo*; not their loved Springs and Fountains were so grateful to their eyes as he, him they esteemed their *Helicon* and *Parnassus* too; in short, when ever he pleased, he could enjoy them all. Thus he enamour'd the whole FemaleSex, butamongst all the sighing captives of his Eyes, *Belvira* only boasted charms to move him, her parents lived near his, and even from their Childhood they felt mutual Love, as if their Eyes at their first meeting had struck out such glances as had kindled into am'rous flame. And now *Belvira* in her fourteenth year, (when the fresh spring of young virginity began to cast more lively bloomings in her Cheeks, and softer longings in her Eyes) by her indulgent Father's care was sent to *London* to a Friend, her Mother being lately dead: When, as if fortune ordered it so, *Frankwit*'s Father took a journey to the other World,

World, to let his Son the better enjoy the pleaſures and delights of this: the young Lover now with all imaginable haſte interred his Father, nor did he ſhed ſo many Tears for his loſs as might in the leaſt quench the Fires, which he received from his *Belvira*'s Eyes, but (maſter of ſeventeen hundred pounds a year, which his Father left him) with all the Wings of Love he flys to *London*, and ſollicits *Belvira* with ſuch fervency, that it might be thought he meant Deaths Torch ſhould kindle *Hymen*'s; and now as ſoon as he arrives at his Journeys end, he goes to pay a viſit to the fair Miſtreſs of his Soul, and aſſures her, that tho he was abſent from her, yet ſhe was ſtill with him; and that all the Road he Travell'd her beauteous Image danced before him, and like the raviſhed Prophet, he ſaw his Deity in every Buſh; in ſhort, he paid her conſtant viſits, the Sun-ne're roſe, or ſet, but ſtill he ſaw it in her company, and every minute of the day he counted by his ſighs ſo inceſſantly he importuned her that ſhe could no longer hold out; and was pleaſed in the ſurrender of her heart, ſince it was he was Conqueror, and therefore felt a triumph in her yielding; their Flames now joyned, grew more and more, glowed in their Cheeks, and lightened in their glances; eager they looked, as there were pulſes beating in their Eyes; and all endearing, at laſt ſhe vowed, that *Frankwit* living ſhe would ne're be any other mans; thus they paſt on ſome time, while every

day rowled over fair, Heaven ſhowed an aſpect all ſerene, and the Sun ſeemed to ſmile at what was done; he ſtill careſſed his charmer with an innocence becoming his ſincerity, he lived upon her tender breath, and basked in the bright luſtre of her Eyes, with pride, and ſecret joy.

He ſaw his Rivals languiſh for that bliſs, thoſe charms, thoſe rapturous and extatick tranſports which he engroſſed alone. But now ſome eighteen months (ſome ages in a lovers Kalendar) winged with delights, and fair *Belvira* now grown fit for riper joys, knows hardly how ſhe can deny her preſſing lover and herſelf to crown their vows, and joyn their hands as well as hearts. All this while the young Gallant waſh'd himſelf clean of that ſhining dirt, his Gold; he fancied little of Heaven dwelt in his yellow Angels, but let them fly away as it were on their own Golden wings, he only valued the ſmiling Babies in *Belvira*'s Eyes. His generoſity was boundleſs as his Love, for no man ever truly loved that was not generous. He thought his Eſtate like his paſſion, was a ſort of a Pontick Ocean, it could never know an Ebb: but now he found it could be fathom'd, and that the Tide was turning, therefore he ſollicits with more impatience, the conſummation of their joys, that both might go like Martyrs from their flames immediately to Heaven; and now at laſt it was agreed between them that they ſhould both be one, but not without ſome reluctancy on the female

male ſide, for 'tis the humour of our Sex, to deny moſt eagerly thoſe grants to Lovers, for which moſt tenderly we ſigh: ſo contradictory are we to our ſelves, as if the Deity had made us with a ſeeming reluctancy to his own deſigns, placing as much diſcords in our minds, as there is harmony in our faces. We are a ſort of aiery Clouds, whoſe Lightning flaſh out one way, and the Thunder another. Our words and thoughts can ne're agree. So, this young charming Lady thought her deſires could live in their own longings, like Miſers wealth-devouring Eyes; and e're ſhe conſented to her Lover, prepared him firſt with ſpeaking looks, and then with a fore-running ſigh, applyed to the dear charmer thus: *Frankwit, I am afraid to venture the Matrimonal bondage, it may make you think your ſelf too much confined, in being only free to one.* Ah! my dear *Belvira*, he replyed, that one, like Manna, has the taſte of all, why ſhould I be diſpleaſed to be confined to Paradice, when it was the curſe of our forefathers to be ſet at large, tho they had the whole World to roam in: You have, my Love, ubiquitary charms, and you are all in all, in every part. *Ay but*, reply d *Belviria, we are all like perfumes, and too continual ſmelling makes us ſeem to have loſt our Sweets, I ll be judged by my Couſin* Celeſia *here, if it be not better to live ſtill in mutual love, without the laſt Enjoyment.* (I had forgot to tell my Reader that *Celeſia* was an heireſs, the only child of a rich *Turkey* Merchant, who when he dyed left her

her fifty thouſand pound in Money, and ſome Eſtate in Land; but, poor creature, ſhe was blind to all theſe riches, having been born without the uſe of ſight, though in all other reſpects charming to a wonder.) *Indeed, ſays* Celeſia, (for ſhe ſaw clearly in her mind) *I admire you ſhould ask my judgment in ſuch a caſe, where I have never had the leaſt experience; but I believe it is but a ſickly ſoul which cannot nouriſh its Off-ſpring of deſires without preying upon the body.* Believe me, reply'd *Frankwit*, I bewail your want of ſight, and I could almoſt wiſh you my own eyes for a moment, to view your charming Couſin, where you would ſee ſuch Beauties as are too dazzling to be long beheld; and if too daringly you gazed, you would feel the misfortune of the loſs of ſight, much greater than the want on't; and you would acknowledge, that in too preſumptuouſly ſeeing, you would be blinder then, than now unhappily you are.

Ah! I muſt confeſs, reply'd Belvira, *my poor dear Couſin is blind, for I fancy ſhe bears too great an eſteem for* Frankwit, *and only longs for ſight to look on him.* Indeed, reply'd *Celeſia*, I would be glad to ſee *Frankwit*, for I fancy he's as dazzling as he but now deſcrib'd his Miſtreſs, and if I fancy I ſee him, ſure I do ſee him, for ſight is fancy, is it not? or do you feel my Couſin with your Eyes? *This is indeed, a charming blindneſs, reply'd* Frankwit, *and the fancy of your ſight excels the certainty of ours; ſtrange! that there ſhould be ſuch glances even in blindneſs.*

blindneſs? You, fair Maid, require not Eyes to conquer, if your night has ſuch Stars, what Sunſhine would your day of ſight have, if ever you ſhould ſee? I fear thoſe Stars you talk of, ſaid *Belvira*, have ſome influence on you, and by the compaſs you ſail by now, I gueſs you are ſteering to my Couſin. She is indeed charming enough to have been another Off-ſpring of bright *Venus*, blind like her Brother *Cupid*. *That* Cupid, *reply'd* Celeſia, *I am afraid has ſhot me, for methinks I would not have you marry* Frankwit, *but rather live as you do without the leaſt Enjoyment, for methinks if he were marry'd, he would be more out of my ſight than he already is.* Ah! Madam, return'd *Frankwit*, love is no Cameleon, it cannot feed on Air alone. *No but, rejoyn'd* Celeſia, *you Lovers that are not blind like love itſelf, have am'rous looks to feed on.* Ah! believe it, ſaid *Belvira*, 'tis better *Frankwit*, not to loſe Paradice by too much knowledge; Marriage-enjoyment does but wake you from your ſweet golden Dreams: Pleaſure is but a Dream, dear *Frankwit*, but a Dream, and to be waken'd. *Ah! Deareſt, but unkind* Belvira, *anſwer'd* Frankwit, *ſure there's no waking from delight, in being lull'd on thoſe ſoft Breaſts of thine.* Alas! (reply'd the Bride to be) it is that very lulling wakes you; Women enjoy'd, are like Romances read, or Raree-ſhows once ſeen, meer tricks of the ſlight of hand, which, when found out, you only wonder at your ſelves for wondering ſo before at them. 'Tis expecta-

tion

tion endears the bleſſing; heaven would not be heaven, could we tell what 'tis. When the Plot's out you have done with the Play, and when the laſt Act's done, you ſee the Curtain drawn with great indifferency. O *my* Belvira, *anſwered* Frankwit, *that expectation were indeed a Monſter which enjoyment could not ſatisfy; I ſhould take no pleaſure* he rejoin'd, *running from hill to hill, like Children chaſing that Sun which I could never catch.* O thou ſhalt have it then, that Sun of Love, reply'd *Belvira*, fir'd by this complaint, and gently ruſh'd into his arms, (rejoyning,) ſo *Phœbus* ruſhes radiant, and unſullied into a gilded Cloud. *Well then, my dear* Belvira, anſwer'd Frankwit, *be aſſured I ſhall be ever yours, as you are mine; fear not you ſhall never draw Bills of love upon me ſo faſt as I ſhall wait in readineſs to pay them; but now I talk of Bills, I muſt retire into* Cambridgeſhire, *where I have a ſmall concern as yet unmortgaged, I will return thence with a brace of thouſand pounds within a week at fartheſt, with which our Nuptials by their celebration ſhall be worthy of our love. And then, my Life, my Soul, we ſhall be joyn'd, never to part again.* This tender expreſſion mov'd *Belvira* to ſhed ſome few tears, and poor *Celeſia* thought herſelf moſt unhappy that ſhe had not eyes to weep with too; but if ſhe had, ſuch was the greatneſs of her grief, that ſure ſhe would have ſoon grown blind with weeping. In ſhort, after a great many ſoft vows, and promiſes of an inviolable faith, they parted with a pompous ſort of pleaſing woe; their concern

concern was of ſuch a mixture of joy and ſadneſs, as the weather ſeems, when it both rains and ſhines. And now the laſt, the very laſt of laſt adieu's was over, for the farewels of Lovers hardly ever end, and *Frankwit* (the time being Summer) reach'd *Cambridge* that night, about nine a clock; (ſtrange! that he ſhould have make ſuch haſte to fly from what ſo much he lov'd!) and now, tir'd with the fatigue of his Journey, he thought fit to refreſh himſelf by writing ſome few lines to his belov'd *Belvira*; for a little Verſe after the dull proſe company of his ſervant, was as great an eaſe to him, (from whom it flow'd as naturally and unartificially, as his love or his breath) as a pace or hand-gallop, after a hard, uncouth, and rugged trot. He therefore, finding his *Pegaſus* was no way tir'd with his land travel, takes a ſhort journey thro the air, and writes as follows.

My deareſt dear Belvira,

YOu knew my ſoul, you knew it yours before,
I told it all, and now can tell no more;
Your preſence never wants freſh charms to move,
But now more ſtrange, and unknown pow'r you prove,
For now your very abſence 'tis I love.
Something there is which ſtrikes my wandring view,
And ſtill before my eyes I fancy you.

Charm-

Charming you ſeem, all charming, heavenly fair,
Bright as a Goddeſs does my love appear,
You ſeem, *Belvira*, what indeed you are.
Like the Angelick off-ſpring of the skies,
With beatifick glories in your eyes.
Sparkling with radiant luſtre all Divine,
Angels, and Gods! oh heavens! how bright they ſhine!
Are you *Belvira*? can I think you mine!
Beyond ev'n thought, I do thy beauties ſee,
Can ſuch a heaven of heavens be kept for me!
O be aſſur'd, I ſhall be ever true,
I muſt ——
For if I would, I can't be falſe to you.
Oh! how I wiſh I might no longer ſtay,
Tho I reſolve I will no time delay,
One tedious week, and then I'll fleet away.
Tho love be blind, he ſhall conduct my road,
Wing'd with almighty love to your abode,
I'll fly, and grow immortal as a God.
Short is my ſtay, yet my impatience ſtrong,
Short tho it is, alas! I think it long.
I'll come, my life, new bleſſings to purſue,
Love then ſhall fly a flight, he never flew,
I'll ſtretch his balmy wings; I'm yours,---- *Adieu.*

Frankwit.

This Letter *Belvira* receiv'd with unſpeakable joy, and laid it up ſafely in her boſom, laid it, where the dear Author of it lay before,

fore, and wonderfully pleas'd with his humour of writing in Verſe, reſolv'd not to be at all behind-hand with him, and ſo writ as follows.

My dear Charmer,

YOu knew before what power your love could boaſt,
But now your conſtant faith confirms me moſt.
Abſent ſincerity the beſt aſſures,
Love may do much, but faith much more allures,
For now your conſtancy has bound me yours.
I find, methinks, in Verſe ſome pleaſure too,
I cannot want a Muſe, whe write to you.
Ah! ſoon return, return, my charming dear,
Heav'n knows how much we mourn your abſence here:
My poor *Celeſia* now would charm your ſoul,
Her eyes, once blind, do now divinely rowl.
An aged Matron has by charms unknown,
Given her clear ſight as perfect as thy own.
And yet, beyond her eyes, ſhe values thee,
'Tis for thy ſake alone ſhe's glad to ſee.
She begg'd me, pray remember her to you,
That is a task which now I gladly do.
Gladly, ſince ſo I only recommend
A dear relation, and a dearer friend,
Ne're ſhall my love ——— but here my note muſt end.

Your ever true Belvira.

When

When this Letter was written, it was ſtrait ſhown to *Celeſia*, who lookt upon any thing that belong'd to *Frankwit* with rejoycing glances; ſo eagerly ſhe perus'd it, that her tender eyes beginning to water, ſhe cry'd out, (fancying ſhe ſaw the words dance before her view) Ah! Couſin, Couſin, your Letter is running away, ſure it can't go itſelf to *Frankwit*? A great deal of other pleaſing innocent things ſhe ſaid, but ſtill her eyes flow'd more bright with luſtrous beams, as if they were to ſhine out; now all that glancing radiancy which had been ſo long kept ſecret, and as if, as ſoon as the cloud of blindneſs once was broke, nothing but lightnings were to flaſh for ever after. Thus in mutual diſcourſe they ſpent their hours, while *Frankwit* was now raviſhed with the receipt of this charming anſwer of *Belvira*'s, and bleſt his own eyes which diſcovered to him the much welcome news of fair *Celeſia*'s. Often he reads the Letter o're and o're, but there his fate lay hid, for 'twas that very fondneſs proved his ruin. He lodg'd at a Couſin's Houſe of his, and there, (it being a private family) lodged likewiſe a Blackamoor Lady, then a Widow; a whimſical Knight had taken a fancy to enjoy her; *enjoy her did I ſay? enjoy the Devil in the fleſh at once?* I know not how it was, but he would fain have been a bed with her, but ſhe not conſenting on unlawful terms, *(but ſure all terms are with her unlawful)* the Knight ſoon marry'd her,

as

as if there were not hell enough in Matrimony, but he must wed the Devil too. The Knight a little after died, and left this Lady of his (whom I shall call *Moorea*) an Estate of six thousand pounds *per Ann.* Now this *Moorea* observed the joyous *Frankwit* with an eager look, her Eyes seemed like Stars of the first magnitude glaring in the night; she greatly importuned him to discover the occasion of his transport, but he denying it, (as 'tis the humour of our Sex) made her the more inquisitive; and being jealous that it was from a Mistress, employ'd her Maid to steal it, and if she found it such to bring it her; accordingly it succeeded, for *Frankwit* having drank hard with some of the Gentlemen of that Shire, found himself indisposed, and soon went to Bed, having put the Letter in his pocket: The Maid therefore to *Moorea* contrived that all the other Servants should be out of the way, that she might plausibly officiate in the warming the bed of the indisposed Lover, but likely, had it not been so, she had warmed it by his intreaties in a more natural manner; he being in bed in an inner Room, she slips out the Letter from his pocket, carries it to her Mistress to read, and so restores it whence she had it; in the morning the poor Lover wakened in a violent Fever, burning with a fire more hot than that of Love. In short, he continued sick a considerable while, all which time the Lady *Moorea* constantly visited him, and he as unwillingly saw her (poor Gen-

Gentleman) as he would have ſeen a Parſon; for as the latter would have perſwaded, ſo the former ſcared him to Repentance. In the mean while, during his ſickneſs, ſeveral Letters were ſent to him by his Dear *Belvira*, and *Celeſia* too, (then learning to write) had made a ſhift to give him a line or two in Poſtſcript with her Couſin; but all was intercepted by the jealouſy of the Black *Moorea*, black in her mind, and dark, as well as in her body. *Frankwit* too writ ſeveral Letters as he was able, complaining of her unkindneſs, thoſe likewiſe were all ſtopt by the ſame Blackmoor Devil. At laſt, it happened that *Wildvill*, (who I told my Reader was *Frankwit*'s friend) came to *London*, his Father likewiſe dead, and now Maſter of a very plentiful fortune, he reſolves to marry, and paying a viſit to *Belvira*, enquires of her, concerning *Frankwit*, ſhe all in mourning for the loſs, told him his friend was dead. Ah! *Wildvill*, he is dead, ſaid ſhe, and died not mine, a Blackmoor Lady had bewitched him from me; I received a Letter lately which informed me all; there was no name ſubſcribed to it, but it intimated, that it was written at the requeſt of dying *Frankwit*. Oh! I am ſorry at my ſoul, ſaid *Wildvill*, for I loved him with the beſt, the deareſt friendſhip; no doubt then, rejoyned he, 'tis Witchcraft indeed that could make him falſe to you; what delight could he take in a Blackmoor Lady, tho ſhe had received him at once with a ſoul as open as her

her longing arms, and with her Petticoat put off her modeſty. Gods! How could he change a whole *Field argent* into downright *Sables*. 'Twas done, returned *Celeſia*, with no ſmall blot, I fancy to the Female Scutcheon. In ſhort, after ſome more diſcourſe, but very ſorrowful, *Wildvill* takes his leave, extreamly taken with the fair *Belvira*, more beauteous in her cloud of woe; he paid her afterwards frequent viſits, and found her wonder for the odd inconſtancy of *Frankwit*, greater than her ſorrow, ſince he dy'd ſo unworthy of her. *Wildvill* attack'd her with all the force of vig'rous love, and ſhe (as ſhe thought) fully convinc'd of *Frankwit*'s death, urg'd by the fury and impatience of her new ardent Lover, ſoon ſurrender'd, and the day of their Nuptials now arriv'd, their hands were joyn'd. In the mean time *Frankwit*, (for he ſtill liv'd) knew nothing of the injury the baſe *Moorea* practic'd, knew not that 'twas thro her private order, that the fore-mention'd account of his falſhood and his death was ſent; but impatient to ſee his Dear *Belvira*, tho yet extremely weak, rid poſt to *London*, and that very day arriv'd there, immediately after the Nuptials of his Miſtreſs and his Friend were celebrated. I was at this time in *Cambridge*, and having ſome ſmall acquaintance with this Blackamoor Lady, and ſitting in her Room that evening, after *Frankwit*'s departure thence, in *Moorea*'s abſence, ſaw inadvertently a bundle of Papers,

which ſhe had gathered up, as I ſuppoſe, to burn, ſince now they grew but uſeleſs, ſhe having no farther hopes of him; I fancy'd I knew the hand, and thence my curioſity only led me to ſee the name, and finding *Belvira* ſubſcrib'd, I began to gueſs there was ſome foul play in hand, *Belvira* being my particularly intimate acquaintance: I read one of them, and finding the contents, convey'd them all ſecretly out with me, as I thought, in point of juſtice I was bound, and ſent them to *Belvira* by that night's Poſt; ſo that they came to her hands ſoon after the miuute of her Marriage, with an account how, and by what means I came to light on them. No doubt but they exceedingly ſurpriz'd her: but Oh! Much more ſhe grew amaz'd immediately after, to ſee the poor, and now unhappy *Frankwit*, who privately had enquir'd for her below, being received as a ſtranger, who ſaid he had ſome urgent buſineſs with her in a back Chamber below ſtairs. What Tongue, what Pen can expreſs the mournful ſorrow of this Scene: At firſt they both ſtood dumb, and almoſt ſenſeleſs; ſhe took him for the Ghoſt of *Frankwit*; he looked ſo pale, new riſen from his ſickneſs, he (for he had heard at his entrance in the Houſe, that his *Belvira* marry'd *Wildvil*) ſtood in a maze, and like a Ghoſt indeed, wanted the power to ſpeak, till ſpoken to the firſt. At laſt, he draws his Sword, deſigning there to fall upon it in her preſence; ſhe then imagining it his

Ghoſt

Ghoſt too ſure, and come to kill her, ſhrieks out and ſwoons; he ran immediately to her, and catch'd her in his arms, and while he ſtrove to revive and bring her to herſelf, tho that he thought could never now be done, ſince ſhe was marry'd, *Wildvill* miſſing his Bride, and hearing the loud ſhriek, came running down, and entring the Room, ſees his Bride lye claſpt in *Frankwit*'s arms, Ha! Traytor! He crys out, drawing his Sword with an impatient fury, have you kept that Strumpet all this while, curſt *Frankwit*, and now think fit to put your damn'd caſt Miſtreſs upon me; could not you forbear her neither ev'n on my wedding day? Abominable Wretch! Thus ſaying, he made a full paſs at *Frankwit*, and run him thro the left arm, and quite thro the Body of the poor *Belvira*; that thruſt immediately made her ſtart, tho *Frankwit*'s endeavours all before were uſeleſs. Strange! that her death reviv'd her! for ah! ſhe felt that now ſhe only liv'd to dye! ſtriving thro wild amazement to run from ſuch a Scene of horror, as her apprehenſions ſhew'd her; down ſhe dropt, and *Frankwit* ſeeing her fall, (all friendſhip diſannull'd by ſuch a chain of injuries) draws, fights with, and ſtabs his own lov'd *Wildvill*. Ah! who can expreſs the horror and diſtraction of this fatal miſunderſtanding! the Houſe was alarm'd, and in came poor *Celeſia*, running in confuſion juſt as *Frankwit* was off'ring to kill himſelf, to dye with a falſe friend, and perjur'd Miſtreſs,